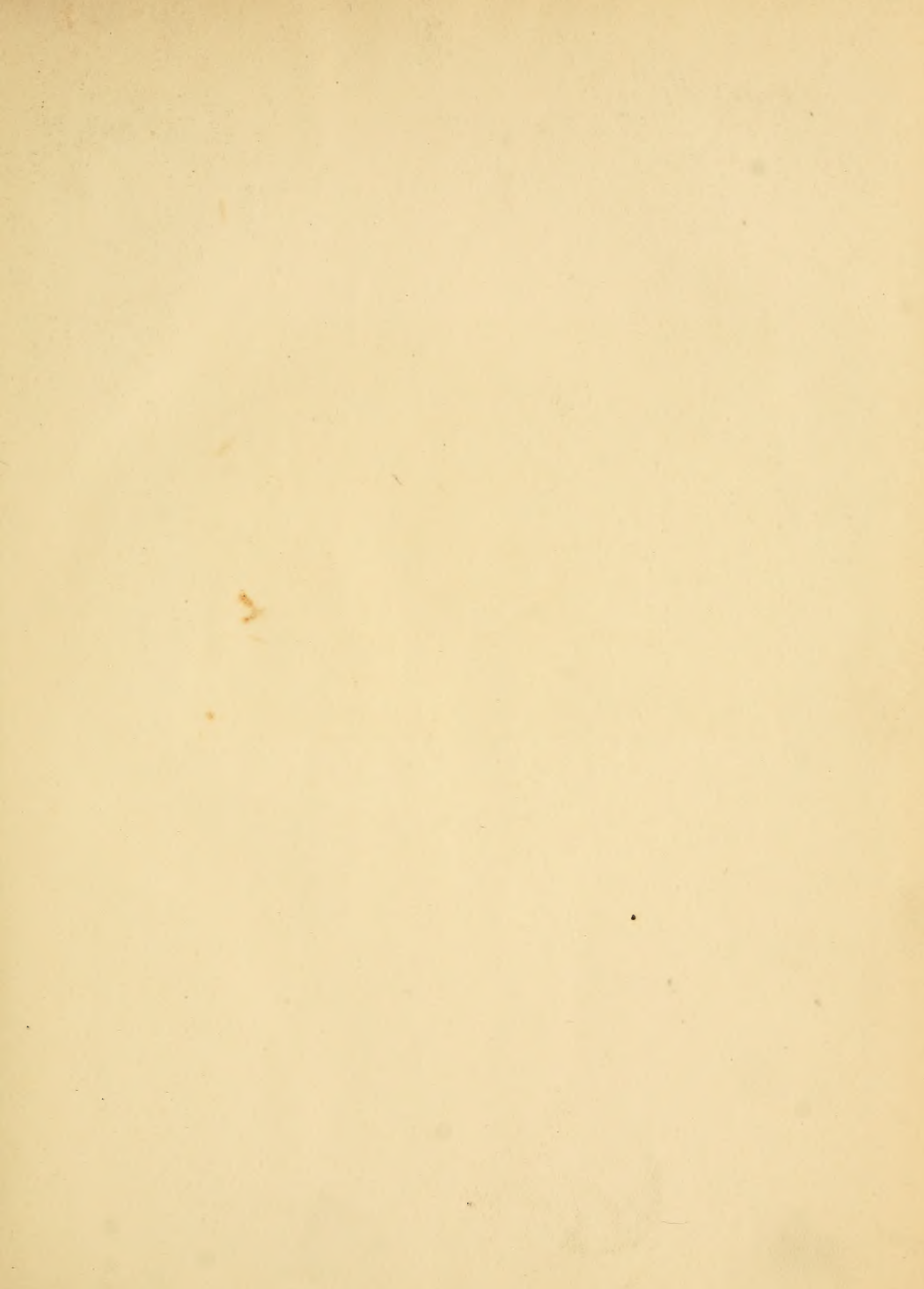



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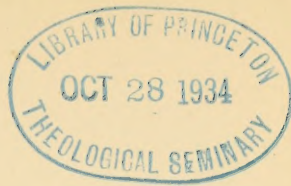
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HYMNS

FOR

CHURCH AND HOME.

With Tunes.

✓
L (Mrs.) Mary Wilder (Foote) Tileston & Arthur Foote ed. ✓



BOSTON:

AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

1895.

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BY THE AMERICAN UNITARIAN ASSOCIATION.

University Press :
JOHN WILSON AND SON, CAMBRIDGE, U.S.A.

PREFACE.



IN this collection, endeavor has been made to provide an ample number of hymns of thankfulness, joy, and hope, and of active service. In some instances, one or two words have been changed to adapt the hymn to the needs of our worship. Other alterations are designated by a dagger after the author's name. On the other hand, a great many original readings are here restored; and a few hymns have been recently changed by their authors.

The large number of hymns in unusual metres is owing to the fact that many beautiful tunes have been composed in these metres, enabling hymns before unprovided with music to be used in public worship. As a general rule, these metres are placed first in each section, followed by long, common, and short metres.

By arrangement with the owner of the copyright, a large number of pages of "Hymns of the Church Universal" have been duplicated and incorporated with this book. Grateful acknowledgment is made to Prof. J. Estlin Carpenter, Rev. W. Garrett Horder, Rev. John Hunter, and Rev. A. W. Oxford, for help received from their collections of hymns; to the

authors who have kindly permitted me to include their hymns; and to Messrs. D. Appleton and Co., Messrs. E. P. Dutton and Co., Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Co., and Messrs. A. D. F. Randolph and Co., for their permission to use copyrighted material.

MARY WILDER TILESTON.

PREFACE BY THE EDITOR OF THE MUSIC.



IN this collection of hymn-tunes it has been the aim of the Editor to include, so far as possible, old tunes whose associations or musical value warrant their retention; when a new or unfamiliar tune is given, a more familiar one of the same metre has, if practicable, been put on the opposite page. There will be found a number of English tunes, which, although new to most of our congregations, have been tested by years of use in other branches of the Christian Church. As many of them have not been named by their composers, names are here given them for convenience in use, designated by an asterisk in the Index of Tunes and in the Index of Metres. There are also a number of German Chorales which have been sung in the churches of Germany for the last two or three hundred years.

Acknowledgment is gratefully made to Mr. Francis Boott for the tune of "Derby;" to Henry S. Cutler, Mus. D., for "All Saints" (Cutler); to the Oliver Ditson Co. for "Bethany;" to Mr. J. Remington Fairlamb for "Vicaria;" to Mr. John W. Tufts for "Adoration" and "I Look to Thee;" to Mr. Samuel A. Ward for "Materna;" and to the Outlook Co. for the tune of "Armstrong," by Mr. George W. Chadwick.

ARTHUR FOOTE.

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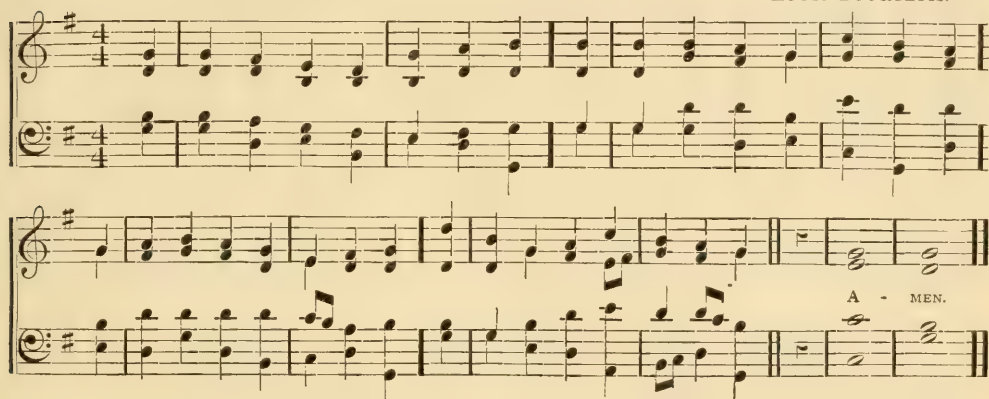
HYMNS

FOR

CHURCH AND HOME.

OLD HUNDRED. L.M.

LOUIS BOURGEOIS.



I.

"His mercy is everlasting."

FROM all that dwell below the skies,
Let the Creator's praise arise ;
Let the Redeemer's name be sung
Through every land, by every tongue.
Eternal are thy mercies, Lord ;
Eternal truth attends thy word :
Thy praise shall sound from shore to shore,
Till suns shall rise and set no more. AMEN.

Isaac Watts.

2.

"Exalt the Lord our God."

BE thou, O God ! exalted high ;
And, as thy glory fills the sky,
So let it be on earth displayed,
Till thou art here, as there, obeyed. AMEN.

Tate and Brady.

3.

"The Lord reigneth ; let the earth rejoice."

Lo, God is here ! let us adore,
And humbly bow before his face ;
Let all within us feel his power,
Let all within us seek his grace.

Lo, God is here ! him, day and night,
United choirs of angels sing ;
To him, enthroned above all height,
Heaven's host their noblest praises bring.

Being of beings ! may our praise
Thy courts with grateful incense fill ;
Still may we stand before thy face,
Still hear and do thy sovereign will. AMEN.

Gerhard Tersteegen. Tr. by John Wesley.

NICÆA. Irregular.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

4.

*"Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty, which was,
and is, and is to come."*

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!

Early in the morning our song shall rise to thee;

Holy, holy, holy! Merciful and Mighty!

Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore thee,

Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea,
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before thee,

Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be.

Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide thee,

Though the eye of sinful man thy glory may not see,

Only thou art holy, there is none beside thee,

Perfect in power, in love, and purity.

Holy, holy, holy, Lord God Almighty!

All thy works shall praise thy name in earth, and sky, and sea;

Holy, holy, holy! Merciful and Mighty!

Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be. AMEN.

Reginald Heber.†

5.

"I will hear what God, the Lord, will speak."

FATHER, thou art calling, calling to us plainly;
To the spirit comes thy loving message evermore;
Holy One, uplift us, nor forever vainly
Stand calling us and waiting at the door.

In the whirling tempest and the storm thou livest,
In the rain, and in the sweetness of the after-glow;
Summer's golden bounty, winter's snow, thou givest,
And blooming meadows where sweet waters flow.

Clearer still and dearer is thy voice appealing,
Deep within the spirit's secret being speaking low:
Enter, O our Father! truth and life revealing;
From every evil free us as we go.

In thee living, moving, unto thee uprearing
All the hope and joyfulness and trust that fill the soul,
Father, we adore thee, asking naught nor fearing;
We cannot wander from thy sweet control.

James Vila Blake.

6.

"Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be."

BRING, O Morn, thy music! Bring, O Night, thy hushes!
Oceans, laugh the rapture to the storm-winds coursing free!
Suns and stars are singing, Thou art our Creator,
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be!

Life and Death, thy creatures, praise thee, Mighty Giver!
Praise and prayer are rising in thy beast and bird and tree:
Lo! they praise and vanish, vanish at thy bidding,—
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be!

Light us! lead us! love us! cry thy groping nations,
Pleading in the thousand tongues, but naming only thee,
Weaving blindly out thy holy, happy purpose,—
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be!

Life nor Death can part us, O thou Love Eternal,
Shepherd of the wandering star and souls that wayward flee!
Homeward draws the spirit to thy Spirit yearning,—
Who wert, and art, and evermore shalt be!

William C. Gannett.

CLOISTERS. 11.11.11: 5.

Sir JOSEPH BARNEY.

A - MEN.

7.

"The Lord is my Shepherd, I shall not want."

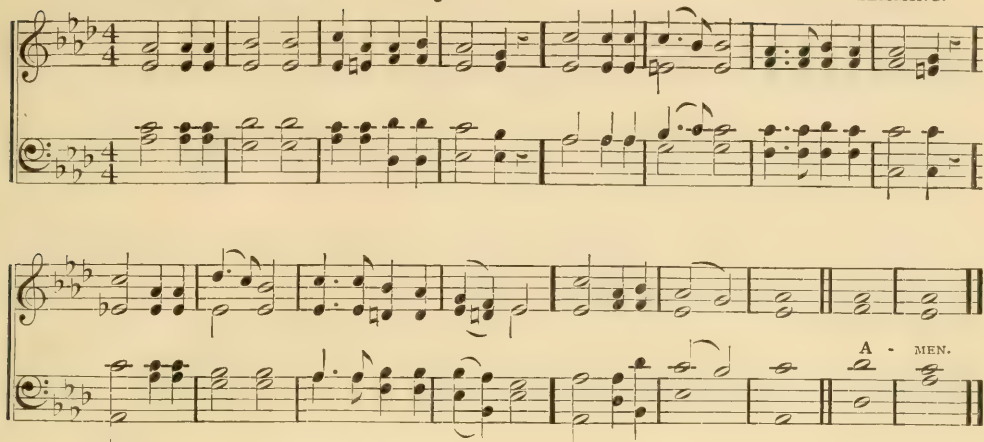
FATHER Almighty, bless us with thy blessing,
 Answer in love thy children's supplication;
 Hear thou our prayers, the spoken and unspoken:
 Hear us, our Father!

Shepherd of souls, who bringest all who seek thee
 To pastures green, beside the peaceful waters;
 Tenderest Guide, in ways of cheerful duty,
 Lead us, good Shepherd!

Father of mercy, from thy watch and keeping
 No place can part, nor hour of time remove us;
 Give us thy good, and save us from our evil,
 Father Almighty! AMEN.

INTEGER VITÆ. II.II.II:5.

F. F. FLEMMING.



8.

"The darkness hideth not from thee."

Now God be with us, for the night is closing, —
The light and darkness are of his disposing,
And 'neath his shadow here to rest we yield us,
For he will shield us.

Let holy thoughts be ours when sleep o'ertakes us,
Our earliest thoughts be thine when morning wakes us;
All day serve thee, in all that we are doing
Thy praise pursuing.

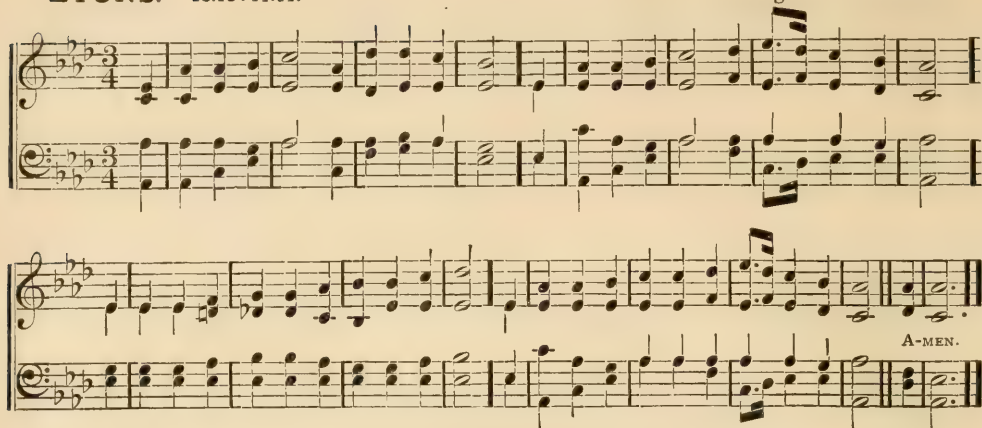
As thy beloved, soothe the sick and weeping,
And bid the captive lose his griefs in sleeping;
Widows and orphans, we to thee commend them,
Do thou befriend them.

We have no refuge; none on earth to aid us,
Save thee, O Father, who thine own hast made us;
But thy dear Presence will not leave them lonely,
Who seek thee only.

Father, thy Name be praised, thy Kingdom given.
Thy will be done on earth as 't is in heaven;
Keep us in life, forgive our sins, deliver
Us now and ever. AMEN.

LYONS. 10.10:11.11.

Arranged from HAYDN.



9.

"Who is like unto the Lord, our God?"

OH, worship the King, all-glorious above !
 Oh, gratefully sing his power and his love !
 Our Shield and Defender, the Ancient of Days,
 Pavilioned in splendor, and girded with praise.

Oh, tell of his might, oh, sing of his grace,
 Whose robe is the light, whose canopy space !
 His chariots of wrath the deep thunder-clouds form,
 And dark is his path on the wings of the storm.

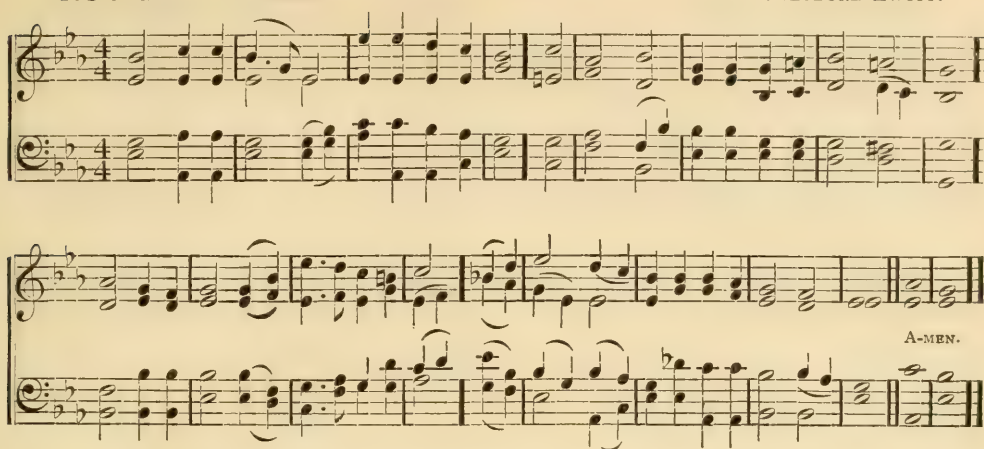
The earth with its store of wonders untold,
 Almighty, thy power hath founded of old,
 Hath established it fast by a changeless decree,
 And round it hath cast, like a mantle, the sea.

Thy bountiful care what tongue can recite ?
 It breathes in the air, it shines in the light,
 It streams from the hills, it descends to the plains,
 And sweetly distils in the dew and the rains.

Frail children of dust, and feeble as frail,
 In thee do we trust, nor find thee to fail ;
 Thy mercies how tender, how firm to the end,
 Our Maker, Defender, Redeemer, and Friend ! AMEN.

RUSSIAN HYMN. 10.10 : 10.10.

ALEXIS THEODORE LWOFF.



IO.

We praise thee, O Lord.

We praise thee, Lord, with earliest morning ray ;
We praise thee with the glowing light of day :
All things that live and move, by sea and land,
Forever ready at thy service stand.

Thy Christendom is singing night and day,
"Glory to him, the mighty God, for aye,
By whom, through whom, in whom, all beings are !"
Grant us to echo on the song afar.

Thy name supreme, thy kingdom, in us dwell,
Thy will constrain and feed and guide us well :
Guard us, redeem us in the evil hour ;
For thine the glory, Lord, and thine the power ! **AMEN.**

Johann Franck, 1618-1677

II.

"Cause me to hear thy lovingkindness in the morning."

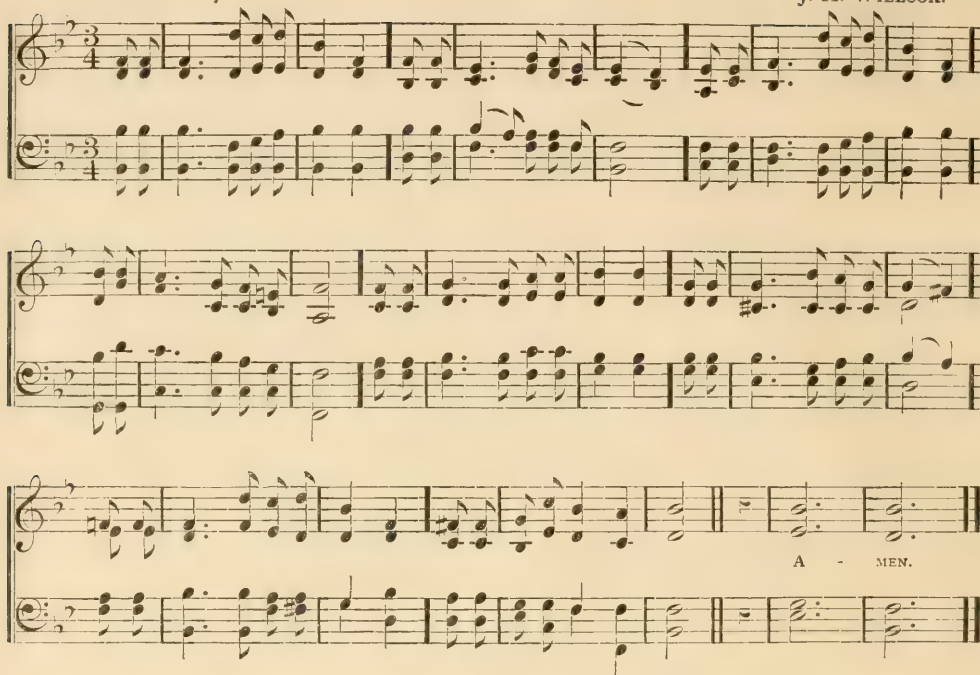
FATHER, the watches of the night are o'er ;
To light and life the soul has risen once more ;
Blessed be thou, who, through the helpless hours,
Hast kept in deepest peace her slumbering powers.

Father, the watches of the day are here ;
More than from those of night we have to fear ;
By rude cares troubled, by temptations pressed,
Through the day-watches, Father, give us rest ! **AMEN.**

Disciples' Hymn-Book

FABEN. 87. Double.

J. H. WILLCOX.



12. "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace."

HOLY Spirit, source of gladness,
 Come with all thy radiance bright;
 O'er our weariness and sadness
 Breathe thy life and shed thy light!
 Send us thine illumination,
 Banish all our fears at length;
 Rest upon this congregation,
 Spirit of unfailing strength!

Let that love, which knows no measure,
 Now in quickening showers descend,
 Bringing us the richest treasure
 Man can wish or God can send:
 Hear our earnest supplication;
 Every struggling heart release;
 Rest upon this congregation,
 Spirit of untroubled peace!

Paul Gerhardt.
 Samuel Longfellow.

13. "The God of peace give you peace always by all means."

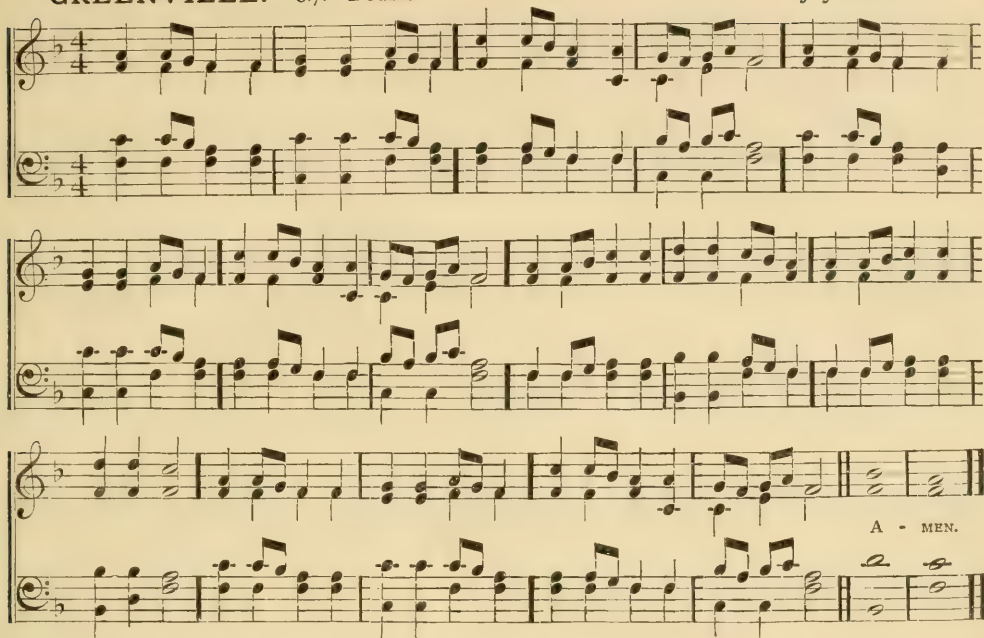
PEACE be to this congregation!
 Peace to every heart therein!
 Peace, the earnest of salvation;
 Peace, the fruit of conquered sin;
 Peace, that speaks the heavenly Giver;
 Peace, to worldly minds unknown;
 Peace, that floweth, as a river,
 From the eternal Source alone.

O thou God of Peace, be near us,
 Fix within our hearts thy home;
 With thy bright appearing cheer us,
 In thy blessed freedom come.
 Come with all thy revelations,
 Truth which we so long have sought;
 Come with thy deep consolations,
 Peace of God which passeth thought!

Charles Wesley.
 Samuel Longfellow.

GREENVILLE. 8.7. Double.

J. J. ROUSSEAU.



14. *"Now the Lord of peace himself give you peace
always by all means."*

Part in peace ! is day before us ?
Praise his name for life and light :
Are the shadows lengthening o'er us ?
Bless his care who guards the night.
Part in peace ! with deep thanksgiving ;
Rendering, as we homeward tread,
Gracious service to the living,
Tranquil memory to the dead.

Part in peace ! such are the praises
God, our Maker, loveth best ;
And the worship that upraises
Human hearts to heavenly rest.
Part in peace ! our duties call us ;
We must serve as well as praise ;
Ask not what may here befall us ;
Leave to God the coming days.

Sarah Flower Adams,†

15. *"The works of his hands are verity and wisdom."*

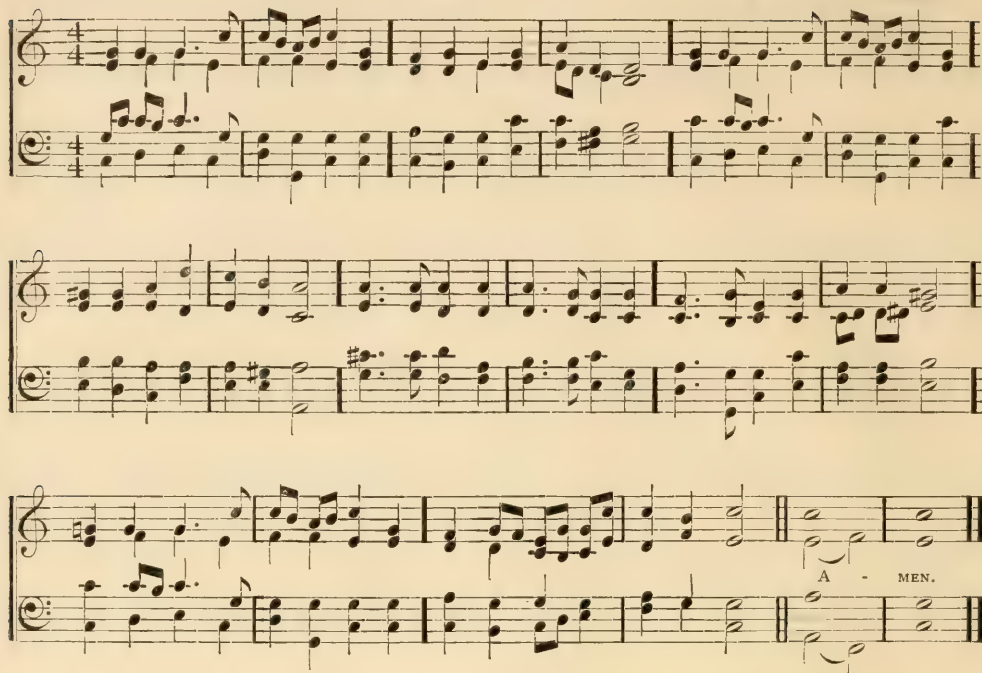
THERE 's a wideness in God's mercy,
Like the wideness of the sea ;
There 's a kindness in his justice,
Which is more than liberty.
For the love of God is broader
Than the measures of man's mind,
And the heart of the Eternal
Is most wonderfully kind.

But we make his love too narrow
By false limits of our own ;
And we magnify his strictness
With a zeal he will not own.
If our love were but more simple,
We should take him at his word ;
And our lives would be all sunshine
In the sweetness of our Lord.

Frederick W. Faber.

WENDELL. 8.7. Double.

H. K. OLIVER.



16.

"The temple of God is holy, which temple ye are."

LOVE divine, all loves excelling,
 Joy of heaven, to earth come down ;
 Fix in us thy humble dwelling,
 All thy faithful mercies crown.
 Father, thou art all compassion, —
 Pure, unbounded love thou art ;
 Visit us with thy salvation,
 Enter every trembling heart.

Breathe, oh, breathe thy loving Spirit
 Into every troubled breast ;
 Let us all in thee inherit,
 Let us find thy promised rest.
 Come, almighty to deliver,
 Let us all thy life receive :
 Suddenly return, and never,
 Never more thy temples leave.

Finish then thy new creation,
 Pure and sinless let us be :
 Let us see thy great salvation,
 Perfectly restored in thee :
 Changed from glory into glory,
 Till in heaven we take our place ;
 Till we cast our crowns before thee,
 Lost in wonder, love, and praise.

Charles Wesley.

17.

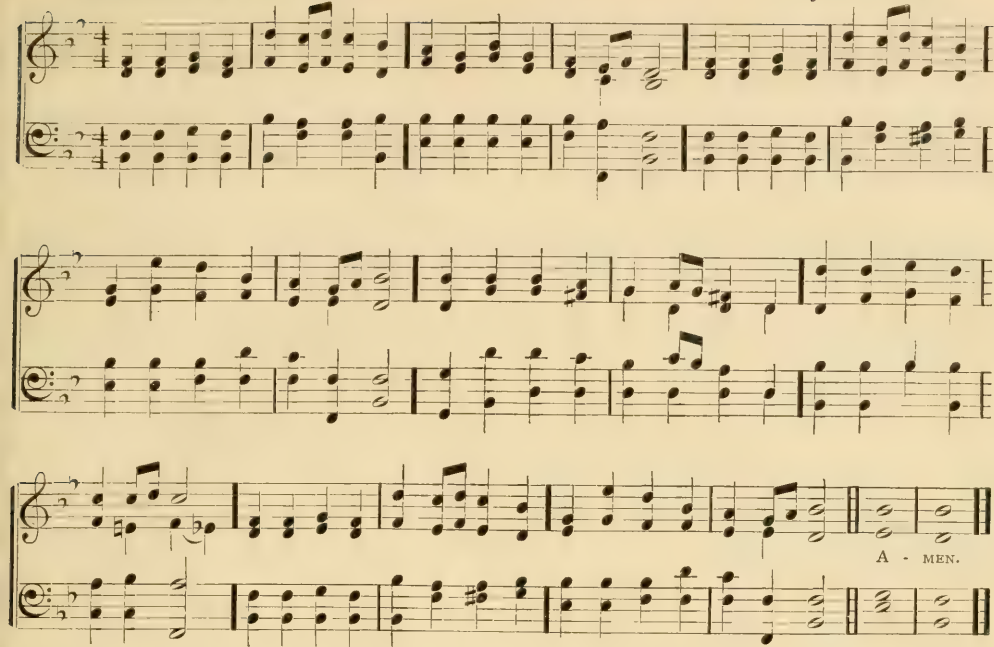
"The Lord is my light and my salvation."

LIGHT of those whose dreary dwelling
 Borders on the shades of death,
 Come, and by thy love's revealing
 Dissipate the clouds beneath ;
 Still we wait for thy appearing,
 Life and joy thy beams impart ;
 Chasing all our fears, and cheering
 Every poor benighted heart.

Charles Wesley.

BEECHER. 8.7. Double.

JOHN ZUNDEL.



18. *"In all ages entering holy souls."*

LIGHT of ages and of nations !
 Every race, and every time,
 Has received thine inspirations,
 Glimpses of thy truth sublime.
 Always spirits in rapt vision
 Passed the heavenly veil within,
 Always hearts bowed in contrition
 Found salvation from their sin.

Reason's noble aspiration
 Truth in growing clearness saw ;
 Conscience spoke its condemnation,
 Or proclaimed the Eternal law.
 While thine inward revelations
 Told thy saints their prayers were heard,
 Prophets to the guilty nations
 Spoke thine everlasting word.

Lord, that word abideth ever ;
 Revelation is not sealed ;
 Answering now to our endeavor,
 Truth and Right are still revealed.
 That which came to ancient sages,
 Greek, Barbarian, Roman, Jew,
 Written in the soul's deep pages,
 Shines to-day, forever new !

Samuel Longfellow.

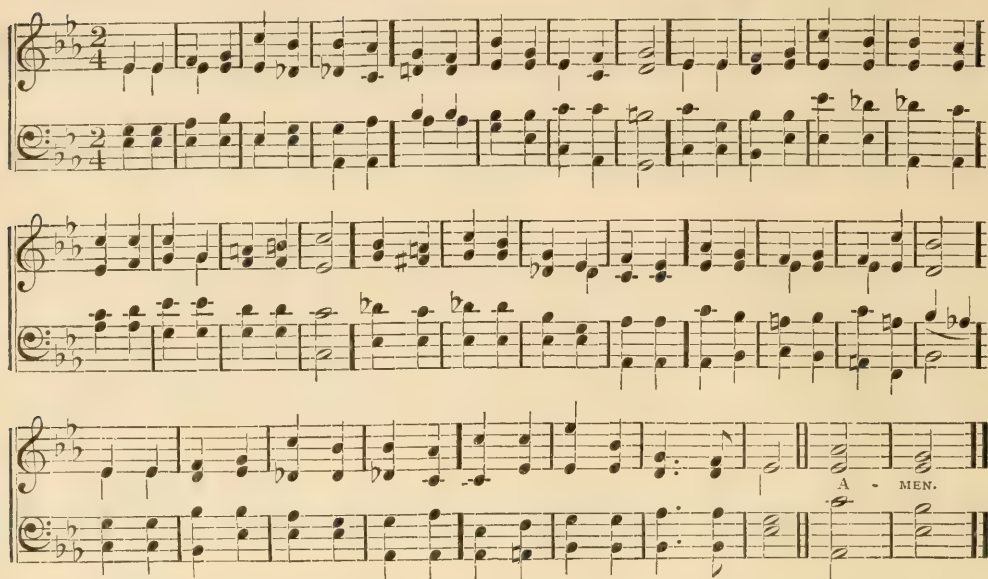
19. *"Let the peace of God rule in your hearts"*

FATHER, give thy benediction,
 Give thy peace before we part ;
 Fill our minds with truth's conviction,
 Calm with trust each anxious heart.
 Let thy voice, with sweet commanding,
 Bid our griefs and struggles end ;
 Peace, which passeth understanding,
 On our waiting spirits send. AMEN.

Samuel Longfellow.

AXMINSTER. 8.7. Double

Sir JOSEPH BARNEY.



20.

"One cried unto another, and said, Holy, holy, holy."

ROUND the Lord in glory seated
 Cherubim and seraphim
 Filled his temple, and repeated
 Each to each the alternate hymn.
 "Lord, thy glory fills the heaven,
 Earth is with its fulness stored ;
 Unto thee be glory given,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord."

Heaven is still with glory ringing,
 Earth takes up the angels' cry,
 "Holy, holy, holy," singing,
 "Lord of hosts, the Lord most High."
 With his seraph train before him,
 With his holy Church below,
 Thus unite we to adore him,
 Bid we thus our anthem flow :

"Lord, thy glory fills the heaven,
 Earth is with its fulness stored ;
 Unto thee be glory given,
 Holy, holy, holy Lord."

Thus thy glorious name confessing,
 We adopt thy angels' cry,
 "Holy, holy, holy," blessing
 Thee, the Lord of hosts most High. AMEN.
 Richard Mant.

21.

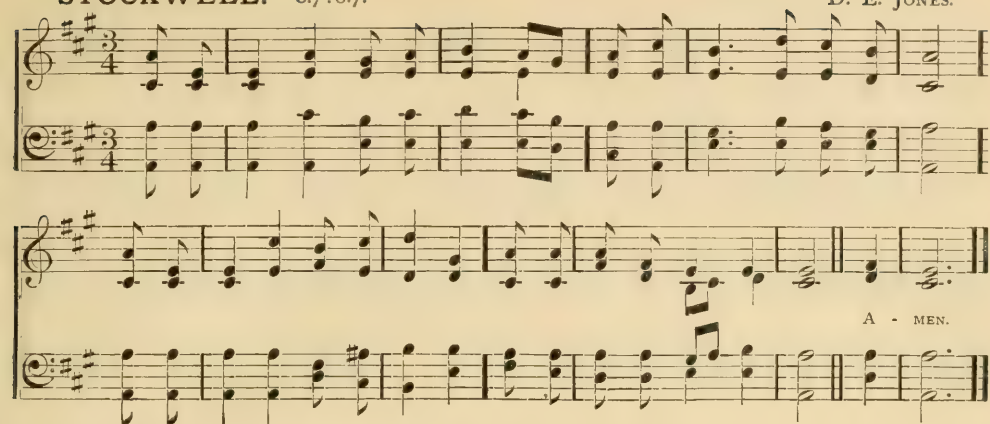
Our Sun and Shield.

FAR from mortal cares retreating,
 Sordid hopes and fond desires,
 Here, our willing footsteps meeting,
 Every heart to heaven aspires.
 From the fount of glory beaming,
 Light celestial cheers our eyes,
 Mercy from above proclaiming
 Peace and pardon from the skies.
 Blessings all around bestowing,
 God withholds his care from none ;
 Grace and mercy ever flowing
 From the fountain of his throne.
 Lord ! with favor still attend us,
 Bless us with thy wondrous love ;
 Thou, our sun and shield, defend us ;
 All our hope is from above.

John Taylor. 1795.

STOCKWELL. 8.7:8.7.

D. E. JONES.



A - MEN.

22. "All things work together for good to them that love God."

God is love ; his mercy brightens
All the path in which we rove ;
Bliss he wakes and woe he lightens ;
God is wisdom, God is love.

Chance and change are busy ever ;
Man decays, and ages move ;
But his mercy waneth never ;
God is wisdom, God is love.

E'en the hour that darkest seemeth
Will his changeless goodness prove ;
From the gloom his brightness streameth ;
God is wisdom, God is love.

He with earthly cares entwineth
Hope and comfort from above ;
Everywhere his glory shineth ;
God is wisdom, God is love.

Sir John Bowring.

23. "The Lord is my strength and my salvation."

FATHER, hear the prayer we offer !
Not for ease that prayer shall be,
But for strength, that we may ever
Live our lives courageously.

Not forever in green pastures
Do we ask our way to be ;
But the steep and rugged pathway
May we tread rejoicingly.

Not forever by still waters
Would we idly quiet stay ;
But would smite the living fountains
From the rocks along our way.

Be our strength in hours of weakness ;
In our wanderings, be our guide ;
Through endeavor, failure, danger,
Father, be thou at our side ! AMEN.

Hymns of the Spirit.

24. "Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice."

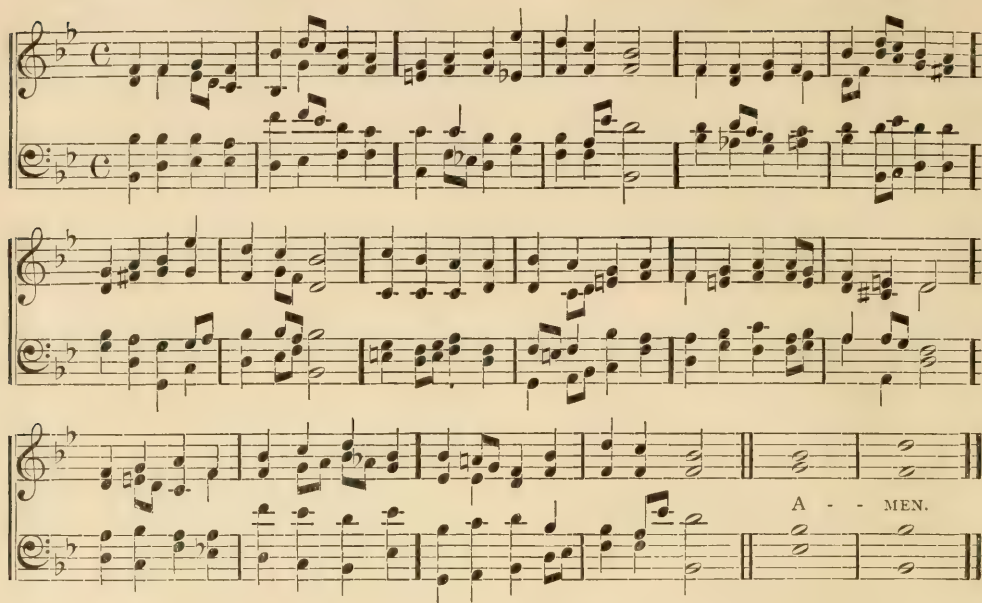
Lo ! the day of rest declineth,
Gather fast the shades of night ;
May the Sun that ever shineth
Fill our souls with heavenly light.

While thine ear of love addressing,
Thus our parting hymn we sing,
Father, give thine evening blessing ;
Fold us safe beneath thy wing. AMEN.

Chandler Robbins.

MENDELSSOHN. 8.7. Double.

MENDELSSOHN.



25.

Praise the Lord.

PRaise the Lord ; ye heavens adore him ;

Praise him, angels, in the height ;

Sun and moon, rejoice before him ;

Praise him, all ye stars of light.

Praise the Lord, for he hath spoken ;

Worlds his mighty voice obeyed ;

Laws, which never can be broken,

For their guidance he hath made.

Praise the Lord, for he is glorious ;

Never shall his promise fail ;

God hath made his saints victorious ;

Sin and death shall not prevail.

Praise the God of our salvation ;

Hosts on high his power proclaim ;

Heaven and earth, and all creation,

Praise and magnify his name.

Worship, honor, glory, blessing,

Lord, we offer unto thee,

Young and old, thy praise expressing,

In glad homage bend the knee.

As the saints in heaven adore thee,

We would bow before thy throne ;

As thine angels serve before thee,

So on earth thy will be done. AMEN.

1st and 2d verses, Anon. 1796.

3rd verse, Edward Osier.

26.

"The Lord is my Refuge."

CALL Jehovah thy salvation ;

Rest beneath the Almighty's shade ;

In his secret habitation

Dwell, nor ever bē dismayed ;

There no tumult can alarm thee,

Thou shalt dread no hidden snare ;

Guile nor violence can harm thee,

In eternal safeguard there.

He shall charge his angel-legions

Watch and ward o'er thee to keep,

Though thou walk through hostile regions,

Though in desert wilds thou sleep.

Since, with pure and warm affection,

Thou on God hast set thy love,

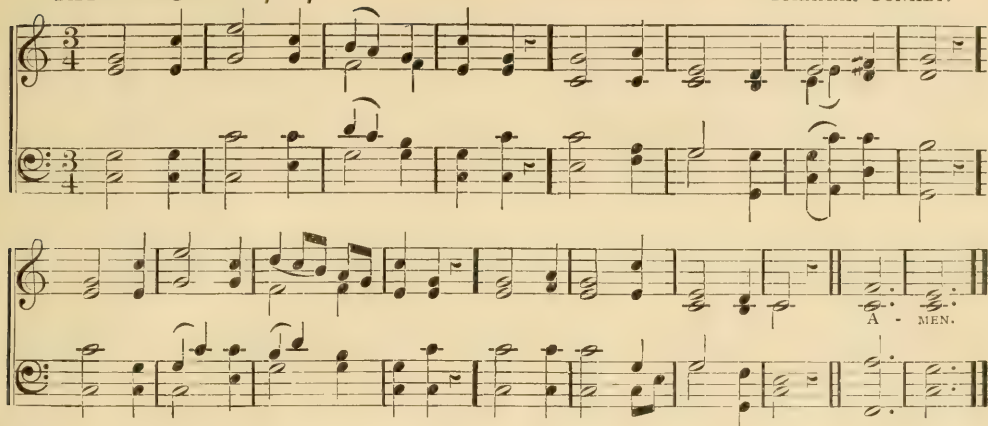
With the wings of his protection

He will shield thee from above.

James Montgomery.

RATHBUN. 8.7:8.7.

ITHAMAR CONKEY.



27. "Give ear, O Shepherd of Israel."

ISRAEL'S Shepherd, guide me, feed me
Through my pilgrimage below,
And beside the waters lead me,
Where thy flock rejoicing go.
Lord, thy pardoning presence ever,
Meekly kneeling, I implore ;
I have found thee, and would never,
Never wander from thee more.

John Bickersteth.

28. "God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ."

In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time :
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

When the woes of life o'ertake me,
Hopes deceive, and fears annoy,
Never shall the cross forsake me :
Lo ! it glows with peace and joy.

When the sun of bliss is beaming
Light and love upon my way,
From the cross the radiance streaming
Adds more lustre to the day.

Bane and blessing, pain and pleasure,
By the cross are sanctified ;
Peace is there that knows no measure,
Joys that through all time abide.

In the cross of Christ I glory,
Towering o'er the wrecks of time ;
All the light of sacred story
Gathers round its head sublime.

Sir John Bowring. 1825.

29. *The Conflict of Life.*

ONWARD, Christian, though the region
Where thou art be drear and lone ;
God hath set a guardian legion
Very near thee, — press thou on !

By the thorn-road, and none other,
Is the mount of vision won ;
Tread it without shrinking, brother !
Jesus trod it, — press thou on !

By thy trustful, calm endeavor,
Guiding, cheering, like the sun,
Earth-bound hearts thou shalt deliver ;
Oh, for their sake, press thou on !

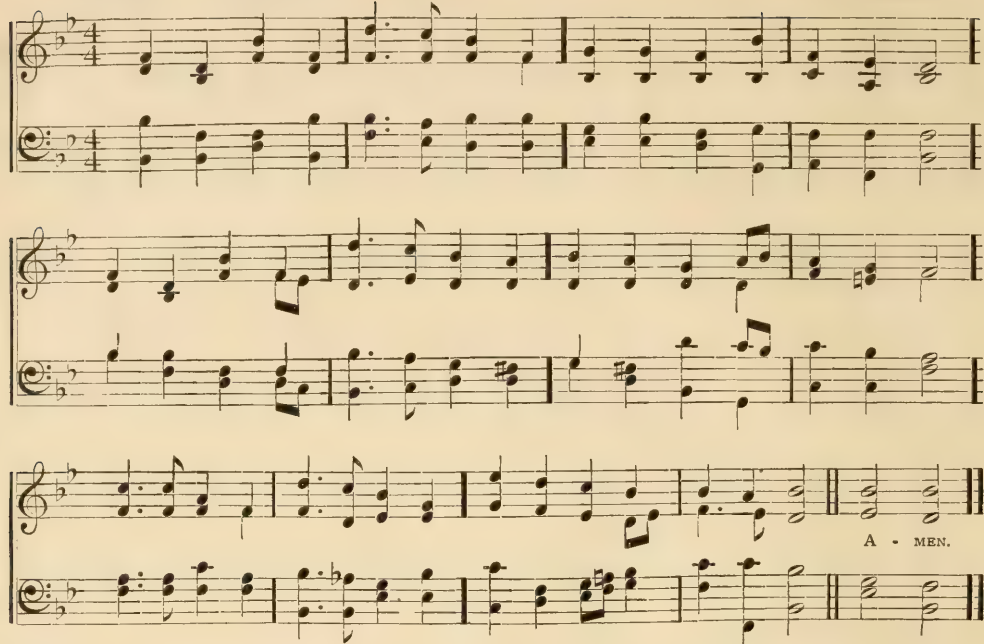
Be this world the wiser, stronger,
For thy life of pain and peace ;
While it needs thee, oh, no longer
Pray thou for thy quick release ;

Pray thou, Christian, daily, rather,
That thou be a faithful son ;
By the prayer of Jesus, — "Father,
Not my will, but thine, be done !"

Samuel Johnson. 1347

REGENT SQUARE. 8.7 : 8.7 : 4.7.

HENRY SMART.



30.

"Lead me in a plain path."

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah !
 Pilgrim through this barren land :
 I am weak, but thou art mighty ;
 Hold me with thy powerful hand :
 Bread of heaven !
 Feed me till I want no more.

Open now the crystal fountain,
 Whence the healing waters flow :
 Let the fiery, cloudy pillar
 Lead me all my journey through :
 Strong Deliverer !
 Be thou still my strength and shield.

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
 Bid my anxious fears subside :
 Cleave the flood, and stay the waters ;
 Land me safe on Canaan's side :
 Songs of praises
 I will ever give to thee.

William Williams. 1773.

31.

"I am the God of thy fathers."

HE who suns and worlds upholdeth
 Lends us his upholding hand ;
 He the ages who unfoldeth
 Doth our times and ways command.
 God is for us ;
 In his strength and stay we stand.

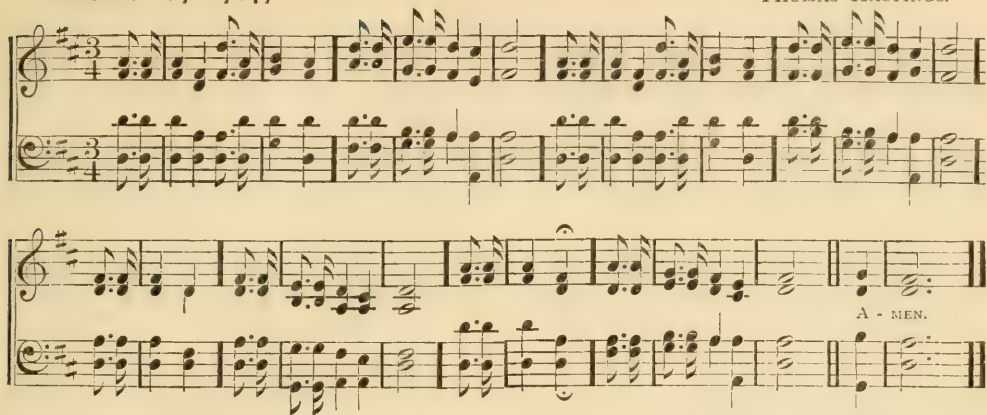
He who sage and seer instructed
 Will not keep from us his lore ;
 Who those ancient saints conducted
 Hath not given his guiding o'er.
 God is for us,
 Helpful now as heretofore.

Onward, upward, doth he beckon ;
 Onward, upward, would we press ;
 As his own our burdens reckon,
 As our own his strength possess.
 God is for us ;
 God, our Helper, still we bless. AMEN.

Thomas H. Gill.

ZION. 8.7:8.7:4.7.

THOMAS HASTINGS.



32.

Dismission.

LORD, dismiss us with thy blessing ;
 Fill our hearts with joy and peace ;
 Let us each, thy love possessing,
 Triumph in redeeming grace :
 Oh, refresh us,
 Travelling through this wilderness.
 Thanks we give, and adoration,
 For thy gospel's joyful sound ;
 May the fruits of thy salvation
 In our hearts and lives abound !
 Ever faithful
 To the truth may we be found. AMEN.

John Fawcett (?)

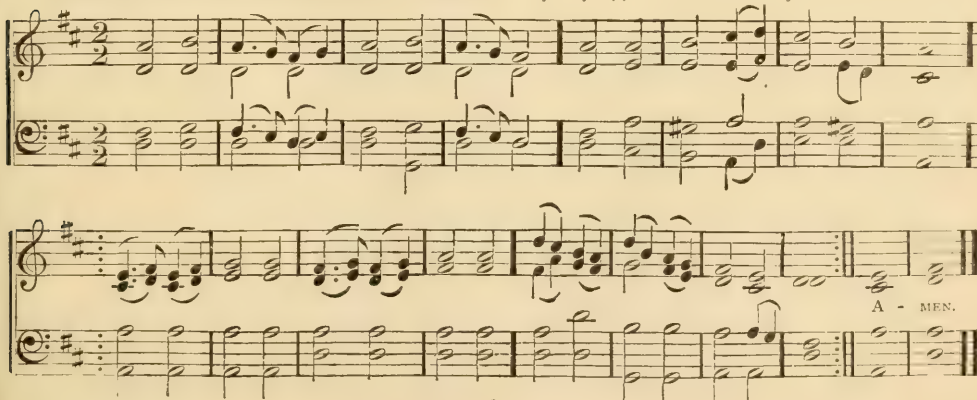
33.

"Speak : for thy servant heareth."

In thy name, O Lord, assembling,
 We thy people now draw near :
 Teach us to rejoice with trembling ;
 Speak, and let thy servants hear ;
 Hear with meekness, —
 Hear thy word with godly fear.
 While our days on earth are lengthened,
 May we give them, Lord, to thee,
 Cheered by hope, and daily strengthened,
 May we run, nor weary be ;
 Till thy glory
 Without cloud in heaven we see AMEN.

Thomas Kelly. 1815

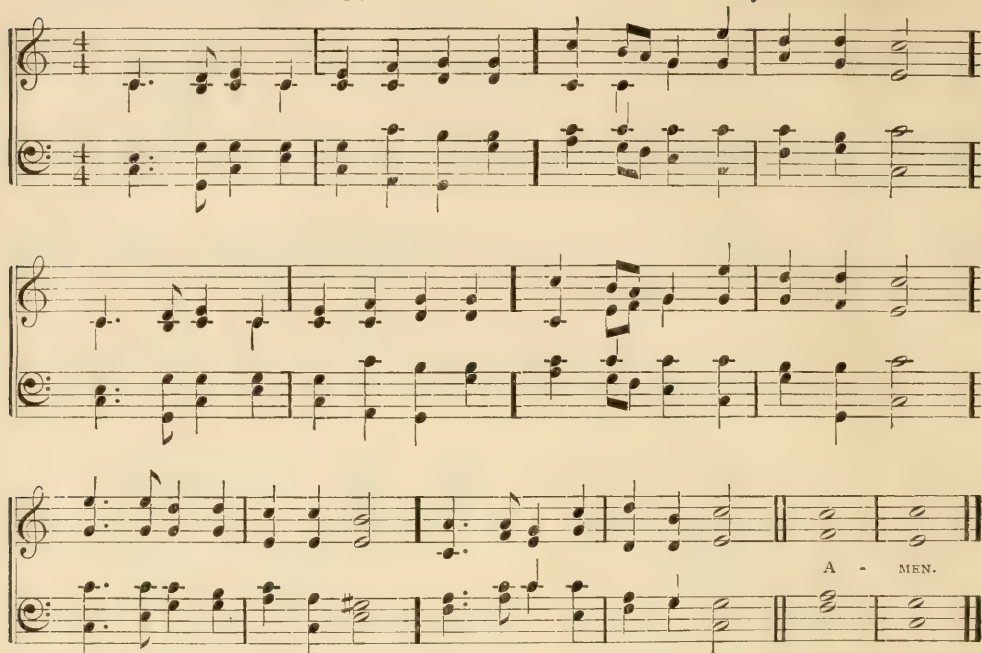
SICILIAN MARINERS' HYMN. 8.7:8.7:4.7. Italian Melody.



NEANDER. 8.7:8.7:7.7.

(Unser Herrscher, unser König.)

JOACHIM NEANDER.



34.

"O thou that hearest prayer, unto thee shall all flesh come."

OPEN now thy gates of beauty,
 Zion, let me enter there;
 Where my soul in joyful duty
 Waits for him who answers prayer:
 Oh, how blessed is this place,
 Filled with solace, light, and grace.

Yes, my God, I come before thee,
 Come thou also down to me;
 Where we find thee and adore thee,
 There a heaven on earth must be.
 To my heart, oh, enter thou,
 Let it be thy temple now.

Speak, O God, and I will hear thee,
 Let thy will be done indeed;
 May I undisturbed draw near thee
 Whilst thou dost thy people feed.
 Here of life the fountain flows,
 Here is balm for all our woes.

Benjamin Schmolke. Tr. by Catherine Winkworth.

REQUIEM. (SCHULTHES.) 8.7:8.7:7.7.

W. SCHULTHES.

35.

"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me."

O MY soul, with all thy powers
 Bless the Lord's most holy name ;
 O my soul, till life's last hours,
 Bless the Lord, his praise proclaim ;
 As the heaven the earth transcends,
 Over us his care extends.

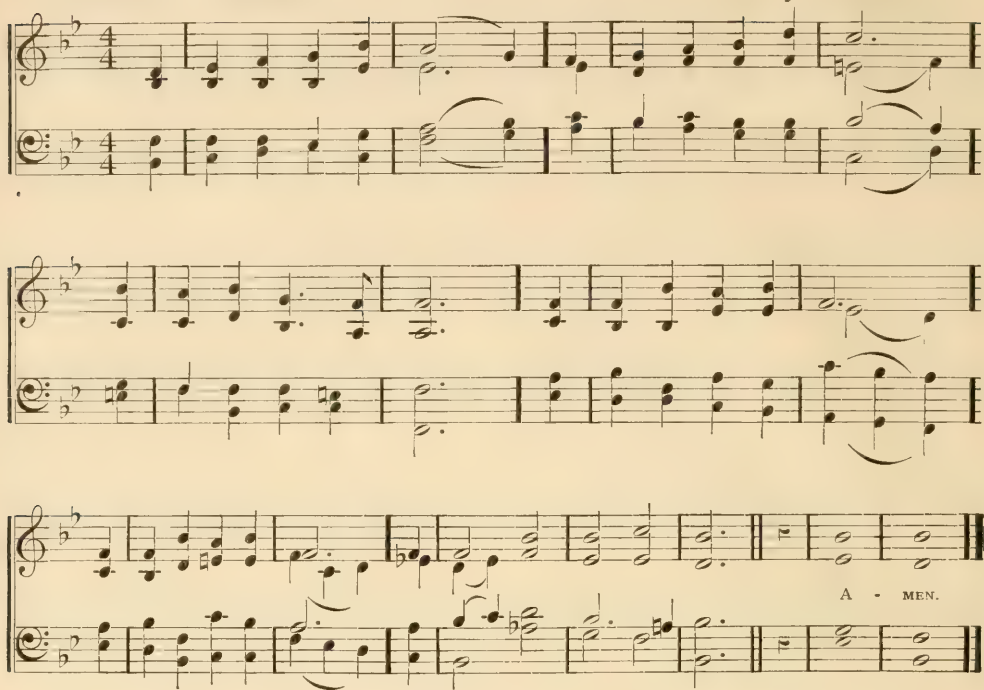
Far as east and west are parted,
 He our sins hath severed thus ;
 As a father loving-hearted
 Spares his son, he spareth us ;
 For he knows our feeble frame,
 He remembers whence we came.

From eternity, enduring
 To eternity ;— the Lord,
 Still his people's bliss ensuring,
 Keeps his covenanted word ;
 Yea, with truth and righteousness,
 Children's children he will bless.

James Montgomery

LAUDES DOMINI. 6.6.6 : 6.6.6.

Sir JOSEPH BARNEY.

36. *"Sing forth the honor of his name ; make his
praise glorious."*

WHEN morning gilds the skies,
My heart awaking cries,
Thy name, O Lord, be praised !
Alike at work and prayer
To thee do I repair ;
Thy name, O Lord, be praised !

When sleep her balm denies,
My silent spirit sighs,
Thy name, O Lord, be praised !
When evil thoughts molest,
With this I shield my breast,
Thy name, O Lord, be praised !

Does sadness fill my mind ?
A solace here I find,
Thy name, O Lord, be praised !

Or fades my earthly bliss ?
My comfort still is this,
Thy name, O Lord, be praised !

In heaven's eternal bliss
The loveliest strain is this,
Thy name, O Lord, be praised !
Let earth and sea and sky,
From depth to height reply,
Thy name, O Lord, be praised !

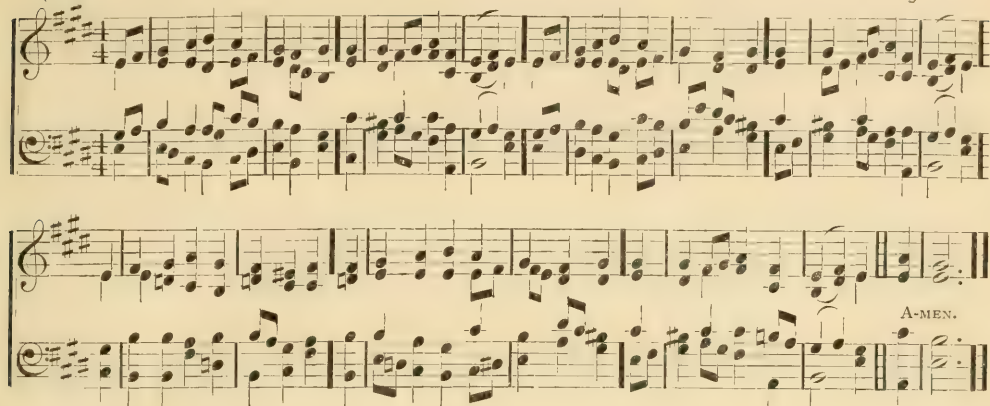
Be this, while life is mine,
My canticle divine,
Thy name, O Lord, be praised !
Be this the eternal song,
Through all the ages on,
Thy name, O Lord, be praised ! AMEN.

German, 1828. Tr. by Edward Caswall. †

DECIUS. 8.7.8.7:8.8.7.

(*Allein Gott in der Höh sei Ehr.*)

NICOLAUS DECIUS. 1526?



37. "*And when we cried unto the Lord God of our fathers, the Lord heard our voice.*"

We come unto our fathers' God ;
 Their Rock is our Salvation ;
 The Eternal Arms, their dear abode,
 We make our habitation :
 We bring thee, Lord, the praise they brought,
 We seek thee as thy saints have sought
 In every generation.

Their joy unto their Lord we bring ;
 Their song to us descendeth ;
 The Spirit who in them did sing,
 To us his music lendeth ;
 His song in them, in us, is one ;
 We raise it high, we send it on, —
 The song that never endeth !

Ye saints to come, take up the strain —
 The same sweet theme endeavor !
 Unbroken be the golden chain !
 Keep on the song forever !
 Safe in the same dear dwelling-place,
 Rich with the same eternal grace,
 Bless the same boundless Giver ! **AMEN.**

Thomas H. Gill.

38. "*Lord, thou hast been our dwelling-place in all generations.*"

LORD, thou hast been our dwelling-place
 In every generation ;
 Thy people still have known thy grace,
 And blessed thy consolation ;
 Through every age thou heardst our cry,
 Through every age we found thee nigh,
 Our strength and our salvation.

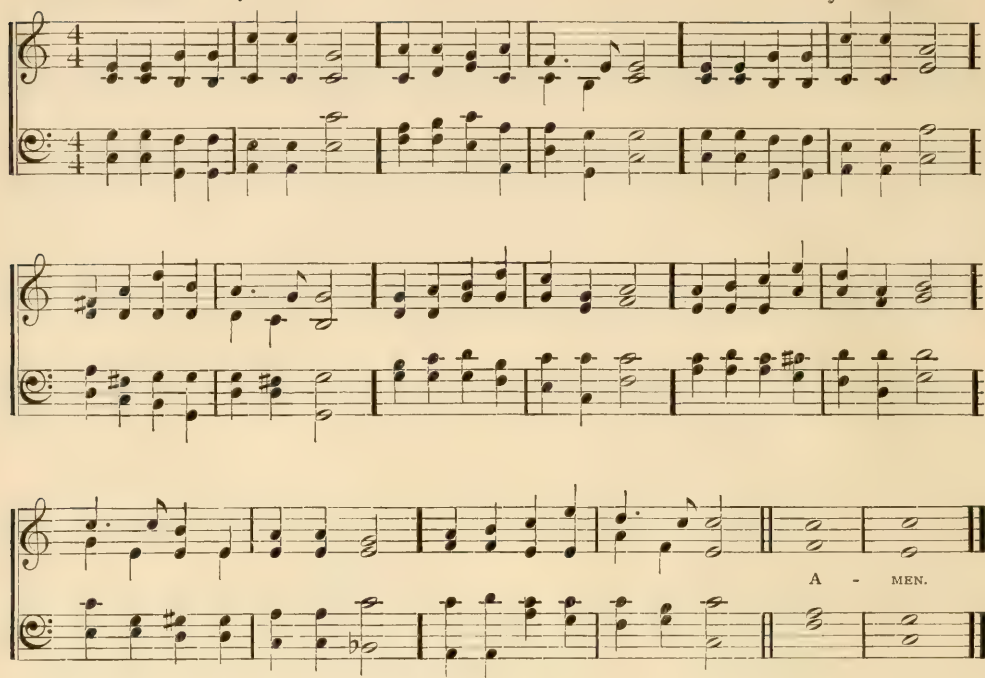
Our cleaving sins we oft have wept,
 And oft thy patience provèd ;
 But still thy faith we fast have kept,
 Thy name we still have lovèd ;
 And thou hast kept and loved us well,
 Hast granted us in thee to dwell,
 Unshaken, unremovèd.

No, nothing from those arms of love
 Shall thine own people sever ;
 Our Helper never will remove,
 Our God will fail us never.
 Thy people, Lord, have dwelt in thee ;
 Our dwelling-place thou still wilt be
 For ever and for ever. **AMEN.**

Thomas H. Gill.

CULFORD. 7. Double.

E. J. HOPKINS.



39. "While I live will I praise the Lord."

PRAISE to God, immortal praise,
 For the love that crowns our days !
 Bounteous Source of every joy,
 Let thy praise our tongues employ.
 For the blessings of the field,
 For the stores the gardens yield ;
 Flocks, that whiten all the plain,
 Yellow sheaves of ripened grain :

All that Spring with bounteous hand
 Scatters o'er the smiling land ;
 All that liberal Autumn pours
 From her rich o'erflowing stores, —
 These to thee, my God ! we owe,
 Source whence all our blessings flow ;
 And for these my soul shall raise
 Grateful vows and solemn praise.

Yet, should rising whirlwinds tear
 From its stem the ripening ear ;
 Should the vine put forth no more,
 Nor the olive yield her store ;
 Yet to thee my soul should raise
 Grateful vows and solemn praise ;
 And, when every blessing's flown,
 Love thee for thyself alone !

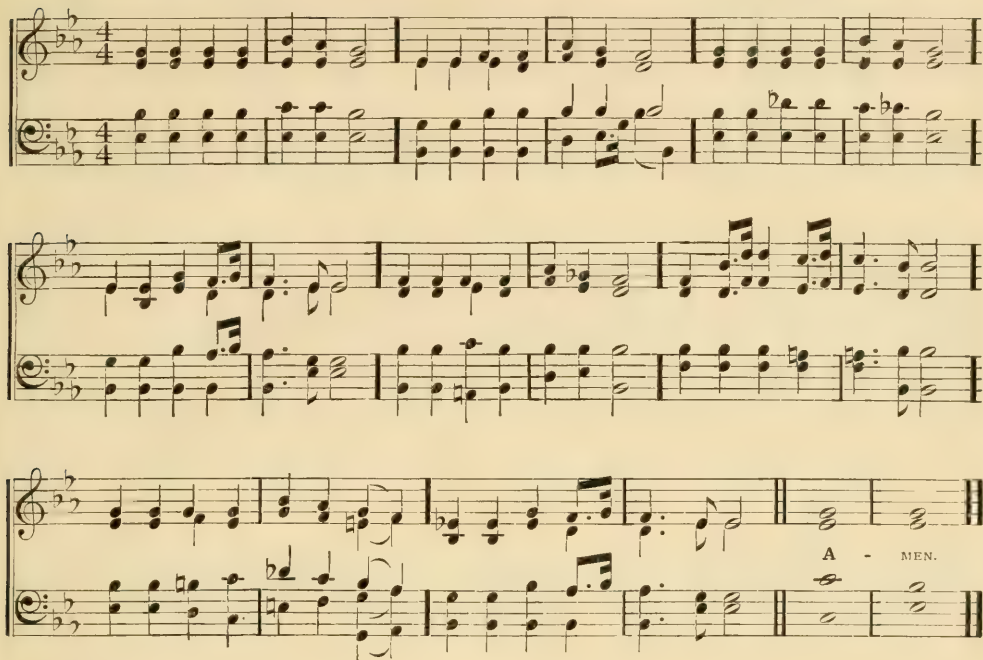
Anna L. Barbauld.

40. "Praise ye the Lord."

HARK, my soul, how everything
 Strives to serve our bounteous King :
 Each a double tribute pays,
 Sings its part, and then obeys.
 Nature's chief and sweetest choir
 Him with cheerful notes admire ;
 Chanting every day their lauds,
 While the grove their song applauds.

BLUMENTHAL. 7. Double.

JACQUES BLUMENTHAL.



Though their voices lower be,
Streams have, too, their melody ;
Night and day they warbling run,
Never pause, but still sing on.
All the flowers that gild the spring
Hither their still music bring ;
If Heaven bless them, thankful they
Smell more sweet and look more gay.

Only we can scarce afford
This short office to our Lord ;
We, on whom his bounty flows,
All things gives, and nothing owes.
Wake, for shame, my sluggish heart,
Wake, and gladly sing thy part ;
Learn of birds, and springs, and flowers,
How to use thy nobler powers.

John Austin. 1668.

41. "Know ye not that ye are the temple of God?"

LIGHT of life, seraphic Fire !
Love divine, thyself impart :
Every fainting soul inspire ;
Enter every drooping heart :
Every mournful sinner cheer ;
Scatter all our guilty gloom ;
Father, in thy grace appear,
To thy human temples come.

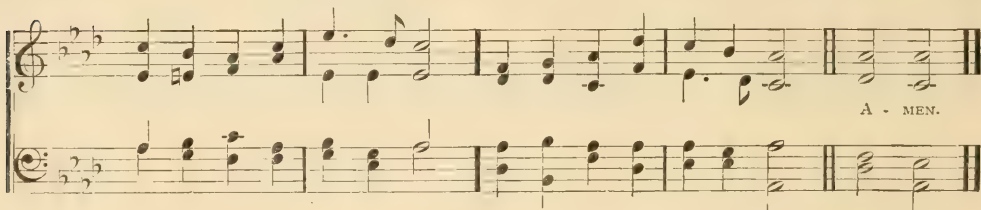
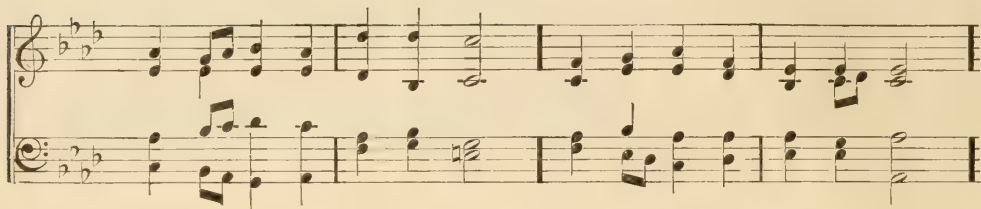
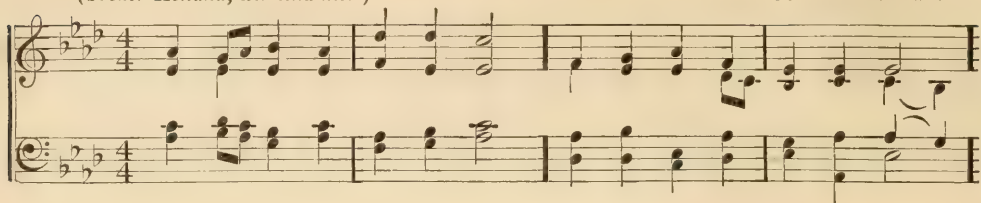
Come, in this accepted hour,
Bring thy heavenly kingdom in ;
Fill us with thy glorious power,
Rooting out the seeds of sin :
Nothing more can we require ;
We will covet nothing less :
Be thou all our heart's desire,
All our joy, and all our peace. AMEN.

Charles Wesley.

DIX. 7. Six lines.

(Treuer Heiland, wir sind hier.)

CONRAD KOCHER.



42.

"Out of Zion, the perfection of beauty, God hath shined."

For the beauty of the earth,
 For the beauty of the skies,
 For the love which from our birth
 Over and around us lies ;
 Father, unto thee we raise
 This, our hymn of grateful praise.

For the joy of ear and eye,
 For the heart and mind's delight,
 For the mystic harmony
 Linking sense to sound and sight ;
 Father, unto thee we raise
 This, our hymn of grateful praise.

For each perfect gift of thine,
 Unto us so freely given,
 Graces human and divine,
 Peace on earth, and joy in heaven ;
 Father, unto thee we raise
 This, our hymn of grateful praise.

For thy Church that evermore
 Lifteth holy hands above,
 Offering up on every shore
 Her pure sacrifice of love ;
 Father, unto thee we raise
 This, our hymn of grateful praise. AMEN.

Folliott S. Pierpoint. †

ST. ATHANASIUS. 7. Six lines.

E. J. HOPKINS.

43. "Every day will I bless thee."

At thy feet, O Lord, we lay
Thine own gift of this new day :
Doubt of what it has in store
Makes us crave thine aid the more :
Turn not from us while we plead
Thy compassions and our need.

If it flow on calm and bright,
Be thyself our chief delight ;
If it bring unknown distress,
Good is all that thou canst bless :
Only, while its hours begin,
Pray we, keep them clear of sin.

Fain would we thy word embrace,
Live each moment in thy grace,
All ourselves to thee consign,
Fold up all our wills in thine,
Think, and speak, and do, and be,
Simply that which pleaseth thee. AMEN.

William Bright.†

44. "Cause me to hear thy lovingkindness in the morning ; for in thee do I trust."

Every morning mercies new
Fall as fresh as morning dew ;
Every morning let us pay
Tribute with the early day ;
For thy mercies, Lord, are sure ;
Thy compassion doth endure.

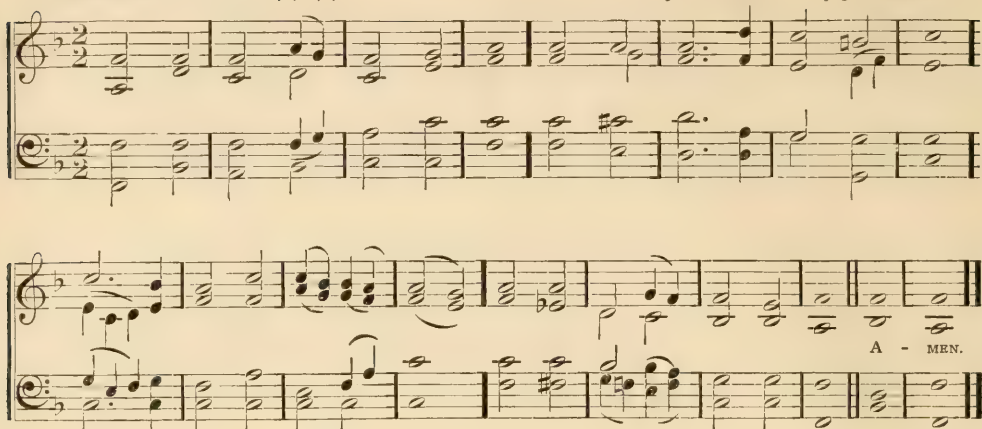
Still the greatness of thy love
Daily doth our sins remove ;
Daily, far as east from west,
Lifts the burden from the breast ;
Freely gives to those who pray,
Strength to stand in evil day.

Let our prayers each morn prevail,
That these gifts may never fail ;
As the morning light returns,
As the sun with splendor burns,
Teach us all our hearts to raise
In unfailing prayer and praise. AMEN.

Greville Phillimore.†

ADORATION. 7:7:7:7.

J. W. TUFTS. By permission.

45. *"The morning stars sang together, and all the sons of God shouted for joy."*

Songs of praise the angels sang :
 Heaven with alleluias rang,
 When Jehovah's work begun,
 When he spake and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn,
 When the Prince of Peace was born ;
 Songs of praise arose, when he
 Captive led captivity.

Heaven and earth must pass away ;
 Songs of praise shall crown that day :
 God will make new heavens and earth ;
 Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

And shall man alone be dumb
 Till that glorious kingdom come ?
 No ; the Church delights to raise
 Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

Saints below, with heart and voice,
 Still in songs of praise rejoice ;
 Learning here, by faith and love,
 Songs of praise to sing above.

Borne upon their latest breath,
 Songs of praise shall conquer death ;
 Then, amidst eternal joy,
 Songs of praise their powers employ.

James Montgomery.

46. *"O all ye works of the Lord, praise ye the Lord !"*

Let the whole creation cry,
 Glory to the Lord on high !
 Heaven and earth, awake and sing,
 "God is good, and therefore King."

Praise him, all ye host above,
 Ever bright and fair in love !
 Sun and moon, uplift your voice ;
 Night and stars, in God rejoice.

Chant his honor, ocean fair !
 Earth, soft rushing through the air ;
 Sunshine, darkness, cloud and storm,
 Rain and snow, his praise perform.

Let the blossoms of the earth
 Join the universal mirth ;
 Birds, with morn and dew elate,
 Sing with joy at heaven's gate.

Warriors fighting for the Lord,
 Prophets burning with his word,
 Men and women, young and old,
 Raise the anthem manifold ;

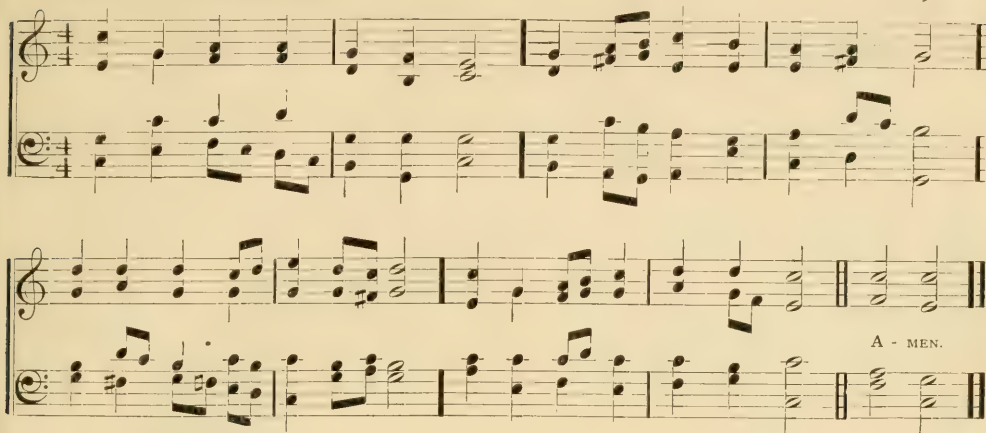
And let children's happy hearts
 In this worship bear their parts :
 Holy, Holy, Holy One,
 Glory be to God alone ! AMEN.

Stopford A. Brooke.

STUTT GART. 7-7-7-7.

(Liebe, die Du mich zum Bilde.)

DARMSTÄDTER GESANGBUCH, 1698.



47. "Praise ye the Lord; for it is good to sing praises unto our God."

HEAVEN and earth, and sea and air,
Still their Maker's praise declare;
Thou, my soul, rejoicing sing,
To thy God thy praises bring.

See the sun his power awakes,
As through clouds his glory breaks;
See the moon and stars of light
Praising God in stillest night.

See how God this rolling globe
Swathes with beauty as a robe;
Forests, fields, and living things
Each his Maker's glory sings.

Through the air thy praises meet,
Birds are singing clear and sweet;
Fire and storm and wind, thy will
As thy ministers fulfil.

Ocean waves thy glory tell,
At thy touch they sink and swell;
From the well-spring to the sea,
Rivers murmur, Lord, of thee.

Ah, my God, what wonders lie
Hid in thine infinity!
Stamp upon my inmost heart
What I am, and what thou art! AMEN.

Joachim Neander.
Tr. by J. D. Burns.

48. "I will make them joyful in my house of prayer."

In this peaceful house of prayer
Stronger faith, O God! we seek;
Here we bring each earthly care,
Thou the strengthening message speak!

In our greatest trials, we
Calm, through thee, the way have trod;
In the smallest, may we feel
Thou art still our Helper-God.

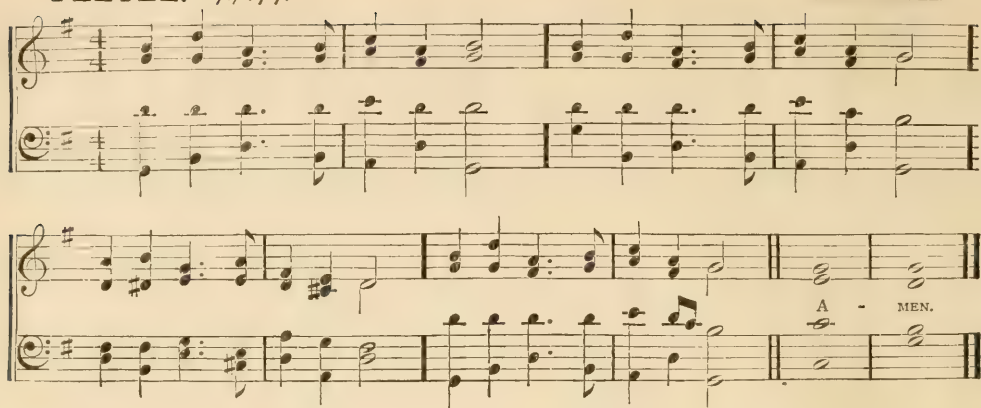
Of thy presence and thy love
We more steadfast feeling need,
Till the high and holy thought
Hallow every simplest deed.

Heavenly Father, at thy feet
We would lay our earthborn care;
Help us in our need, for thou
Know'st the weight that each must bear.

AMEN.
Hymns of the Spirit.

PLEYEL. 7-7:7-7.

IGNAZ PLEYEL.

**49.***A Blessing implored.*

THANKS for mercies past receive,
Pardon of our sins renew;
Teach us, henceforth, how to live
With eternity in view.

Bless thy word to old and young;
Grant us, Lord, thy peace and love;
And, when life's short race is run,
Let us dwell with thee above! AMEN.

John Newton.†

Reign the spirit of this place,
Bless the purpose of this hour.

Holy and creative Light!
We invoke thy kindling ray;
Dawn upon our spirits' night,
Turn our darkness into day.

To the anxious soul impart
Hope all other hopes above;
Stir the dull and hardened heart
With a longing and a love.

Work in all; in all renew,
Day by day, the life divine;
All our wills to thee subdue,
All our hearts to thee incline. AMEN.

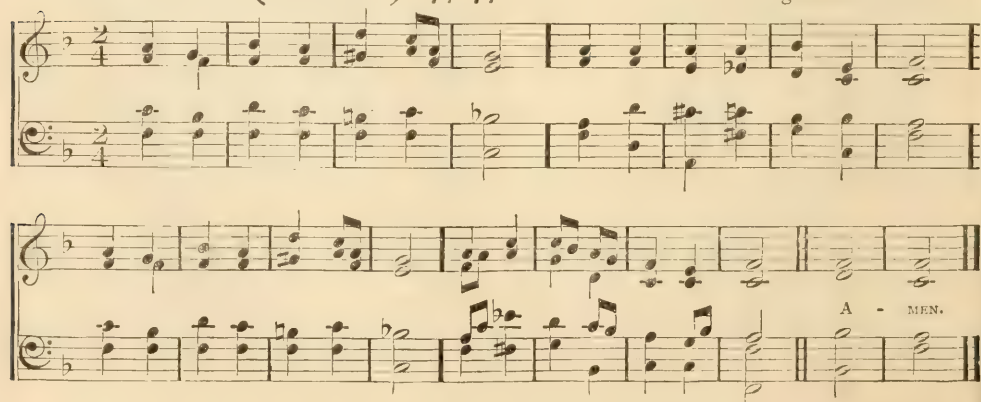
Frederic H. Hedge.

50.*"Oh, send out thy light and thy truth; let them lead me."*

SOVEREIGN and transforming Grace!
We invoke thy quickening power;

CHATHAM. (SEYMOUR.) 7-7:7-7.

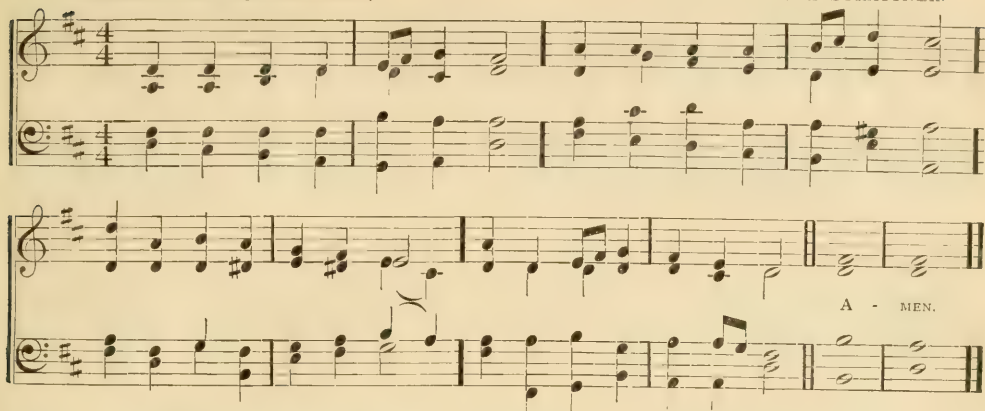
Arranged from WEBER.



POSEN. 7:7:7:7.

(Himmel, Erde, Luft, und Meer.)

GEORG CHRISTOPH STRATTNER.



51.

"Be of one mind, live in peace, and the God of love and peace shall be with you."

As the sun's enlivening eye
Shines on every place the same,
So the Lord is always nigh
To the souls that love his name.

When they move at duty's call,
He is with them by the way ;
He is ever with them all,—
Those who go and those who stay.

From his holy mercy-seat
Nothing can their souls confine ;
Still in spirit may they meet,
And in sweet communion join.

For a season called to part,
Let us then ourselves commend
To the gracious eye and heart
Of our ever-present Friend.

Father, hear our humble prayer !
Tender Shepherd of thy sheep,
Let thy mercy and thy care
All our souls in safety keep.

In thy strength may we be strong ;
Sweeten every cross and pain ;
Give us, if we live, ere long
Here to meet in peace again. AMEN.

John Newton.

52.

"Praise the Lord."

ALL ye nations, praise the Lord !
All ye lands, your voices raise !
Heaven and earth, with loud accord,
Praise the Lord, forever praise !

For his truth and mercy stand,
Past and present and to be,
Like the years of his right hand,
Like his own eternity.

Praise him, ye who know his love !
Praise him, from the depths beneath !
Praise him, in the heights above !
Praise your Maker, all that breathe ! AMEN.

James Montgomery. 1822.

53.

"As the hart panteth after the water-brooks, so panteth my soul after thee, O God."

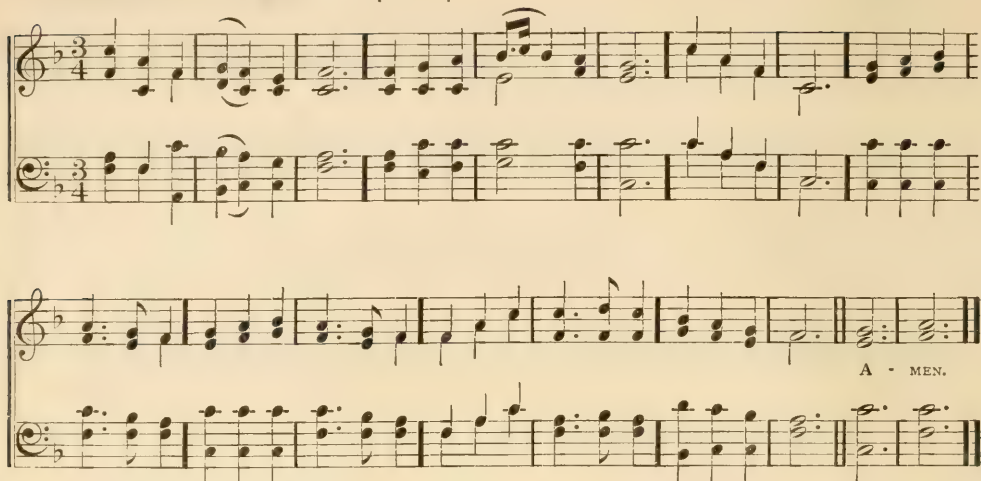
THIRSTING for a living spring,
Seeking for a higher home ;
Resting where our souls must cling,
Trusting, hoping, Lord, we come.
Glorious hopes our spirits fill,
When we feel that thou art near ;
Father ! then our fears are still,
Then the soul's bright end is clear.

Make us beautiful within,
By thy spirit's holy light ;
Guard us when our faith burns dim,
Father of all love and might ! AMEN.

Frank P. Appleton.

ITALIAN HYMN. 6.6.4:6.6.6.4.

F. GIARDINI.



54.

Invocation.

COME, thou Almighty King !
 Help us thy name to sing ;
 Help us to praise !
 Father all-glorious,
 O'er all victorious,
 Come and reign over us,
 Ancient of Days !

Come, thou all-gracious Lord,
 By heaven and earth adored !
 Our prayer attend !
 Come, and thy children bless ;
 Give thy good word success ;
 Make thine own holiness
 On us descend.

Never from us depart ;
 Rule thou in every heart,
 Hence, evermore.
 Thy sovereign majesty
 May we in glory see,
 And to eternity
 Love and adore. AMEN.

Anon. before 1757.

55.

"Let there be Light."

THOU, whose almighty word
 Chaos and darkness heard,
 And took their flight !
 Hear us, we humbly pray ;
 And, where the gospel's day
 Sheds not its glorious ray,
 Let there be light.

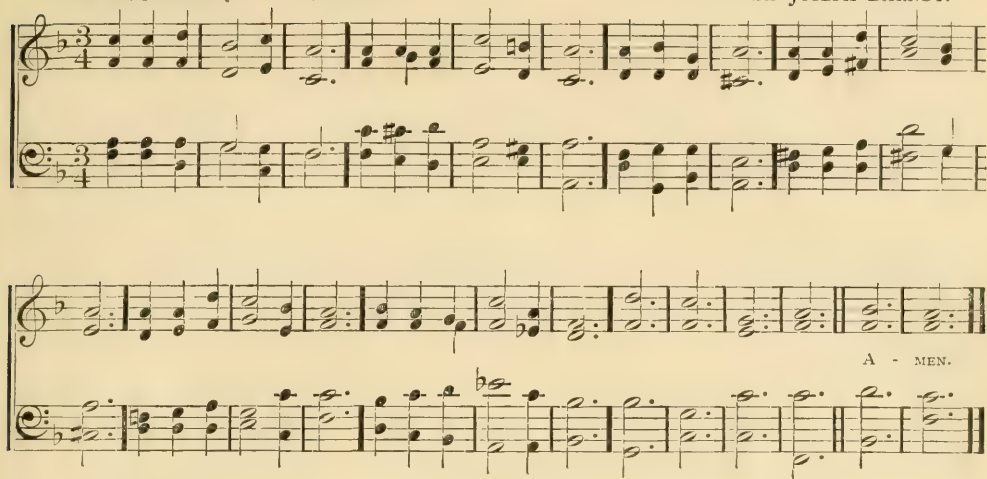
Thou, who didst come to bring,
 On thy redeeming wing,
 Healing and sight !
 Health to the sick in mind,
 Light to the inly blind,
 Oh, now, to all mankind
 Let there be light !

Descend thou from above,
 Spirit of truth and love, —
 Speed on thy flight !
 Move o'er the waters' face,
 Spirit of hope and grace,
 And in earth's darkest place,
 Let there be light ! AMEN.

John Marriott. †

TAVISTOCK. 6.6.4 : 6.6.6.4.

Sir JOSEPH BARNEY.



A - MEN.

56.

Strength, Love, and Light.

COME, thou almighty Will !
Our fainting bosoms fill
With thy great power :
Strength of our good intents,
Our tempted hour's defence,
Calm of faith's confidence,
Come, in this hour !

Come, thou most tender Love !
Within our spirits move,
Their sweetest guest :
Extinguish passion's fire,
Exalt each low desire,
To deeds of love inspire,
Quickener and Rest !

Come, Light serene and still !
Our darkened spirits fill
With thy clear day :
Guide of the feeble sight,
Star of grief's darkest night,
Reveal the path of right,
Show us thy way ! AMEN.

Hymns of the Spirit.

57.

"The Comforter shall teach you all things."

COME, Holy Ghost, in love ;
Shed on us from above
Thine own bright ray !
Divinely good thou art ;
Thy sacred gifts impart
To gladden each sad heart :
Oh, come to-day !

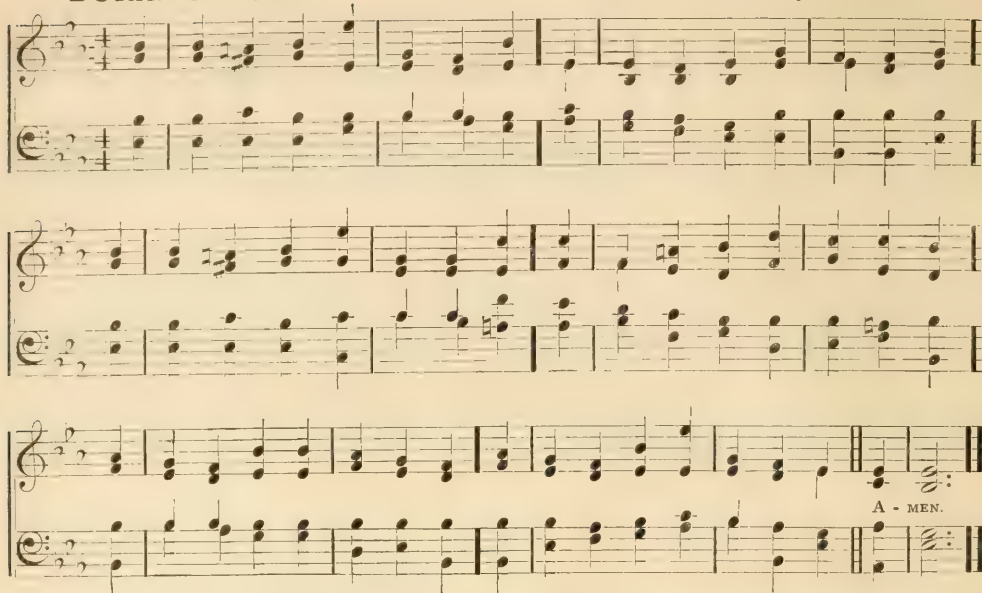
Come, tenderest Friend, and best,
Our most delightful Guest,
With soothing power :
Rest, which the weary know,
Shade, 'mid the noontide glow,
Peace, when deep griefs o'erflow,
Cheer us, this hour !

Come, Light serene and still ;
Our inmost bosoms fill,
Dwell in each breast :
We know no dawn but thine ;
Send forth thy beams divine,
On our dark souls to shine,
And make us blest ! AMEN.

Innocent III?
Tr. by Ray Palmer.

DURA. L.M. Six lines.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



58. *"Surely, the Lord is in this place."*

Lo, God is here ! Let us adore,
 And own, how solemn is this place !
 Let all within us feel his power,
 And silent bow before his face !
 Who know his power, his grace who prove,
 Serve him with awe, with reverence love.

Lo, God is here ; him day and night
 Th' united choirs of angels sing ;
 To him, enthroned above all height,
 Heaven's hosts their noblest praises bring ;
 Disdain not, Lord, our meaner song,
 Who praise thee with a stammering tongue.

Being of beings, may our praise
 Thy courts with grateful fragrance fill ;
 Still may we stand before thy face,
 Still hear and do thy sovereign will !
 To thee may all our thoughts arise,
 Ceaseless, accepted sacrifice ! AMEN.

Gerhard Tersteegen.
 Tr. by John Wesley.

59. *"Until the spirit be poured upon us from on high, and the wilderness be a fruitful field."*

O God, O Spirit, Light of Life
 Amidst the darkness of the dead !
 Bright Star, whereby through worldly strife
 The patient pilgrim still is led !
 Thou Dayspring in the deepest gloom,
 Wildered and dark, to thee I come !

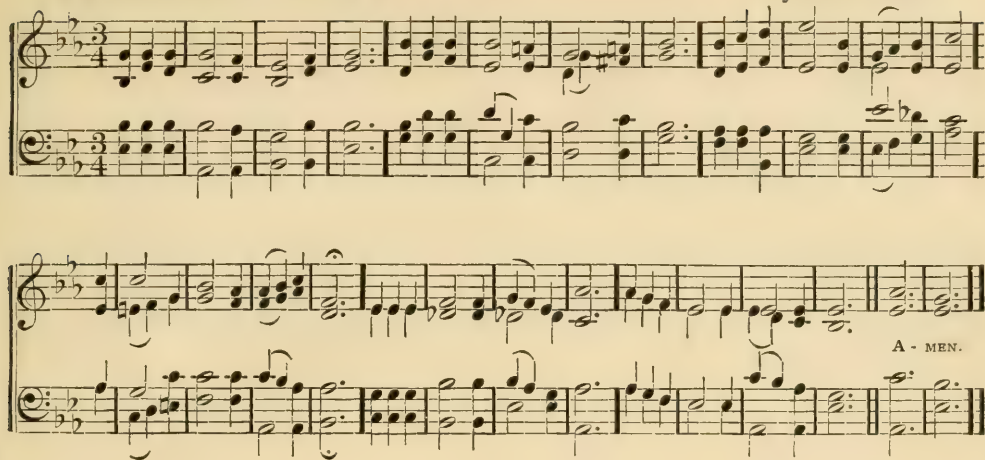
Pure fire of God, burn out my sin ;
 Cleanse all the earthly dross from me ;
 Refine my secret heart within,
 The golden streams of love set free !
 Live thou in me, O life divine !
 Until my deepest love be thine.

Let me in will and deed and word
 Obey thee as a little child,
 And in thy love abide, O Lord,
 For ever pure and undefiled :
 Teach me to work and strive and pray,
 And keep me in thy heavenward way. AMEN.

Gerhard Tersteegen.
 Tr. by Emma F. Bevan.

TRISTITIA. L.M. Six lines.

Sir JOSEPH BARNBY.



60.

"Thee will I Love."

THEE will I love, my Strength, my Tower ;
Thee will I love, my joy, my crown ;
Thee will I love with all my power,
In all thy works, and thee alone :
Thee will I love till the pure fire
Fills my whole soul with strong desire.

I thank thee, uncreated Sun,
That thy bright beams on me have shined ;
I thank thee, who hast overthrown
My foes, and healed my wounded mind ;
I thank thee, whose enlivening voice
Bids my freed heart in thee rejoice.

Uphold me in the doubtful race,
Nor suffer me again to stray ;
Strengthen my feet with steady pace
Still to press forward in thy way ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite. AMEN.

Johann Scheffler. 1657.
Tr. by John Wesley. †

61.

"The Lord is my shepherd, I shall not want."

THE Lord my pasture shall prepare,
And feed me with a shepherd's care ;
His presence shall my wants supply,
And guard me with a watchful eye ;
My noonday walks he shall attend,
And all my midnight hours defend.

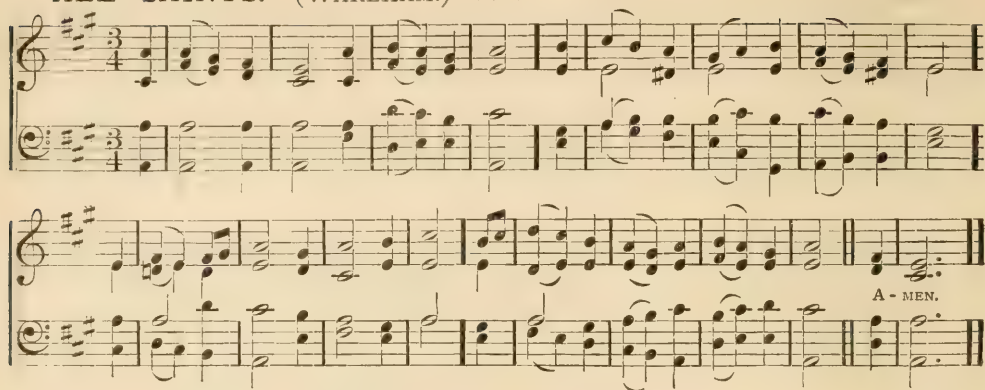
When in the sultry glebe I faint,
Or on the thirsty mountain pant,
To fertile vales and dewy meads
My weary, wandering steps he leads,
Where peaceful rivers, soft and slow,
Amid the verdant landscape flow.

Though in the paths of death I tread,
With gloomy horrors overspread,
My steadfast heart shall fear no ill,
For thou, O Lord, art with me still :
Thy friendly crook shall give me aid,
And guide me through the dreadful shade.

Joseph Addison. 1712.

ALL SAINTS. (WAREHAM.) L.M.

W. KNAPP.

62. *"My mouth shall speak the praise of the Lord, and let all flesh bless his holy name for ever and for ever."*

My God, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days ;
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise the song.

The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear,
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done for thee.

Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim ;
Thy bounty flows, an endless stream ;
Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise.

But who can speak thy wondrous deeds ?
Thy greatness all our thoughts exceeds ;
Vast and unsearchable thy ways,
Vast and immortal be thy praise. AMEN.

Isaac Watts.

63. *"The truth as it is in Jesus."*

GREAT God, the followers of thy Son,
We bow before thy mercy-seat
To worship thee, the Holy One,
And pour our wishes at thy feet.

Oh, grant thy blessing here to-day !
Oh, give thy people joy and peace !
The tokens of thy love display,
And favor that shall never cease.

We seek the truth that Jesus brought ;
His path of light we long to tread ;
Here be his holy doctrines taught,
And here their purest influence shed.

May faith and hope and love abound ;
Our sins and errors be forgiven ;
And we, in thy great day, be found
Children of God, and heirs of heaven. AMEN.

Henry Ware, Jr.

64. *"Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice."*

O GOD, my God, my All thou art !
Ere shines the dawn of rising day,
Thy sovereign light within my heart,
Thy all-enlivening power, display !

In blessing thee with grateful songs,
My happy life shall glide away :
The praise that to thy name belongs,
Hourly, with lifted hands, I'll pay.

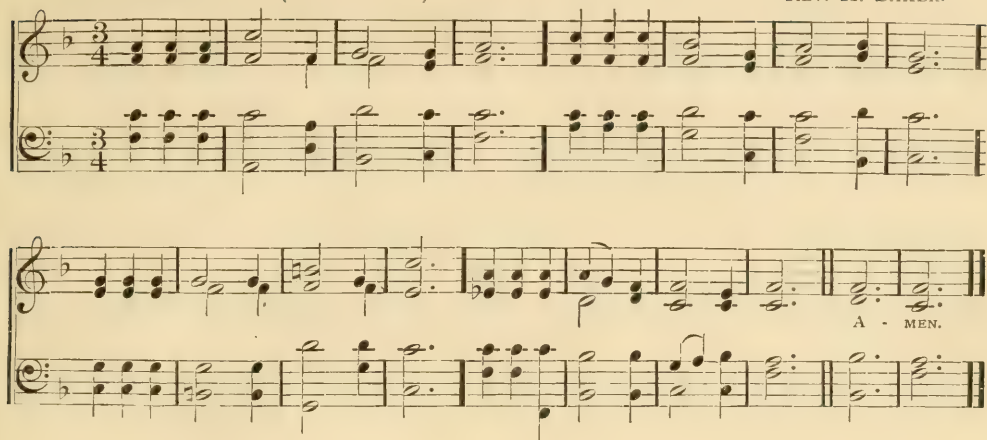
Thy name, O God, upon my bed
Dwells on my lips, and fires my thought ;
With trembling awe, in midnight shade,
I muse on all thy hands have wrought.

In all I do I feel thine aid ;
Therefore thy greatness I will sing,
O God, who bidst my heart be glad
Beneath the shadow of thy wing ! AMEN.

Charles Wesley.

WHITBURN. (HESPERUS.) L.M.

REV. H. BAKER.



65.

"God with us."

O God, whose presence glows in all
Within, around us, and above !
Thy word we bless, thy name we call,
Whose word is Truth, whose name is Love.

That truth be with the heart believed,
Of all who seek this sacred place ;
With power proclaimed, in peace received,—
Our spirits' light, thy Spirit's grace.

That love its holy influence pour,
To keep us meek and make us free,
And throw its binding blessing more
Round each with all, and all with thee.

Send down its angel to our side ;
Send in its calm upon the breast :
For we would know no other guide,
And we can need no other rest.

S. L. Frothingham.

66.

A Psalm for the Lord's Day. Ps. xcii.

SWEET is the work, my God, my King,
To praise thy name, give thanks, and sing ;
To show thy love by morning light.
And talk of all thy truth at night.

My heart shall triumph in my Lord,
And bless his works, and bless his word ;
Thy works of grace, how bright they shine !
How deep thy counsels, how divine !

Soon shall I see, and hear, and know
All I desired or wished below ;
And every power find sweet employ
In that eternal world of joy.

Isaac Watts.

67.

"Now, therefore, our God, we thank thee, and praise thy glorious name."

WE thank thee, Lord, for this fair earth,
The glittering sky, the silver sea,
For all their beauty, all their worth,
Their light and glory, come from thee.

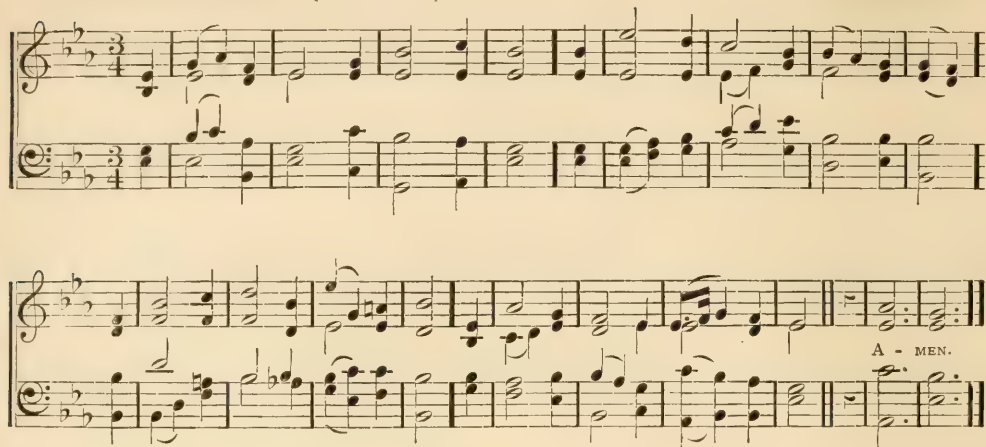
Yet teach us still how far more fair,
More glorious, Father, in thy sight,
Is one pure deed, one holy prayer,
One heart that holds thy Spirit's might.

So while we gaze, with thoughtful eye,
On all the gifts thy love has given,
Help us in thee to live and die,
By thee to rise from earth to heaven. AMEN.

George E. L. Cotton.

ROCKINGHAM. (ENGLISH.) L.M.

EDWARD MILLER.



68

*"How amiable are thy tabernacles, O Lord
of hosts."*

How pleasant, how divinely fair,
O Lord of hosts, thy dwellings are !
With long desire my spirit faints
To meet the assemblies of thy saints.

Blest are the saints, who dwell on high,
Around thy throne, above the sky ;
Thy brightest glories shine above,
And all their work is praise and love.

Blest are the souls who find a place
Within the temple of thy grace ;
There they behold thy gentler rays,
And seek thy face, and learn thy praise.

Blest are the men whose hearts are set
To find the way to Zion's gate ;
God is their strength ; and, through the road,
They lean upon their helper, God.

Cheerful they walk, with growing strength,
Till all shall meet in heaven at length ;
Till all before thy face appear,
And join in nobler worship there.

Isaac Watts.

69.

*"Blessed are they which dwell in thy house ;
they will be still praising thee."*

OUR God ! where'er thy people meet,
There they behold thy mercy-seat ;
Where'er they seek thee, thou art found,
And every place is hallowed ground.

For thou, within no walls confined,
Inhabitest the humble mind ;
Such ever bring thee where they come,
And, going, take thee to their home.

Dear Shepherd of thy chosen few !
Thy former mercies here renew ;
Here to our waiting hearts proclaim
The sweetness of thy saving name.

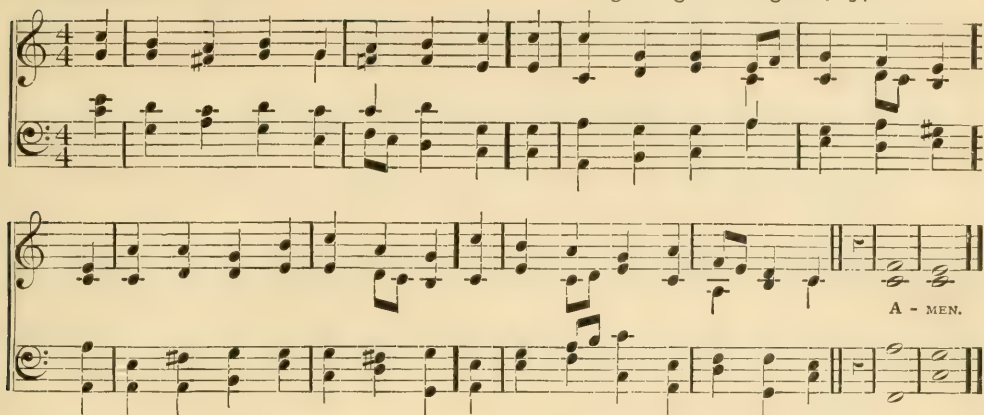
Here may we prove the power of prayer,
To strengthen faith, and sweeten care,
To teach our faint desires to rise,
And bring all heaven before our eyes.

Lord, we are few, but thou art near ;
Nor short thine arm, nor deaf thine ear ;
Oh, rend the heavens, come quickly down,
And make a thousand hearts thine own !

William Cowper

ERFURT. L.M.

The melody attributed to MARTIN LUTHER.
Magdeburger Gesangbuch, 1540.



70.

"Sing unto the Lord a new song."

SING to the Lord a joyful song ;
Lift up your hearts, your voices raise ;
To us his gracious gifts belong,
To him our songs of love and praise.

For life and love, for rest and food,
For daily help and nightly care,
Sing to the Lord, for he is good,
And praise his name, for it is fair :

For strength to those who on him wait,
His truth to prove, his will to do,
Praise ye our God, for he is great,
Trust in his name, for it is true :

For joys untold that daily move
Round those who love his sweet employ,
Sing to our God, for he is love,
Exalt his name, for it is joy :

For life below, with all its bliss,
And for that life, more pure and high,
That inner life, which over this
Shall ever shine, and never die.

J. S. B. Monsell.

71.

"O be joyful in the Lord, all ye lands."

ALL people that on earth do dwell,
Sing to the Lord with cheerful voice ;
Him serve with fear, his praise forth tell,
Come ye before him and rejoice.

Know that the Lord is God indeed ;
Without our aid he did us make :
We are his flock, he doth us feed,
And for his sheep he doth us take.

Oh, enter then his gates with praise,
Approach with joy his courts unto ;
Praise, laud, and bless his name always,
For it is seemly so to do.

For why? The Lord our God is good,
His mercy is forever sure ;
His truth at all times firmly stood,
And shall from age to age endure.

Wm. Kethe. 1561.

72.

Providence.

HIGH in the heavens, eternal God,
Thy goodness in full glory shines ;
Thy truth shall break through every cloud
That veils and darkens thy designs.

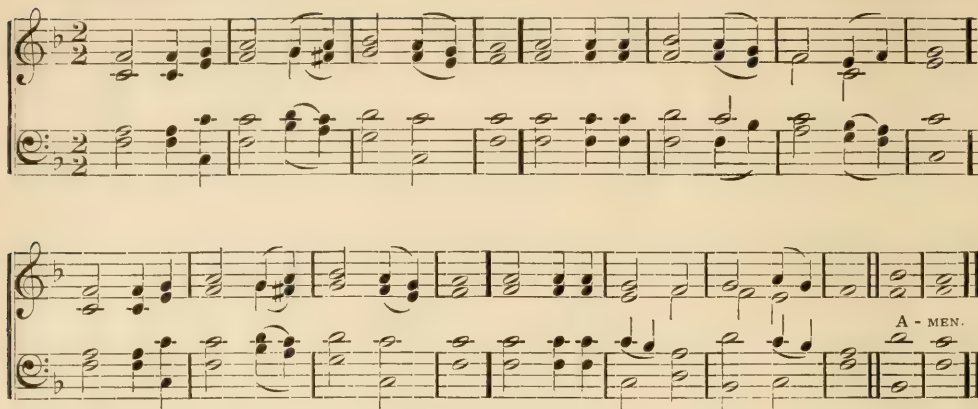
Forever firm thy justice stands,
As mountains their foundations keep :
Wise are the wonders of thy hands ;
Thy judgments are a mighty deep.

Life, like a fountain, rich and free,
Springs from the presence of my Lord ;
And in thy light our souls shall see
The glories promised in thy word.

Isaac Watts. 1719.

HAMBURG. L.M.

Arranged from Gregorian Tone I. by LOWELL MASON.



73.

Seeing the Invisible.

ETERNAL and immortal King !
 Thy peerless splendors none can bear ;
 But darkness veils seraphic eyes,
 When God with all his lustre 's there.

Yet faith can pierce the awful gloom,
 The great Invisible can see ;
 And with its tremblings mingle joy,
 In fixed regards, great God, to thee.

Then every tempting form of sin,
 Shamed in thy presence, disappears ;
 And all the glowing, raptured soul,
 The likeness it contemplates, wears.

O ever conscious to my heart,
 Witness to its supreme desire !
 Behold, it presseth on to thee,
 For it hath caught the heavenly fire.

This one petition would it urge, —
 To bear thee ever in its sight ;
 In life, in death, in worlds unknown,
 Its only portion and delight !

Philip Doddridge. 1755.

74.

Psalms c.

NATIONS, attend before his throne
 With solemn fear and sacred joy ;
 Know that the Lord is God alone, —
 He can create, and he destroy.

His sovereign power, without our aid,
 Made us of clay, and formed us men ;
 And when, like wandering sheep, we strayed,
 He brought us to his fold again.

We are his people, we his care,
 Our souls, and all our mortal frame :
 What lasting honors shall we rear,
 Almighty Maker, to thy name ?

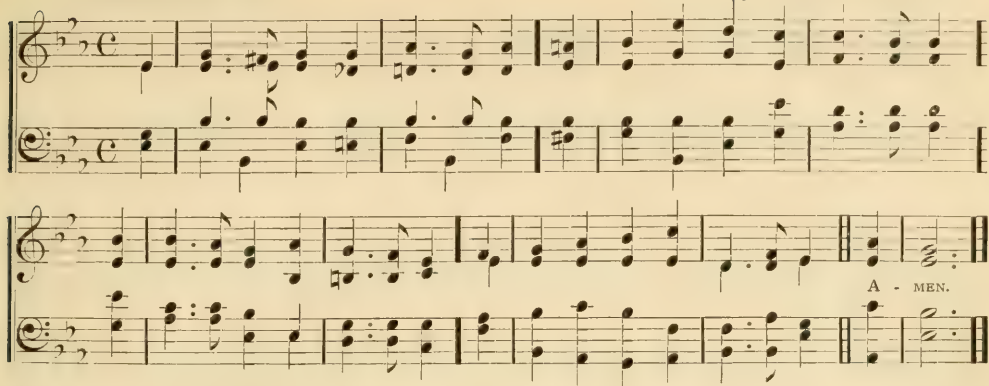
We 'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs ;
 High as the heavens our voices raise ;
 And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
 Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is thy command,
 Vast as eternity thy love ;
 Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,
 When rolling years shall cease to move.

Isaac Watts.

CAMDEN. L.M.

J. BAPTISTE CALKIN.



75. "We praise thee, O God, we acknowledge thee to be the Lord."

THEE we adore, eternal Lord !
We praise thy name with one accord ;
Both heaven and earth do worship thee,
Thou Father of Eternity !

To thee aloud all angels cry,
The heavens, and all the powers on high ;
Thee, holy, holy, holy King,
Lord God of Hosts, they ever sing.

The apostles join the glorious throng ;
The prophets swell the immortal song ;
The martyrs' noble army raise
Eternal anthems to thy praise.

From day to day, O Lord, do we
Highly exalt and honor thee ;
Thy name we worship and adore,
World without end, for evermore. AMEN.

St. Ambrose.
Tr. by John Gambold.

76. "Our heart shall rejoice in him, because we have trusted in his holy name."

O GOD, I thank thee for each sight
Of beauty that thy hand doth give, —
For sunny skies, and air, and light ;
O God, I thank thee that I live.

That life I consecrate to thee ;
And ever, as the day is born,
On wings of love my soul would flee,
And thank thee for another morn.

Another day to do, to dare,
To tax anew my growing strength ;
To arm my soul with faith and prayer,
And so reach heaven and thee at length.

Caroline A. Mason.

77. "Oh, that men would praise the Lord."

YE sons of men, your glory wake,
To God your hearts and voices raise ;
He calls on you to lead the lays
That from his happy creatures break.

All tribes and tongues, your incense bring, —
The fragrant offering of your praise ;
And beautify life's common ways
With grateful thoughts that upward spring.

Ye faithful servants of the Lord,
Be works of love your harp of song ;
In loyal service calm and strong,
Your daily praises be outpoured.

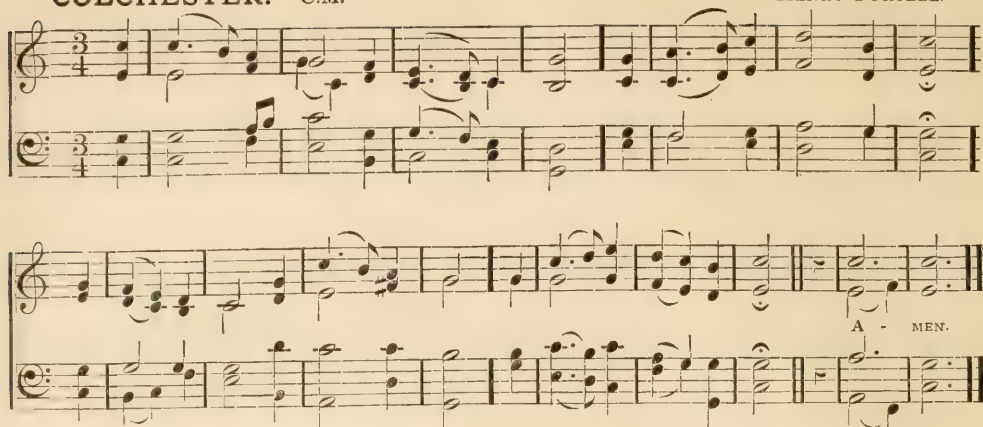
Ye holy, humble men of heart,
Be perfect peace your blissful dower,
With praises fill each tranquil hour,
And dwell from strife and guile apart.

All people, lift your song above,
In sweet accord with Nature's choir ;
And strike your heart's melodious lyre,
To laud his name and bless his love.

Richard Wilton.

COLCHESTER. C.M.

HENRY PURCELL.

78. *"The Lord will bless his people with peace."*

The Lord be with us as we bend
His blessing to receive ;
His gift of peace upon us send,
Before his courts we leave.

The Lord be with us as we walk
Along our homeward road ;
In silent thought or friendly talk
Our hearts be still with God.

The Lord be with us till the night
Shall close the day of rest ;
Be he of every heart the light,
Of every home the guest.

And when our nightly prayers we say,
His watch he still shall keep,
Crown with his peace his own blest day,
And guard his people's sleep.

John Ellerton.

79. *"The greatest of these is charity."*

SUPREME Disposer of the heart,
Thou, since the world was made,
Hast the blest fruits of holiness
To holy hearts displayed.

Here, hope and faith their links unite
With love in one sweet chain ;
But, when all fleeting things are past,
Love shall alone remain.

O love ! O true and fadeless light !

And shall it ever be,
That, after all our toils and tears,
Thy Sabbath we shall see ?

'Mid thousand fears and dangers now,
We sow our seed with prayer ;
But know that joyful hands shall reap
The shining harvests there.

O God of justice, God of power !
Our faith and hope increase ;
And crown them, in the future years,
With endless love and peace. AMEN.

Paris Breviary. Tr. John Chandler.

80. *The Seed of the Word.*

O GOD, by whom the seed is given,
By whom the harvest blest ;
Whose word, like manna showered from heaven,
Is planted in our breast ;

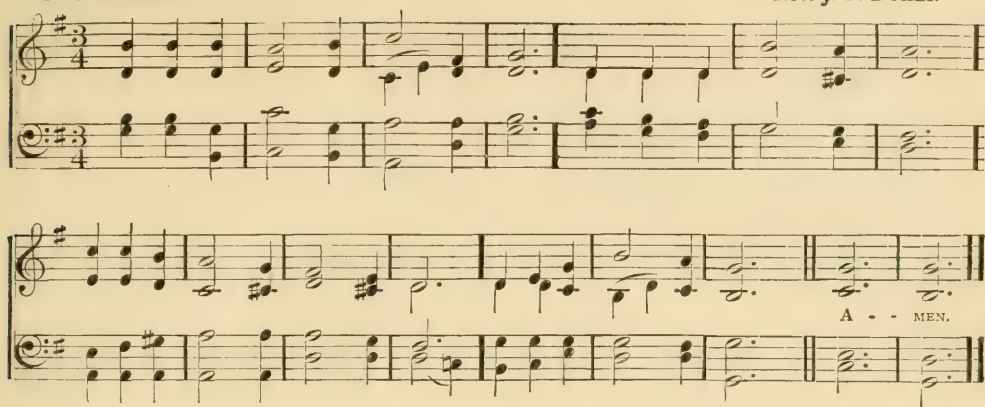
Preserve it from the passing feet,
And plunderers of the air ;
The sultry sun's intenser heat,
And weeds of worldly care !

Though buried deep, or thinly strewn,
Do thou thy grace supply :
The hope in earthly furrows sown
Shall ripen in the sky.

Reginald Heber.

ST. AGNES. C.M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



81. *"Thou shalt rejoice in the Lord, and shalt glory in the Holy One of Israel."*

AND now the wants are told, that brought
Thy children to thy knee ;
Here lingering still, we ask for nought,
But simply worship thee.

The hope of heaven's eternal days
Absorbs not all the heart
That gives thee glory, love, and praise,
For being what thou art.

For thou art God, the One, the same,
O'er all things high and bright ;
And round us, when we speak thy name,
There spreads a heaven of light.

O wondrous peace, in thought to dwell
On excellence divine ;
To know that nought in man can tell
How fair thy beauties shine !

O thou, above all blessing blest,
O'er thanks exalted far,
Thy very greatness is a rest
To weaklings as we are :

For when we feel the praise of thee
A task above our powers,
We say, "A perfect God is he,
And he is fully ours."

William Bright.

82. *"This is the day which the Lord hath made."*

BLEST day of God, most calm, most bright,
The first and best of days ;
The laborer's rest, the saint's delight,
The day of prayer and praise, —

My Saviour's face made thee to shine,
His rising thee did raise ;
And made thee heavenly and divine,
Beyond all other days.

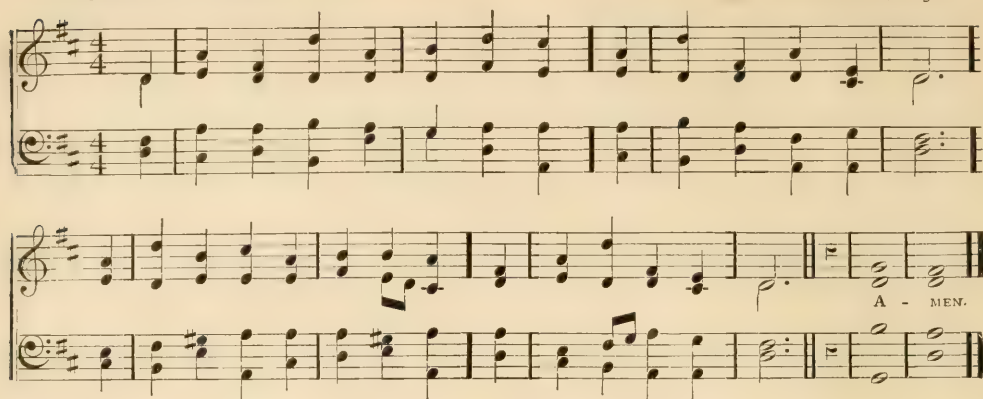
The first-fruits oft a blessing prove
To all the sheaves behind ;
And they who do the Sabbath love,
A happy week will find.

This day I must to God appear,
For, Lord, the day is thine ;
Help me to spend it in thy fear,
And thus to make it mine. AMEN.

John Mason.

LONDON NEW. C.M.

SCOTCH PSALTER (1615).



83.

Te Deum Laudamus

O GOD, we praise thee, and confess
That thou the only Lord,
And everlasting Father art,
By all the earth adored.

To thee all angels cry aloud ;
To thee the powers on high,
Both cherubim and seraphim,
Continually do cry :

O holy, holy, holy Lord,
Whom heavenly hosts obey ;
The world is with the glory filled
Of thy majestic sway.

The apostles' glorious company,
And prophets crowned with light,
With all the martyrs' noble host,
Thy constant praise recite.

The holy church throughout the world,
O Lord, confesses thee,
That thou eternal Father art,
Of boundless majesty.

We magnify thee day by day,
And ever worship thee ;
Vouchsafe to keep us, Lord, this day,
From sin and danger free. AMEN.

Nahum Tate. 1703.

84.

The Inward Witness.

O THOU whose Spirit witness bears,
Within our spirits free,
That we thy children are and heirs
Of thine eternity, —

Here may this simple faith sublime
O'er-arch us like the sky ;
Secure below the drift of time
Its firm foundations lie.

Our thought o'erflows each written scroll,
Our creeds arise and fall ;
The life of God within the soul
Lives and outlasts them all.

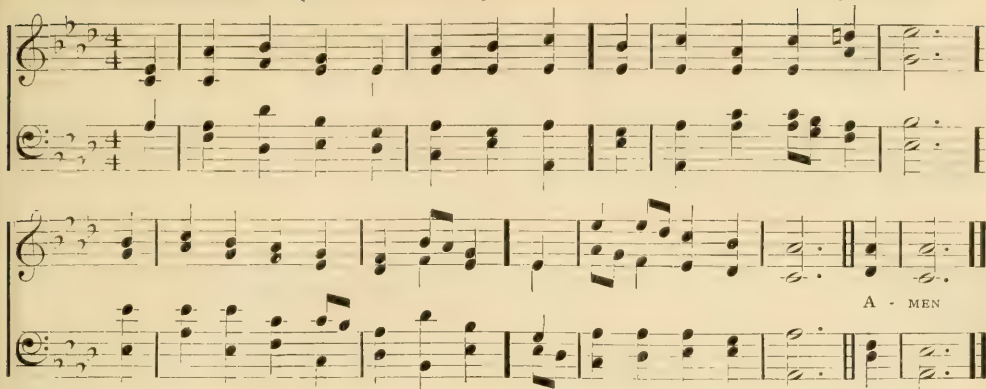
Here may that witness clearer grow,
Each waiting heart within,
The way of filial duty show,
And glad obedience win.

Here be life's sorrows sanctified,
Here truth her radiance pour ;
While hope and faith and love abide,
Forever more and more !

Frederick L. Hosmer.

ST. MAGNUS. (NOTTINGHAM.) C.M.

J. CLARKE.



A - MEN

85. "Unto thee, O Lord, do I lift up my soul."

FATHER in heaven, to thee my heart
Would lift itself in prayer ;
Drive from my soul each earthly thought,
And show thy presence there.

Each moment of my life renews
The mercies of the Lord,
Each moment is itself a gift
To bear me on to God.

Oh, help me break the galling chains
This world has round me thrown,
Each passion of my heart subdue,
Each darling sin disown.

O Father, kindle in my breast
A never-dying flame
Of holy love, of grateful trust
In thine almighty name. AMEN.

William H. Furness.

86. "I thank thee and praise thee, O thou God of my fathers."

O God of ages ! by whose hand
Thy people still are fed ;
And who, through this same pilgrimage,
Hast all our fathers led, —

Our vows, our prayers, we now present
Before thy throne of grace ;
God of our fathers ! be the God
Of their succeeding race.

Through each perplexing path of life
Our wandering footsteps guide ;
Give us each day our daily bread,
And raiment fit provide.

Oh, spread thy covering wings around,
Till all our wanderings cease,
And at our Father's loved abode
Our souls arrive in peace. AMEN.

Philip Doddridge
Alt. by John Logan. †

87. "That ye might be filled with all the fulness of God."

THOU Fount of blessing, God of love,
To thee our hearts we raise ;
Thine all-sustaining power we prove,
And gladly sing thy praise.

Thine, wholly thine, we long to be ;
Our sacrifice receive ;
Made and preserved and saved by thee,
To thee ourselves we give.

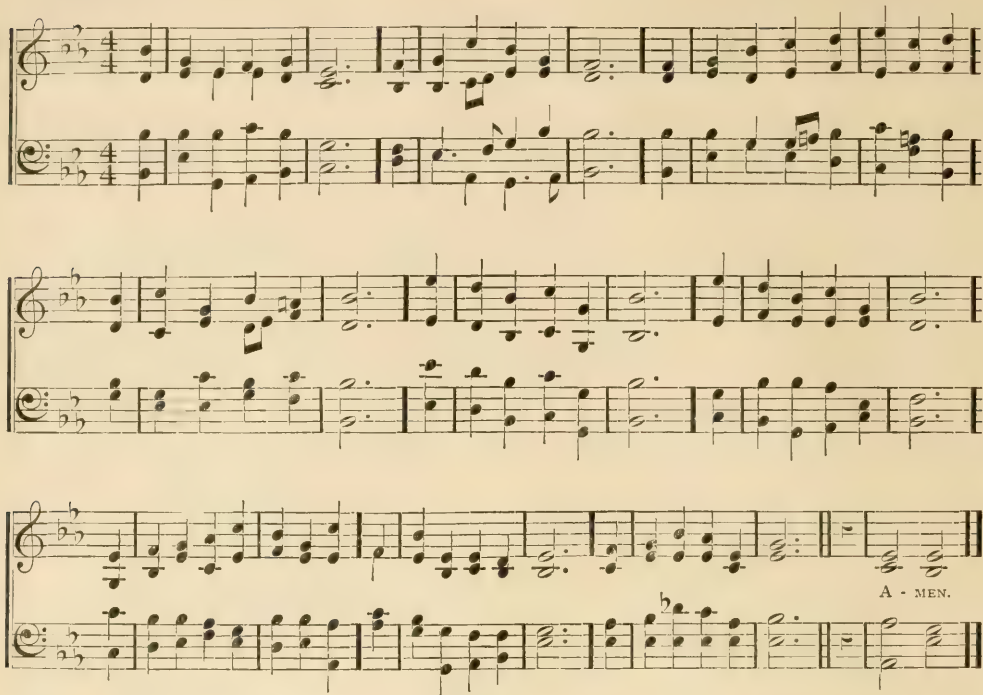
To thee our every wish aspires,
For all thy mercy's store ;
The sole return thy love requires
Is that we ask for more.

For more we ask ; we open, Lord,
Our hearts to embrace thy will ;
Renew us by thy quickening word ;
With all thy fulness fill. AMEN.

Charles Wesley. †

STEGGALL. S.M. Double.

CHARLES STEGGALL.



88.

For the Gifts of the Spirit.

SEND down thy truth, O God !
 Too long the shadows frown ;
 Too long the darkened way we 've trod :
 Thy truth, O Lord ! send down.
 Send down thy Spirit free,
 Till wilderness and town
 One temple for thy worship be :
 Thy Spirit, oh, send down !

Send down thy love, thy life,
 Our lesser lives to crown,
 And cleanse them of their hate and strife :
 Thy living love send down.
 Send down thy peace, O Lord !
 Earth's bitter voices drown
 In one deep ocean of accord :
 Thy peace, O God ! send down. AMEN.

E. R. Sill.

89.

"Oh, send out thy Light and thy Truth."

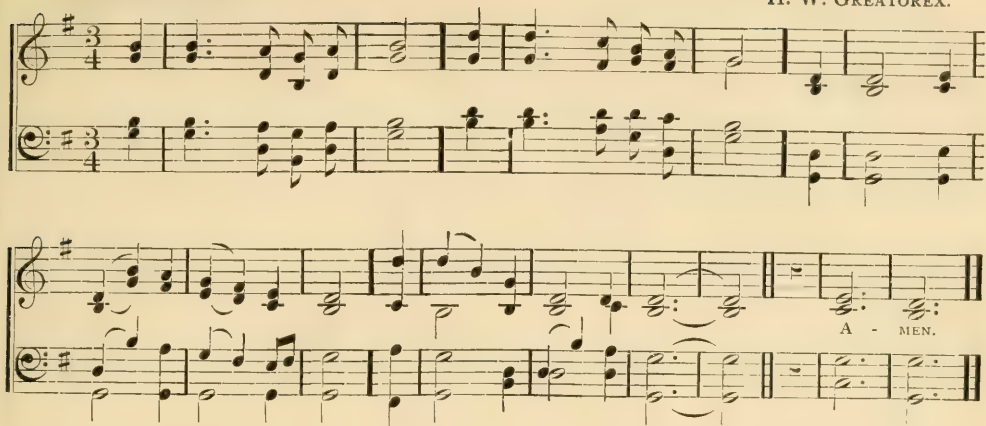
O EVERLASTING Light !
 Giver of dawn and day,
 Dispeller of the ancient night
 In which creation lay :
 O everlasting Truth !
 The soul of all that's true,
 Sure guide alike of age and youth,
 Lead me and teach me too.

O everlasting Might !
 My broken life repair ;
 Nerve thou my will, and clear my sight,
 Give strength to do and bear.
 O everlasting Love !
 Wellspring of grace and peace ;
 Pour down thy fulness from above,
 Bid doubt and trouble cease ! AMEN.

Horatius Bonar. 1861.

LEIGHTON. S.M.

H. W. GREATOREX.



90. *"Be thankful unto him, and bless his name."*

STAND up, and bless the Lord,
Ye people of his choice ;
Stand up, and bless the Lord your God,
With heart and soul and voice.

Oh for the living flame
From his own altar brought,
To touch our lips, our minds inspire,
And wing to heaven our thought !

There, with benign regard,
Our hymns he deigns to hear ;
Though unrevealed to mortal sense,
The spirit feels him near.

Stand up, and bless the Lord ;
The Lord your God adore ;
Stand up, and bless his glorious name,
Henceforth, for evermore.

James Montgomery.

91. *"Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not
all his benefits."*

My Maker and my King,
To thee my all I owe ;
Thy sovereign bounty is the spring
Whence all my blessings flow.

Thou ever good and kind,
A thousand reasons move,
A thousand obligations bind,
My heart to grateful love.

The creature of thy hand,
On thee alone I live :
My God ! thy benefits demand
More praise than tongue can give.

Oh, let thy grace inspire
My soul with strength divine ;
Let all my powers to thee aspire,
And all my days be thine ! AMEN.

Anne Steels.

92. *"Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that do his com-
mandments ; bless the Lord, O my soul "*

FATHER ! in whom we live,
In whom we are and move,
The glory, power, and praise receive
Of thine eternal love.

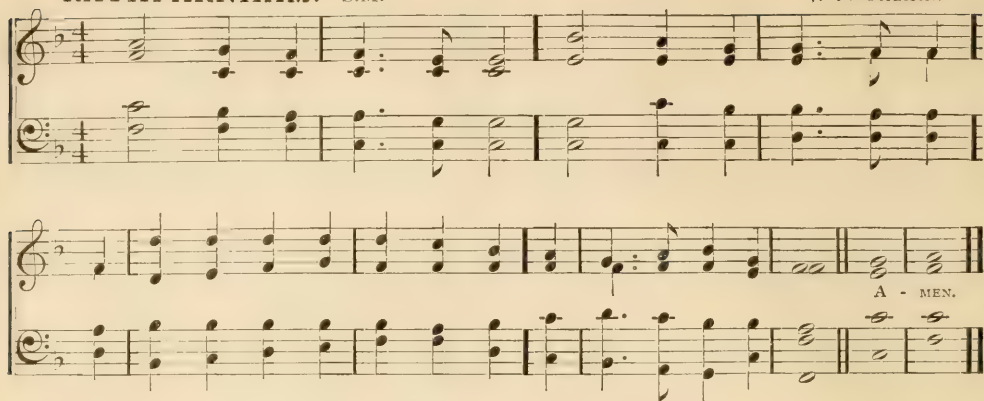
Let all the angel throng
Give thanks to God on high,
While earth repeats the joyful song,
And echoes to the sky.

Eternal, glorious Lord !
Let all the saints above,
Let all the sons of men, record
And celebrate thy love. AMEN.

Charles Wesley

RATHFARNHAM. S.M.

J. B. CALKIN.



93.

"Thy will be done in earth, as it is in heaven."

OUR day of praise is done ;
 The evening shadows fall ;
 Yet pass not from us with the sun,
 True Light that lightenest all.

Around the throne on high,
 Where night can never be,
 The white-robed harpers of the sky
 Bring ceaseless hymns to thee.

Too faint our anthems here ;
 Too soon of praise we tire ;
 But oh, the strains, how full and clear,
 Of that eternal choir !

Yet, Lord, to thy dear will,
 If thou attune the heart,
 We in thine angels' music still
 May bear our lower part.

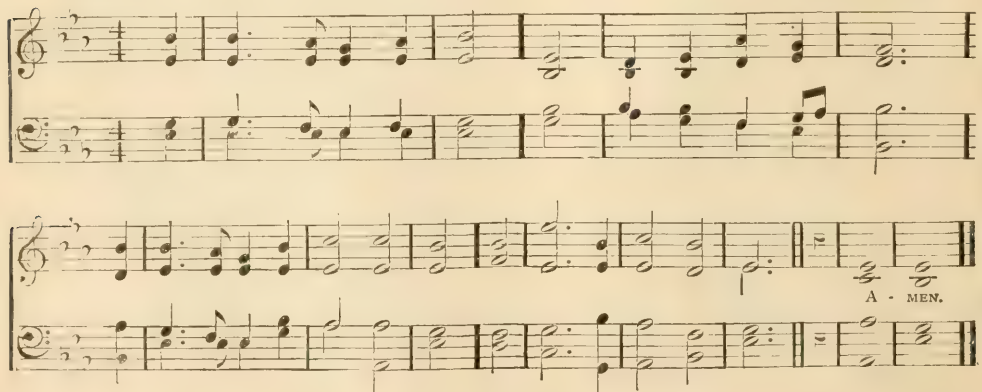
'Tis thine each soul to calm,
 Each wayward thought reclaim,
 And make our daily life a psalm
 Of glory to thy name ;

Till dawns that day again,
 The day that knows no end,
 When songs of angels and of men
 In perfect praise shall blend.

John Ellerton.

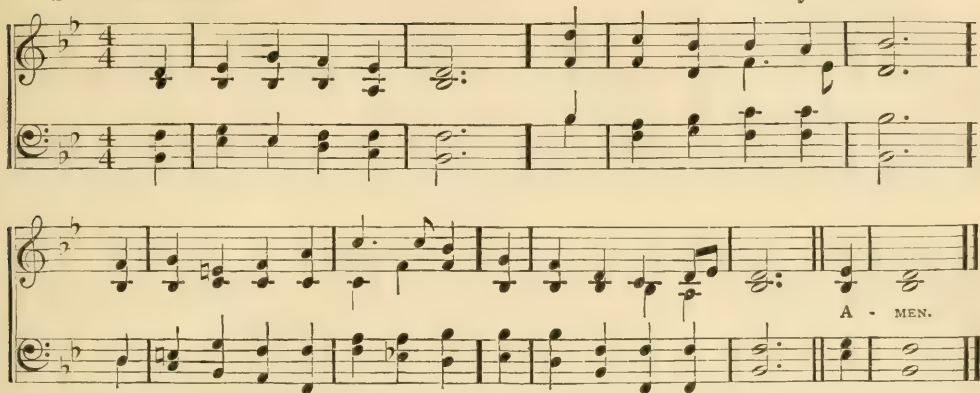
OLNEY. S.M.

LOWELL MASON.



ST. GEORGE. S.M.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



94.

*"This is the day which the Lord has made ;
we will rejoice and be glad in it."*

THIS is the day of light !
Let there be light to-day ;
O Dayspring, rise upon our night,
And chase its gloom away.

This is the day of rest !
Our failing strength renew ;
On weary brain and troubled breast
Shed thou thy freshening dew.

This is the day of peace !
Thy peace our spirits fill !
Bid thou the blasts of discord cease,
The waves of strife be still.

This is the day of prayer !
Let earth to heaven draw near :
Lift up our hearts to seek Thee there ;
Come down to meet us here.

This is the first of days !
Send forth thy quickening breath,
And wake dead souls to love and praise,
O Vanquisher of death ! AMEN.

John Ellerton. 1867.

95.

"Abide with us, for the day is far spent."

THE day, O Lord, is spent ;
Abide with us, and rest ;
Our hearts' desires are fully bent
On making thee our guest.

We have not reached that land,
That happy land, as yet,
Where holy angels round thee stand,
Whose sun can never set.

Our sun is sinking now ;
Our day is almost o'er ;
O Sun of righteousness, do thou
Shine on us evermore ! AMEN.

John Mason Neale.

96.

"Oh, praise the Lord, all ye nations."

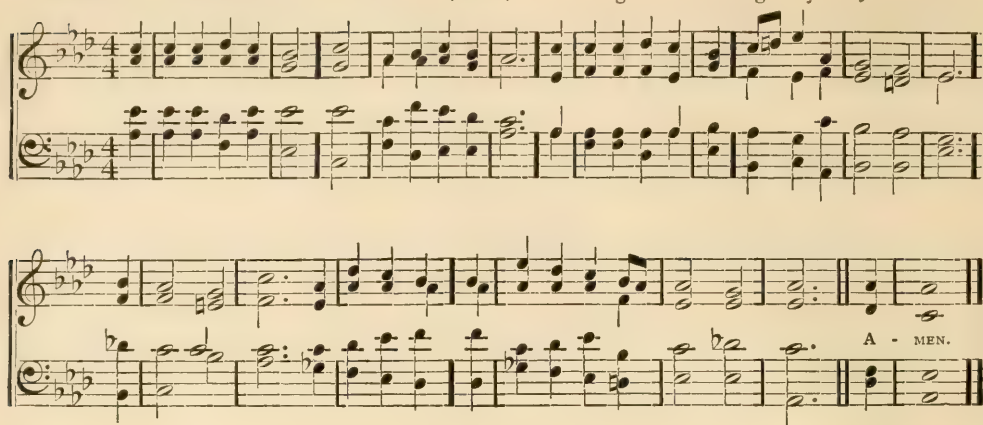
THY name, Almighty Lord,
Shall sound through distant lands ,
Great is thy grace, and sure thy word ;
Thy truth forever stands.

Far be thine honor spread,
And long thy praise endure,
Till morning light and evening shade
Shall be exchanged no more. AMEN.

Isaac Watts.

HOLY ANGELS. 6.6.6.6:8.8. (H.M.)

Gregorian. Arranged by Sir J. BARNBY.

**97.** *"Bless the Lord, ye his angels, that excel in strength; bless the Lord, O my soul."*

Ye holy angels bright,
 Who stand before God's throne,
 And dwell in glorious light,
 Praise ye the Lord, each one.
 You there so nigh
 Far better know
 Than we below
 Of things so high.

You blessed souls at rest,
 That see your Father's face,
 Whose glory, even the least,
 Is far above our grace;
 God's praises sound,
 As in his sight
 With sweet delight
 You do abound.

Sing forth the Father's praise,
 Ye saints that on him call;
 Magnify him always,
 His holy churches all;
 In him rejoice,
 And thus proclaim
 His holy name
 With sounding voice.

My soul, bear thou thy part;
 Triumph in God above;
 With a well-tuned heart,
 Sing thou the songs of love.
 Thou art his own,
 And, all thy days,
 Let joyful praise
 His love make known. **AMEN.**

Richard Baxter. f 1681.

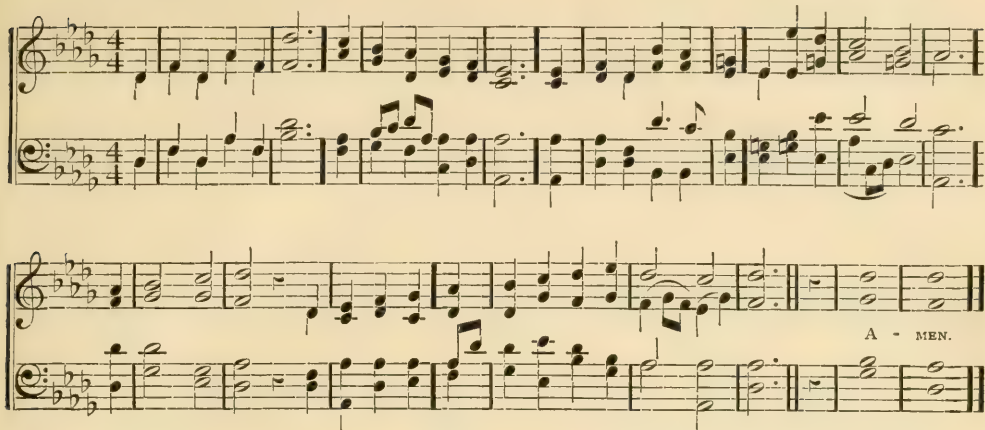
98. *Longing for the House of God. Ps. lxxxiv.*

LORD of the worlds above,
 How pleasant and how fair
 The dwellings of thy love,
 Thine earthly temples are!
 To thine abode
 My heart aspires,
 With warm desires
 To see my God.

O happy souls that pray
 Where God appoints to hear!
 O happy men that pay
 Their constant service there!
 They praise thee still;
 And happy they
 That love the way
 To Zion's hill!

DARWALL. 6.6.6.6:8.8. (H.M.)

Rev. JOHN DARWALL.



They go from strength to strength,
Through this dark vale of tears,
Till each arrives at length,
Till each in heaven appears :

O glorious seat,
When God our King
Shall thither bring
Our willing feet !

The Lord his people loves ;
His hand no good withholds
From those his heart approves,
From pure and pious souls :

Thrice happy he,
O God of Hosts,
Whose spirit trusts
Alone in thee ! AMEN.

Isaac Watts.

99.

Psalm cxxxiv.

YE servants of the Lord,
Who in the Lord's house wait,
And keep your watch before
The threshold of his gate,
The Lord's praise sing by silent night,
Till cheerful light of morning spring.

Lift, in his holy place,
Your joyful hands on high,

And say, "The Lord we bless,
Who made the earth and sky."
And may he still thee greatly bless,
With joy and grace, from Zion hill. AMEN.

Prince's N. E. Version of Psalms.

100. "*Thy rod and thy staff they comfort me.*"

THE Lord my shepherd is,
And he my soul will keep ;
He knoweth who are his,
And watcheth o'er his sheep.
Away with every anxious fear :
I cannot want while he is near.

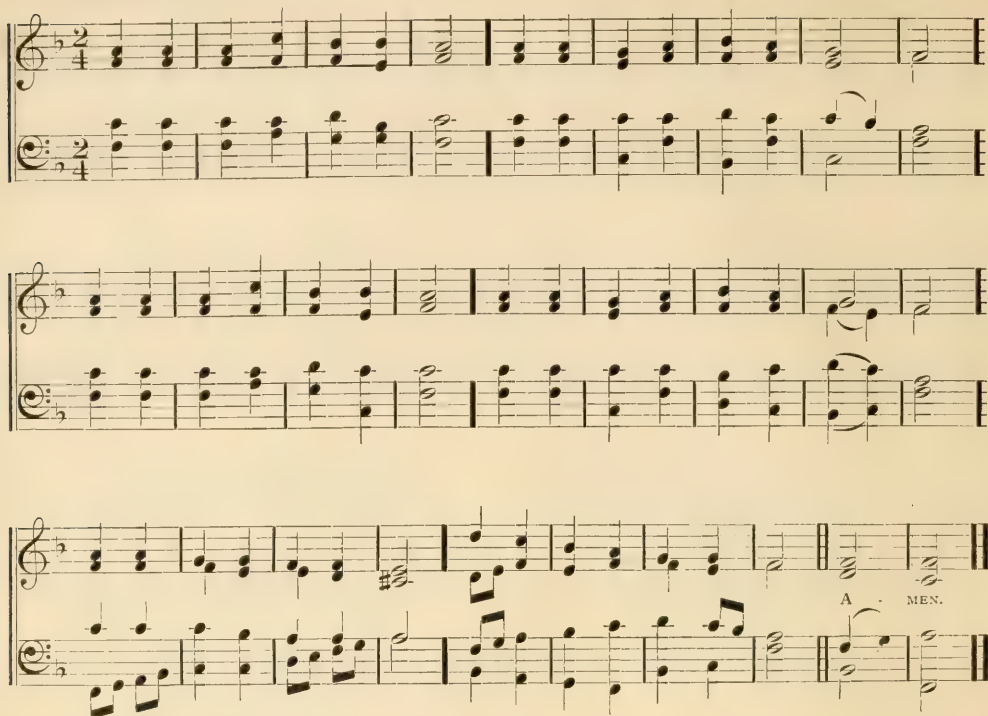
His wisdom doth provide
The pasture where I feed ;
Where the still waters glide
Along the quiet mead,
He leads my feet ; and, when I roam,
O'ertakes and brings the wanderer home.

Let me but feel him near,
Death's gloomy pass in view,
I'll walk without a fear
The shadowy valley through ;
With rod and staff, my Shepherd's care
Will guide my steps and guard me there.

Joshiah Conder.

MEINHOLD. 7.8:7.8:7.7.

From the German.



IOI.

"This is the day the Lord has made; let us rejoice and be glad in it."

FOUNT of all our joy and peace,
 To thy living waters lead me;
 Thou from earth my soul release,
 And with grace and mercy feed me;
 Bless thy word, that it may prove
 Rich in fruits that thou dost love.

Kindle then the sacrifice
 That upon my lips is lying;
 Clear the shadows from mine eyes,
 That, from every error flying,
 No strange fire may in me glow
 That thine altar doth not know.

Let me, with my heart to-day,
 Holy, Holy, Holy singing,
 - Rapt awhile from earth away,
 All my soul to thee upspringing,
 Have a fortaste truly given
 How they worship thee in heaven.

Hence all care, all vanity,
 For the day to God is holy;
 Come, thou glorious Majesty,
 Deign to fill this temple lowly;
 Nought to-day my soul shall move,
 Simply resting in thy love. AMEN.

Benjamin Schmolke. Tr. by C. Winkworth.

NUN DANKET. 6.7:6.7:6.6:6.6

JOHANN CRÜGER.

102.

Hymn of Thanksgiving.

Now thank we all our God,
 With heart and hands and voices :
 Who wondrous things hath done,
 In whom his world rejoices ;
 Who from our mother's arms
 Hath blessed us on our way
 With countless gifts of love,
 And still is ours to-day.

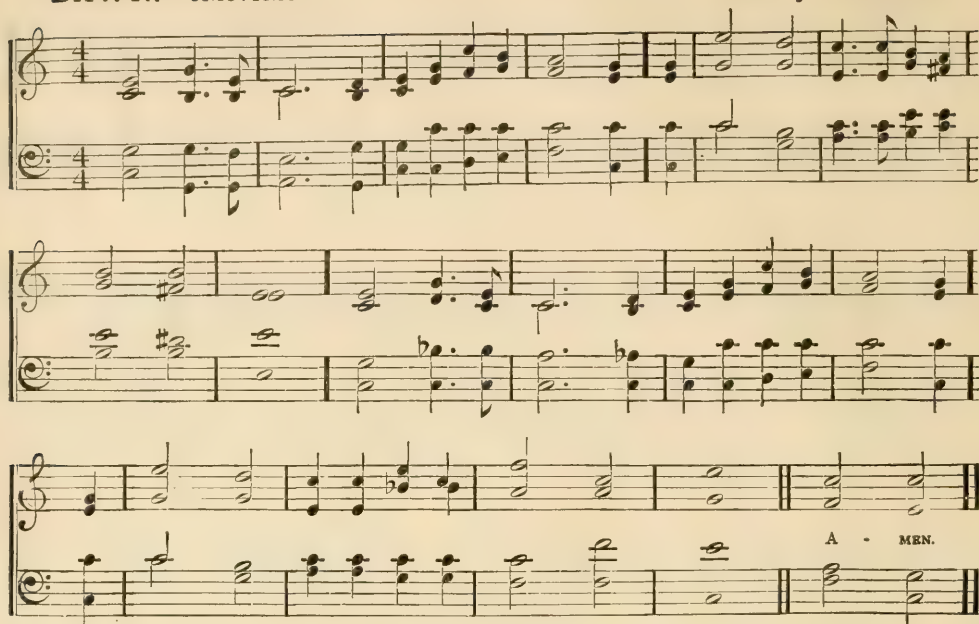
Oh, may this bounteous God
 Through all our life be near us,
 With ever joyful hearts
 And blessed peace to cheer us ;

And keep us in his grace,
 And guide us when perplexed,
 And free us from all ills
 In this world and the next.

All praise and thanks to God
 The Father now be given ;
 We lift our hearts to him
 Who reigns in highest heaven :
 The one eternal God
 Whom earth and heaven adore ;
 For thus it was, is now,
 And shall be evermore. AMEN.

DAWN. 11.10:11.10.

Sir JOHN STAINER.



103.

"Oh, send out thy light and thy truth; let them lead me."

Now, when the dusky shades of night retreating
 Before the sun's red banner swiftly flee;
 Now, when the terrors of the dark are fleeting,
 O Lord, we lift our grateful hearts to thee.

Look from the height of heaven, and send to cheer us
 Thy light and truth, and guide us onward still;
 Still let thy mercy, as of old, be near us,
 And lead us safely to thy holy hill. AMEN.

Gregory the Great. About 600. Tr. Anonymous.

104.

"Let me die the death of the righteous, and let my last end be like his."

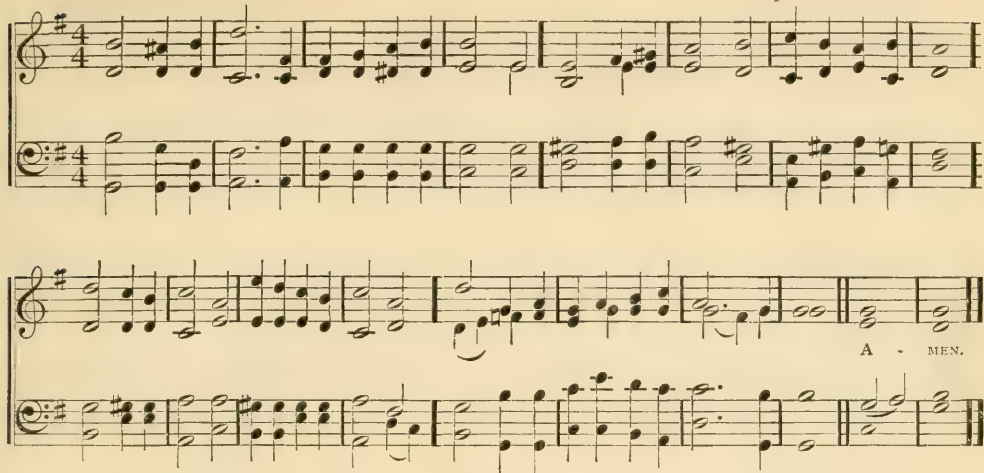
O STRENGTH and Stay upholding all creation,
 Who ever dost thyself unmoved abide,
 Yet day by day, the light in due gradation
 From hour to hour through all its changes guide;

Grant to life's day a calm, unclouded ending,
 An eve untouched by shadows of decay,
 The brightness of a holy death-bed blending
 With dawning glories of the eternal day. AMEN.

John Ellerton. From the Latin.

VENTNOR. II. IO. II. IO

Sir JOSEPH BARNEY.



105.

"When I awake, I am still with thee."

STILL, still with thee, when purple morning breaketh,
 When the bird waketh and the shadows flee ;
 Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight,
 Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with thee !

Alone with thee, amid the mystic shadows,
 The solemn hush of nature newly born ;
 Alone with thee in breathless adoration,
 In the calm dew and freshness of the morn.

Still, still with thee ! as to each new-born morning
 A fresh and solemn splendor still is given,
 So doth this blessed consciousness, awaking,
 Breathe, each day, nearness unto thee and heaven.

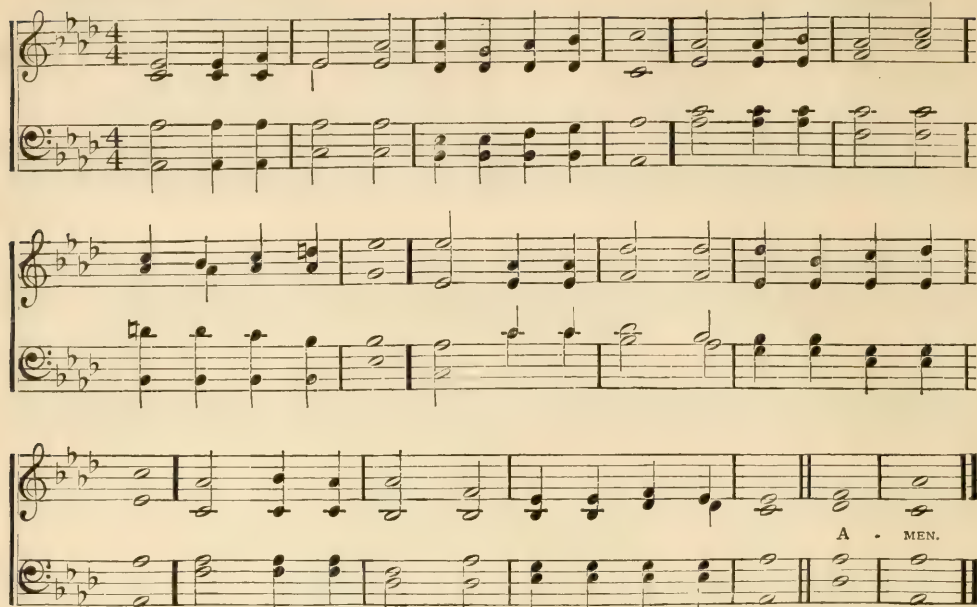
When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
 Its closing eye looks up to thee in prayer ;
 Sweet the repose beneath thy wings o'ershading,
 But sweeter still to wake and find thee there.

So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,
 When the soul waketh, and life's shadows flee :
 Oh, in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
 Shall rise the glorious thought, I am with thee !

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

ELLERS. 10.10:10.10.

E. J. HOPKINS.



106.

"The peace of God which passeth all understanding."

FATHER, again to thy dear name we raise,
 With one accord, our parting hymn of praise;
 We stand to bless thee ere our worship cease,
 Then, lowly kneeling, wait thy word of peace.

Grant us thy peace upon our homeward way;
 With thee began, with thee shall end the day;
 Guard thou the lips from sin, the hearts from shame,
 That in this house have called upon thy name.

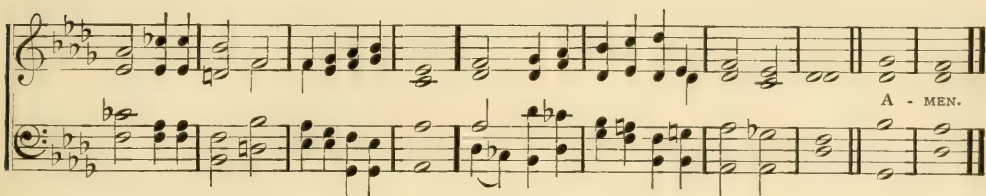
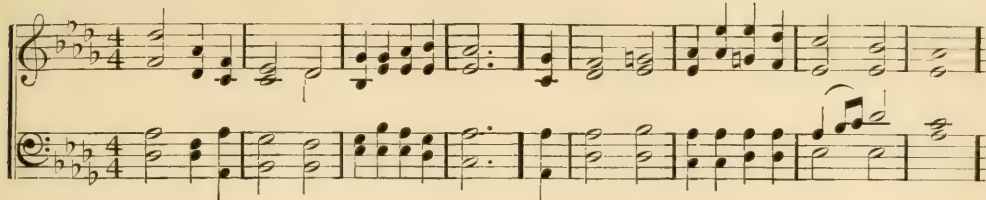
Grant us thy peace, Lord, through the coming night,
 Turn thou for us its darkness into light;
 From harm and danger keep thy children free,
 For dark and light are both alike to thee.

Grant us thy peace throughout our earthly life,
 Our balm in sorrow, and our stay in strife;
 Then, when thy voice shall bid our conflict cease,
 Call us, O Lord, to thine eternal peace. AMEN.

John Ellerton.

JERSEY. 10.10: 10.10.

Sir JOSEPH BARNEY.



107.

"The day is thine, the night also is thine."

O LORD, who by thy presence hast made light
 The heat and burden of the toilsome day,
 Be with me also in the silent night,
 Be with me when the daylight fades away.

As thou hast given me strength upon the way,
 So deign at evening to become my Guest ;
 As thou hast shared the labors of the day,
 So also deign to share and bless my rest.

How sad and cold, if thou be absent, Lord,
 The evening leaves me, and my heart how dead !
 But, if thy presence grace my humble board,
 I seem with heavenly manna to be fed.

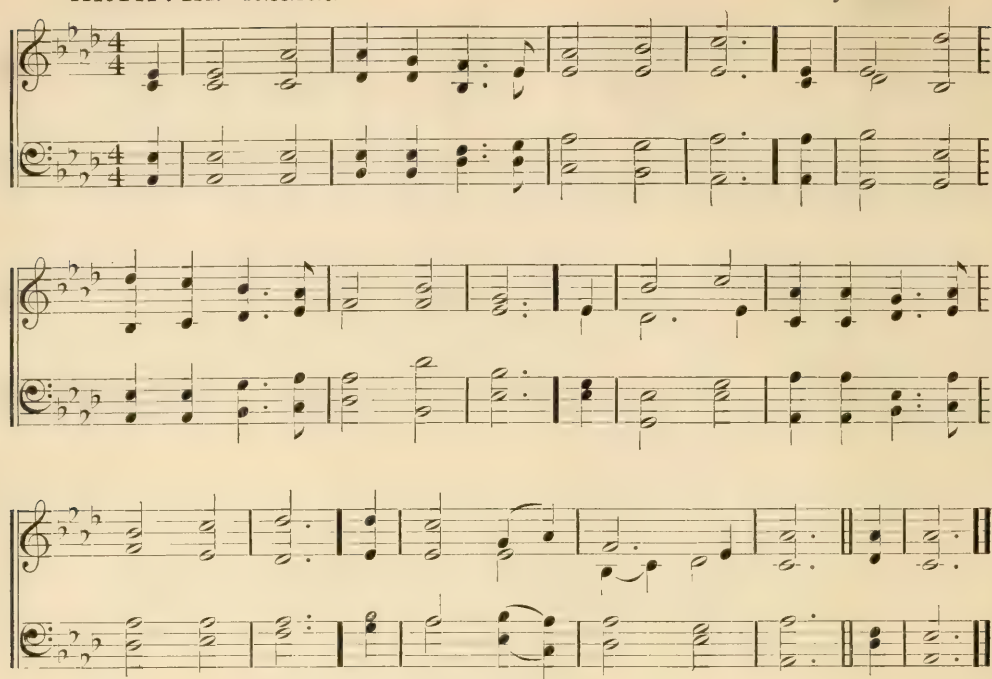
Come then, my Lord, and deign to be my Guest,
 After the day's confusion, toil, and din ;
 Oh, come to bring me peace, and joy, and rest,
 To give salvation, and to pardon sin !

Bind up the wounds, assuage the aching smart
 Left in my bosom from the day just past,
 And let me, on a Father's loving heart,
 Forget my griefs, and find sweet rest at last ! AMEN.

C. J. P. Spitta. Tr. R. Massie.

ARTAVIA. 10.10.10.6.

E. J. HOPKINS.



108.

"I will lay me down in peace and sleep; for thou only, Lord, makest me to dwell in safety."

THE day is ended. Ere I sink to sleep
 My weary spirit seeks repose in thine;
 Father! forgive my trespasses, and keep
 This little life of mine.

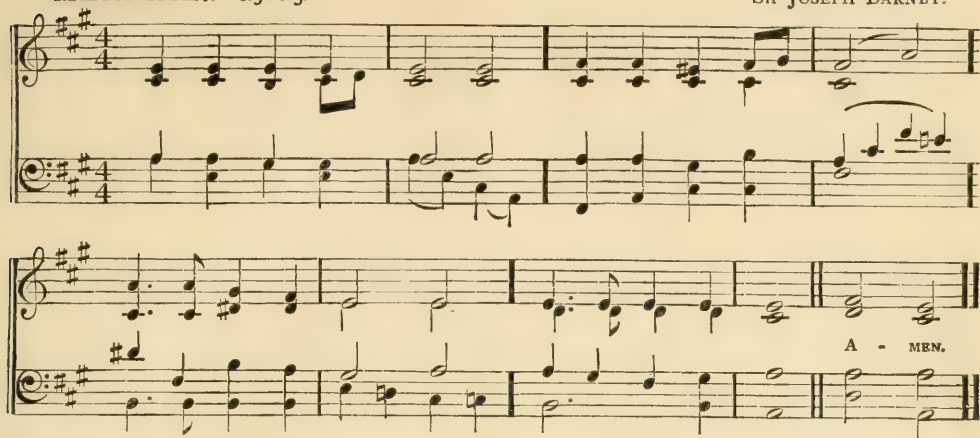
With loving kindness curtain thou my bed;
 And cool in rest my burning pilgrim-feet;
 Thy pardon be the pillow for my head,—
 So shall my sleep be sweet.

At peace with all the world, dear Lord, and thee,
 No fears my soul's unwavering faith can shake;
 All's well! whichever side the grave for me
 The morning light may break!

Harriet McEwen Kimball

MERRIAL.. 6.5:6.5.

Sir JOSEPH BARNEY.



109. *"I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep; for thou, Lord, only makest me to dwell in safety."*

Now the day is over,
Night is drawing nigh;
Shadows of the evening
Steal across the sky.

Father, give the weary
Calm and sweet repose;
With thy tenderest blessing
May our eyelids close.

Grant to little children
Visions bright of thee;
Guard the sailors tossing
On the deep, blue sea.

Comfort every sufferer,
Watching late in pain;
Those who plan some evil
From their sin restrain.

Through the long night-watches
May thine angels spread
Their white wings above me,
Watching round my bed.

When the morning wakens,
Then may I arise
Pure, and fresh, and sinless
In thy holy eyes. AMEN.

TEMPLE. 8.4.8.4:8.8.8.4.

E. J. HOPKINS.

A - MEN.

110.

"He giveth his beloved sleep."

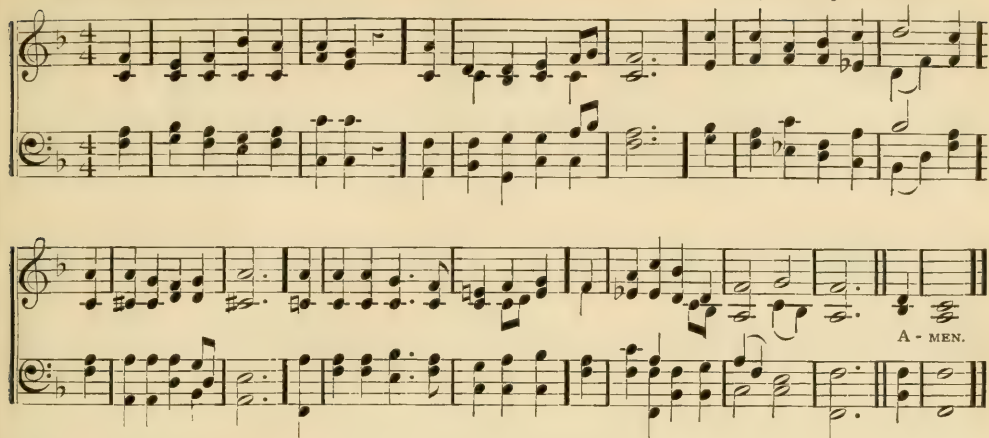
GOD that madest earth and heaven,
 Darkness and light ;
 Who the day for toil hast given,
 For rest the night, —
 May thine angel-guards defend us,
 Slumber sweet thy mercy send us,
 Holy dreams and hopes attend us,
 This livelong night.

Guard us waking, guard us sleeping,
 And, when we die,
 May we in thy mighty keeping
 All peaceful lie :
 When the heavenly call shall wake us,
 Do not thou, our God, forsake us,
 But to dwell in glory take us
 With thee on high. AMEN.

Reginald Heber and Richard Whately.

ST. ANATOLIUS. 7.6:7.6:8.8.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



III.

"The Lord is nigh unto all that call upon him."

THE day is past and over :

All thanks, O Lord, to thee !

I pray thee that offenceless

The hours of dark may be.

O Father, keep me in thy sight,

And save me through the coming night !

The joys of day are over :

I lift my heart to thee ;

And call on thee that sinless

The hours of gloom may be.

O Father, make their darkness light,

And save me through the coming night !

The toils of day are over ;

I raise the hymn to thee,

And ask that free from peril

The hours of fear may be :

O Father, keep me in thy sight,

And guard me through the coming night !

Be thou my soul's Preserver,

O God ! for thou dost know

How many are the perils

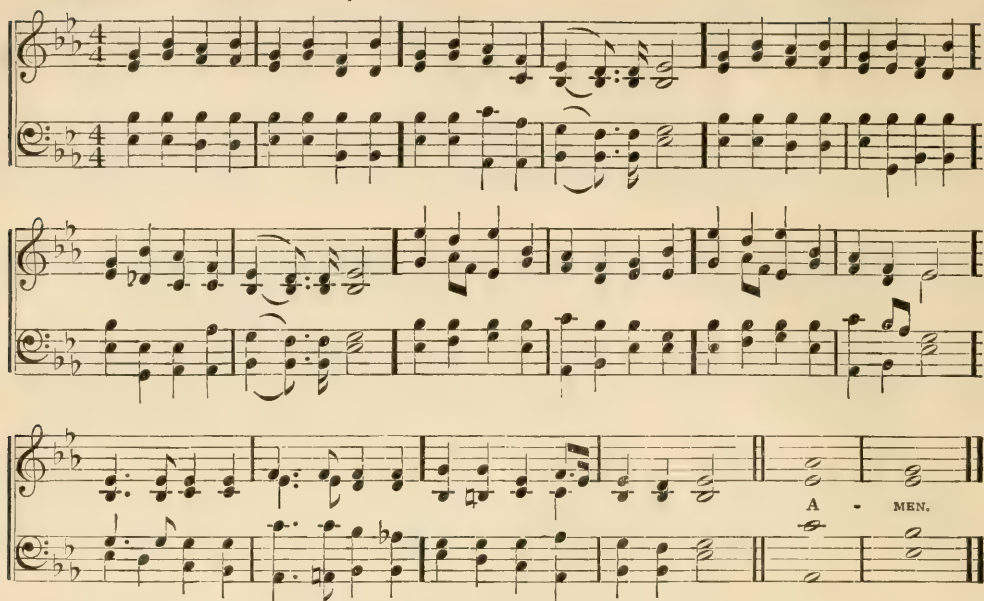
Through which I have to go.

O loving Father, hear my call,

And guard and save me from them all. AMEN.

VESPER HYMN. 8.7. Double.

Russian Air.



II 2. "*Casting all your care upon him, for he careth for you.*"

Now, on land and sea descending,
Brings the night its peace profound :
Let our vesper hymn be blending
With the holy calm around.
Soon as dies the sunset glory,
Stars of heaven shine out above,
Telling still the ancient story, —
Their Creator's changeless love.

Now, our wants and burdens leaving
To his care who cares for all,
Cease we fearing, cease we grieving ;
At his touch our burdens fall.
As the darkness deepens o'er us,
Lo : eternal stars arise ;
Hope and Faith and Love rise glorious,
Shining in the spirit's skies.

Samuel Longfellow.

II 3. "*The day is thine, the night also is thine.*"

WHEN the light of day is waning,
When the night is dark and drear,
God of Love, in stillness reigning,
Teach me to believe thee near.

When my heart is faint and drooping,
When my faith is weak and cold,
Kindly to my weakness stooping,
Draw me upwards, as of old.

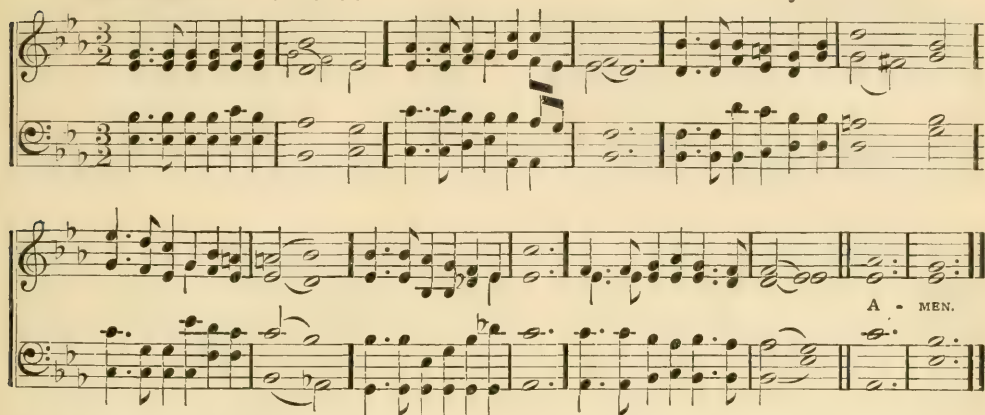
Nearer to the peace unbroken,
Nearer to the changeless calm,
All my wish a prayer unspoken,
All my life a silent psalm.
Teach me to abide in patience
All the little storms of time,
Making every day's temptations
Steps for faltering feet to climb.

Let me find thee in my sorrow,
Nor forget thee in my joy ;
And from thee my sunshine borrow,
And by thee my gloom destroy.
God of day, the dark dispelling,
Guide, Redeemer, Father, Friend ;
God of Love, in stillness dwelling,
Lead me to my journey's end. **AMEN.**

Edmund M. Geldart.

GUARDIAN. 8.7:8.7:7.7.

Sir JOSEPH BARNEY.

II 4. *"I will lay me down in peace and take my rest, for it is thou, Lord, only that makest me to dwell in safety."*

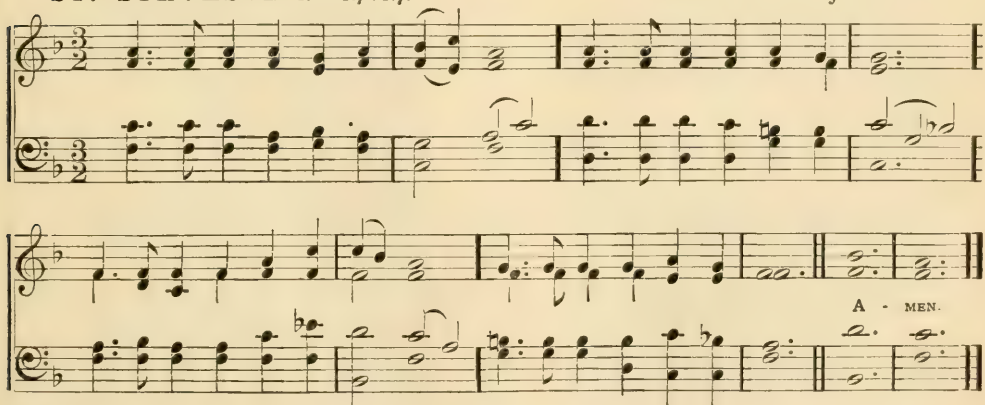
THROUGH the day thy love hath spared us,
 Night once more invites to rest ;
 Through the silent watches guard us,
 Let no foe our peace molest :
 Father, thou our guardian be ;
 Sweet it is to trust in thee.

Pilgrims here on earth, and strangers,
 Dwelling in the midst of foes,
 Us and ours preserve from dangers ;
 In thy love may we repose,
 And when life's short day is past,
 Rest with thee in heaven at last. AMEN.

Thomas Kelly.

ST. SYLVESTER. 8.7:8.7.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



II 5.

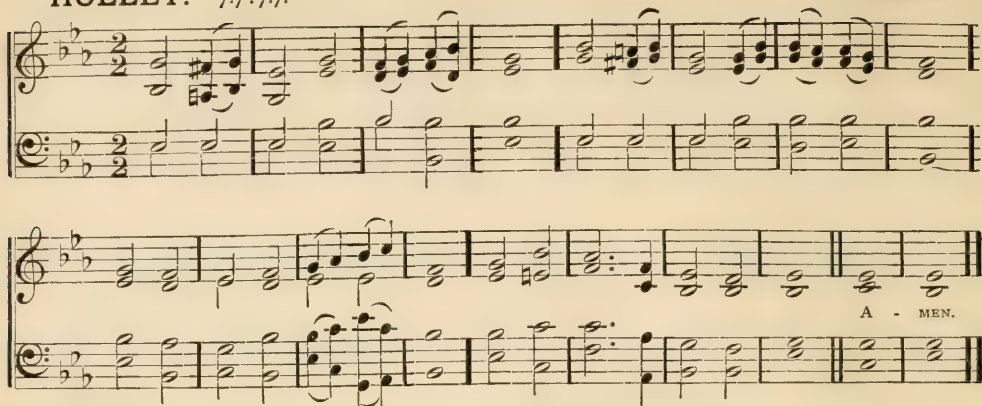
FATHER, breathe an evening blessing,
 Ere repose our spirits seal ;
 Sin and want we come confessing,
 Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.

Though destruction walk around us,
 Though the arrow past us fly,
 Angel-guards from thee surround us ;
 We are safe, if thou art nigh.

James Edmeston.

HOLLEY. 7-7:7-7.

HEWS.



II 6. "The Lord will hear when I call unto him."

SOFTLY now the light of day
Fades upon the sight away :
Free from care, from labor free,
Lord, we would commune with thee.

Thou, whose all-pervading eye
Nought escapes, without, within,
Pardon each infirmity,
Open fault, and secret sin.

When from us the light of day
Shall on earth have passed away,
Then, from sin and sorrow free,
Take us, Lord, to dwell with thee.

G. W. Doane. 1824.

II 7. "With good will doing service, as to 'he Lord.'"

Now the shades of night are gone ;
Now the morning light is come, —
Lord, may we be thine to-day !
Drive the shades of sin away.

Fill our souls with heavenly light,
Banish doubt, and clear our sight ;
In thy service, Lord, to-day,
May we stand and watch and pray.

Keep our haughty passions bound ;
Save us from our foes around ;
Going out and coming in,
Keep us safe from every sin.

When our work of life is past,
Oh, receive us then at last !
Night and sin will be no more,
When we reach the heavenly shore.

Episcopal Collection. 1826.

II 8. "In the morning will I direct my prayer unto thee."

IN the morning I will pray
For his blessing on the day :
What this day shall be my lot,
Light of darkness, know I not.

Should it be with clouds o'ercast, —
Clouds of sorrow gathering fast,
Thou, who givest light divine,
Shine within me, Lord, oh, shine !

Show me, if I tempted be,
How to find all strength in thee,
And a perfect triumph win
Over every bosom sin.

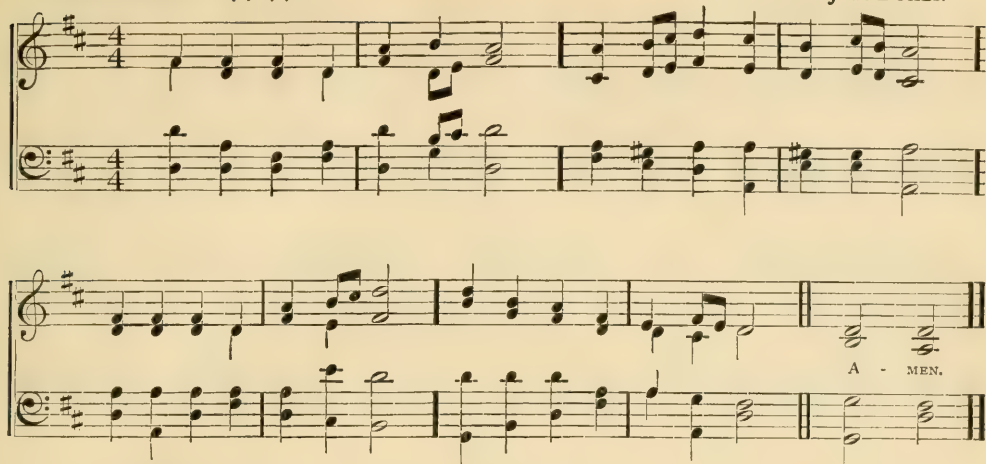
Keep my feet from secret snares,
Keep my eyes, O God ! from tears ;
Every step thy grace attend,
And my soul from death defend.

Then, when fall the shades of night,
All within shall still be light ;
Thou wilt peace around diffuse
Gently as the evening dews.

William Henry Furness.

FERRIER. 7-7:7-7.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



II 9. "The heavens declare the glory of God."

SLOWLY, by thy hand unfurled,
Down around the weary world
Falls the darkness ; oh, how still
Is the working of thy will !

Mighty Maker, ever nigh,
Work in me as silently ;
Veil the day's distracting sights,
Show me heaven's eternal lights.

Living worlds to view be brought
In the boundless realms of thought ;
High and infinite desires,
Flaming like those upper fires.

Holy Truth, Eternal Right,
Let them break upon my sight ;
Let them shine, serene and still,
And with light my being fill.

Let my soul attuned be
To the heavenly harmony,
Which, beyond the power of sound,
Fills the universe around.

William Henry Furness.

I 20. "When I awake, I am still with thee."

WHILE the stars unnumbered roll
Round the ever constant pole,
Far above these spangled skies
All my soul to God shall rise.

He in these serenest hours
Guides my intellectual powers,
And his Spirit doth diffuse,
Sweeter far than midnight dews ;

Lifting all my thoughts above
On the wings of faith and love :
Blest alternative to me,
Thus to sleep, or wake with thee !

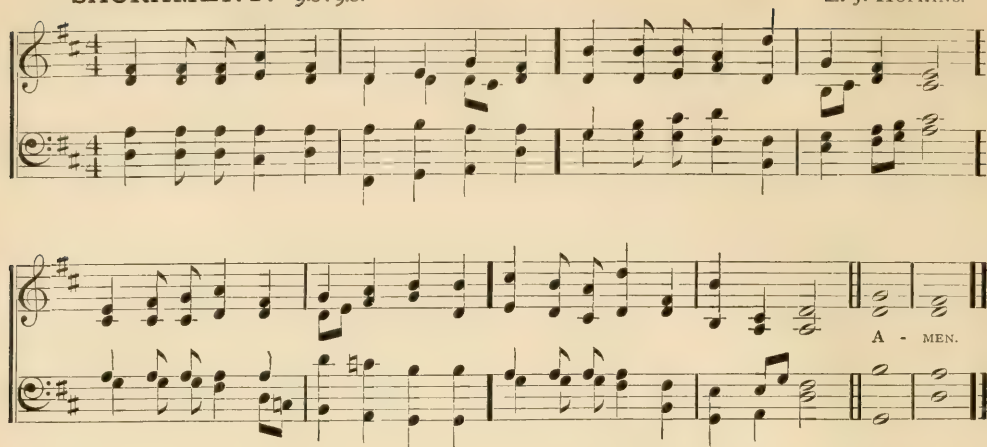
What if death my sleep invade ?
Should I be of death afraid ?
Whilst encircled by thine arm,
Death may strike, but cannot harm.

With thy heavenly presence blest,
Death is life, and labor rest ;
Welcome sleep or death to me,
Still secure, for still with thee !

Philip Doddridge.

SACRAMENT. 9.8:9.8.

E. J. HOPKINS.

**121.** *"I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep; for thou, Lord, only makest me dwell in safety."*

LORD, in this holy hour of even,
 By thine unfailing mercy blest,
 Our souls we meekly turn to heaven,
 And calmly on thy bosom rest.

Through unknown ways thy hand has led us,
 And smoothed the path beneath our feet;
 Through frequent gloom thy love has sped us,
 And made e'en toil and danger sweet.

And if some cross thy will has sent us,
 In which the good we see not now,
 O God, may all thy mercies lent us,
 Constrain our souls in faith to bow.

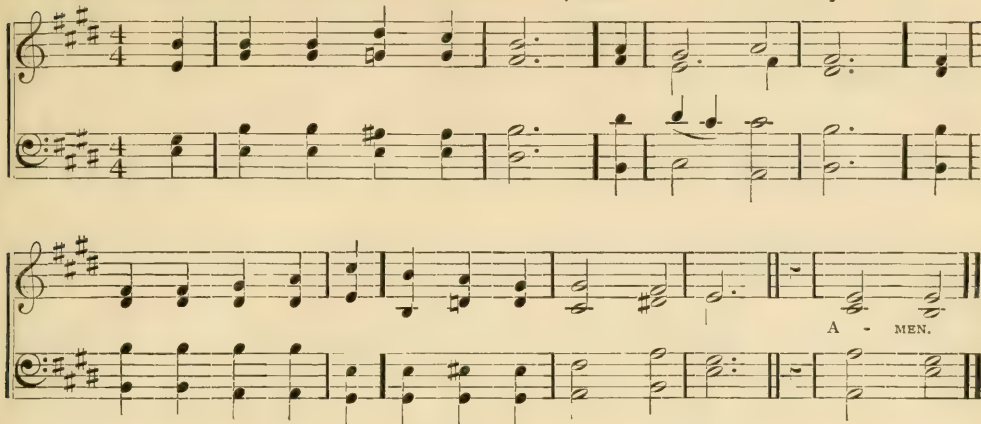
O Lord, in thee we seek our gladness,—
 The fountain of our light thou art;
 In thee, O God, we hide our sadness,—
 Thou comfort of the wounded heart.

From morn to eve thy hand shall guide us,
 Thy love shall gild the shades of night;
 And, midst the gloom, with thee beside us,
 We'll rest in peace and wait the light. AMEN.

Thomas Hincks.

THE SUN IS SINKING FAST. 6.4 : 6.6.

E. J. HOPKINS.



122.

"Into thine hand I commit my spirit."

THE sun is sinking fast,
 The daylight dies ;
 Let love awake, and pay
 Her evening sacrifice.

As Christ upon the cross
 His head inclined,
 And to his Father's hands
 His parting soul resigned,

So now herself my soul
 Would wholly give
 Into his sacred charge,
 In whom all spirits live ;

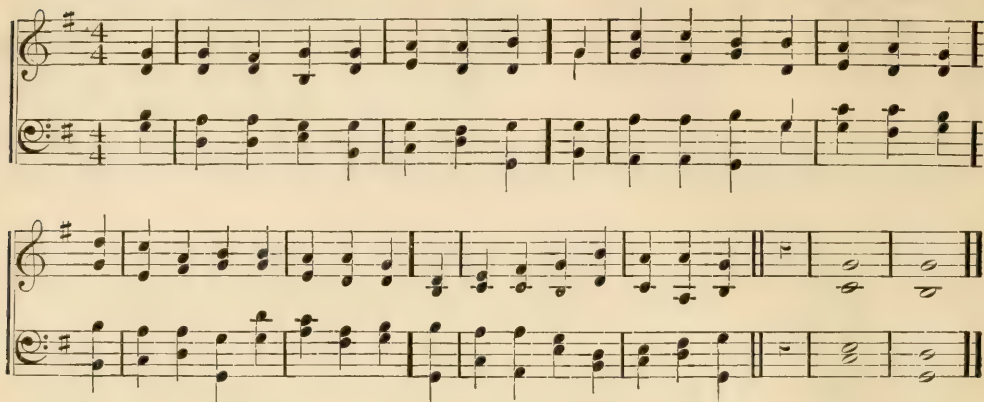
So now beneath his eye
 Would calmly rest,
 Without one thought of self
 Abiding in the breast.

Thus would I live ; yet now
 Not I but he
 In all his power and love
 Henceforth alive in me.

Modern Latin Hymn. Tr. Edward Caswall. †

TALLIS'S CANON. L.M.

THOMAS TALLIS.



123.

A Morning Hymn.

AWAKE, my soul, and with the sun
Thy daily stage of duty run ;
Shake off dull sloth, and joyful rise,
To pay thy morning sacrifice.

In conversation be sincere ;
Keep conscience, as the noontide, clear ;
Think how all-seeing God thy ways
And all thy secret thoughts surveys.

By influence of the light divine
Let thy own light to others shine ;
Reflect all heaven's propitious rays
In ardent love and cheerful praise.

All praise to thee, who safe hast kept,
And hast refreshed me, whilst I slept !
Grant, Lord, when I from death shall wake,
I may of endless light partake.

Lord, I my vows to thee renew :
Disperse my sins as morning dew ;
Guard my first springs of thought and will,
And with thyself my spirit fill.

Direct, control, suggest this day
All I design, or do, or say ;
That all my powers, with all their might,
In thy sole glory may unite. AMEN.

Thomas Ken.

124.

"In thy light shall we see light."

COME, holy Sun of heavenly love,
Shower down thy radiance from above,
And to our inward hearts convey
The Holy Spirit's cloudless ray !

And we the Father's help will claim,
And sing the Father's glorious name ;
His powerful succor we implore,
That we may stand, to fall no more.

May he our actions deign to bless,
And loose the bonds of wickedness ;
From sudden falls our feet defend,
And bring us to a prosperous end !

May faith, deep rooted in the soul,
Subdue our flesh, our minds control ;
May guile depart, and discord cease,
And all within be joy and peace !

Oh, hallowed be the approaching day !
Let meekness be our morning ray,
And faithful love our noonday light,
And hope our sunset calm and bright !

St. Ambrose. Tr. John Chandler.

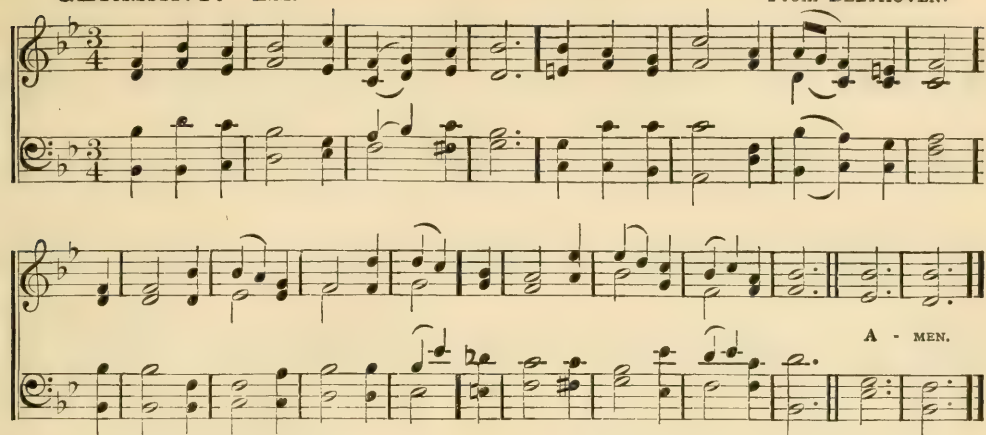
125.

"Under his wings shalt thou trust."

GLORY to thee, my God, this night,
For all the blessings of the light :
Keep me, oh, keep me, King of kings,
Beneath thine own Almighty wings !

GERMANY. L.M.

From BEETHOVEN.



A - MEN.

Oh, may my soul on thee repose ;
And may sweet sleep mine eyelids close, —
Sleep that may me more vigorous make
To serve my God when I awake.

Praise God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below ;
Ye heavenly host his name adore !
With praise and joy for evermore. AMEN.

Thomas Ken. †

I26. "The Lord God is a sun and shield."

In sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely passed the silent night :
Again I see the breaking shade,
I drink again the morning light.

New-born, I bless the waking hour ;
Once more, with awe, rejoice to be ;
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And springs, my guardian God, to thee.

Oh, guide me through the various maze
My doubtful feet are doomed to tread ;
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze
Where dangers press around my head !

A deeper shade shall soon impend,
A deeper sleep mine eyes oppress ;
Yet then thy strength shall still defend,
Thy goodness still delight to bless.

That deeper shade shall break away,
That deeper sleep shall leave mine eyes :
Thy light shall give eternal day ;
Thy love, the rapture of the skies.

John Hawkesworth. 1773.

I27. "Let the words of my mouth, and the meditation of my heart, be acceptable in thy sight, O Lord, my strength and my redeemer."

DEAR Lord ! thou bringest back the morn ;
Thy children wake ; thy children pray :
Oh ! make our souls divinely yearn !
Pour thy best beauty on the day !

Yes, make our best desire most strong !
Oh, let not sin one hour oppress ;
But spread each shining hour along
The beauty of thy holiness.

In myriad gifts streams forth thy love ;
What countless joys each minute brings !
But, oh ! the cleaving sin remove
That darkens all these precious things.

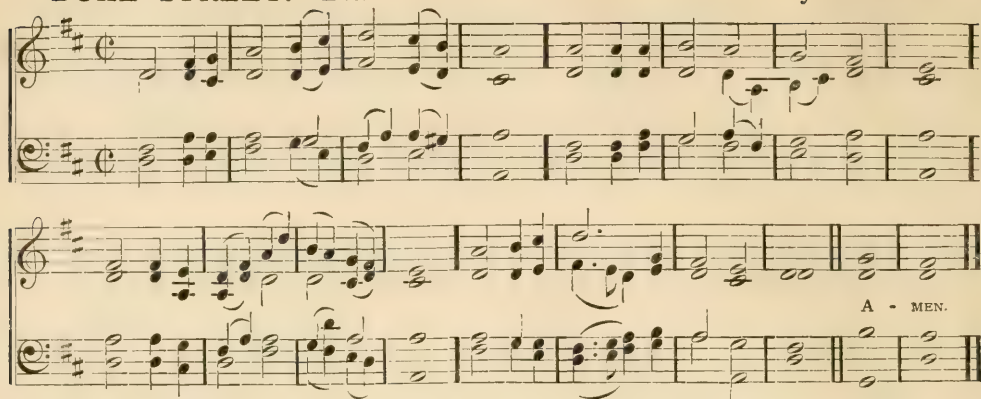
The thoughts that in our hearts keep place,
Lord, make a holy, heavenly throng ;
And steep in innocence and grace
The issue of each guarded tongue.

Lend our slow feet that speed of thine ;
Our busy hands from evil stay ;
Lord ! help us still to tasks divine —
Still keep us in the heavenly way ! AMEN.

Thomas H. Gill.

DUKE STREET. L.M.

JOHN HATTON.

**128.** *"Cause me to hear thy loving-kindness in the morning."*

NEW every morning is the love
Our waking and uprising prove ;
Through sleep and darkness safely brought,
Restored to life and power and thought.

New mercies, each returning day,
Hover around us while we pray ;
New perils past, new sins forgiven,
New thoughts of God, new hopes of heaven.

If on our daily course our mind
Be set to hallow all we find,
New treasures still, of countless price,
God will provide for sacrifice.

Old friends, old scenes, will lovelier be,
As more of heaven in each we see ;
Some softening gleam of love and prayer
Shall dawn on every cross and care.

The trivial round, the common task,
Will furnish all we ought to ask :
Room to deny ourselves ; a road
To bring us, daily, nearer God.

Seek we no more : content with these,
Let present rapture, comfort, ease,
As Heaven shall bid them, come and go, —
The secret this of rest below.

Only, O Lord, in thy dear love
Fit us for perfect rest above ;
And help us, this and every day,
To live more nearly as we pray. AMEN.
John Keble.

129. *"Let us walk honestly, as in the day."*

Now with the rising golden dawn,
Let us, the children of the day,
Cast off the darkness which so long
Has led our guilty souls astray.

Oh, may the morn so pure, so clear,
Its own sweet calm in us instil ;
A guileless mind, a heart sincere,
Simplicity of word and will.

And ever, as the day glides by,
May we the busy senses rein ;
Keep guard upon the hand and eye,
Nor let the conscience suffer stain.

Breviary. Tr. Edward Caswall.

130. *"And the Life was the light of men."*

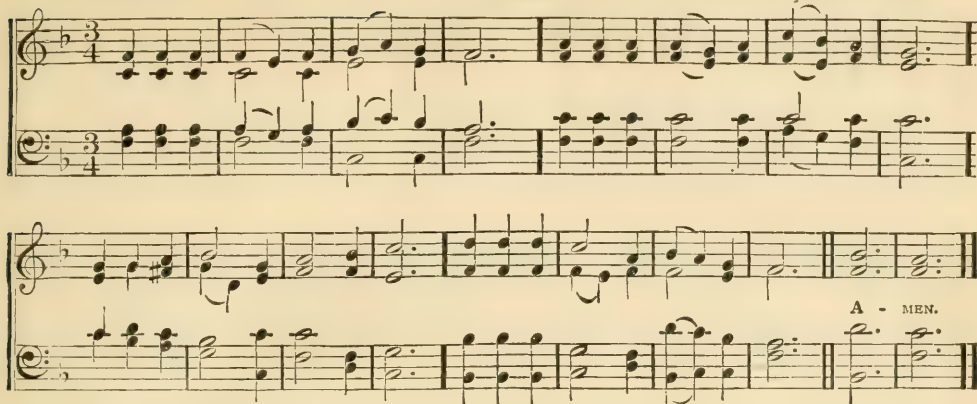
THOU true Life of all that live,
Who dost, unmoved, all motion sway ;
Who dost the morn and evening give,
And through its changes guide the day, —

Thy light upon our evening pour,
So may our souls no sunset see,
But death to us an open door
To an eternal morning be. AMEN.

Breviary. Tr. by Edward Caswall.

HURSLEY. L.M.

Arranged from PETER RITTER, by W. H. MONK

**I31.** *"Thy sun shall no more go down."*

'Tis gone, that bright and orbèd blaze,
Fast fading from our wistful gaze ;
Yon mantling cloud has hid from sight
The last faint pulse of quivering light.

Sun of my soul, thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if thou be near ;
Oh, may no earth-born cloud arise,
To hide thee from thy servant's eyes.

When the soft dews of kindly sleep
My weary eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought, how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

John Keble.

I32. *"They that know thy name will put their trust in thee."*

ABIDE with me from morn till eve,
For without thee I cannot live ;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without thee I dare not die.

If some poor wandering child of thine
Have spurned to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin ;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

Watch by the sick ; enrich the poor
With blessings from thy boundless store ;
Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant slumbers, pure and light.

Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take ;
Till in the ocean of thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above. **AMEN.**

John Keble

I33. *"The Lord is my Light."*

O FATHER, bless us ere we go !
Thy word into our minds instil,
And make our lukewarm hearts to glow
With lowly love and fervent will.

The day is gone, its hours have run,
And thou hast taken count of all, —
The scanty triumphs grace hath won,
The broken vow, the frequent fall.

Grant us, dear Lord, from evil ways
True absolution and release ;
And bless us more than in past days,
With purity and inward peace.

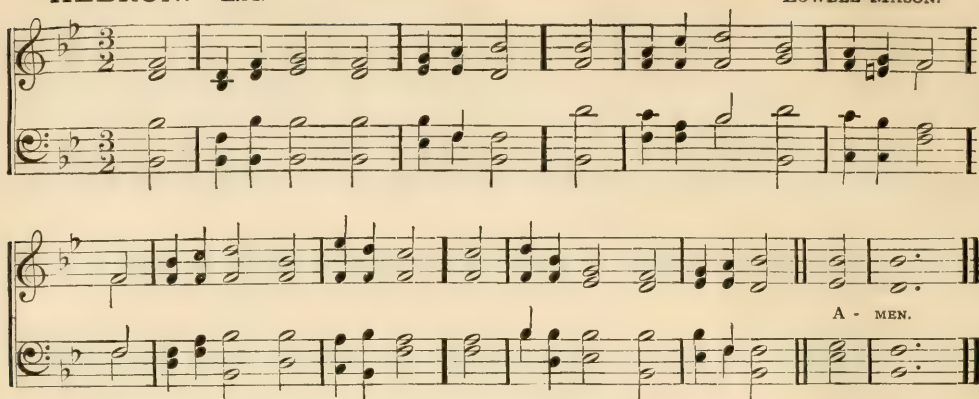
Do more than pardon, — give us joy,
Sweet fear, and sober liberty ;
And loving hearts without alloy,
That only long to be like thee.

For all we love, the poor, the sad,
The sinful, unto thee we call :
Oh, let thy mercy make us glad !
Thou art our Father and our All !

Frederick W. Faber. †

HEBRON. L.M.

LOWELL MASON.



134. *"I will both lay me down in peace, and sleep; for thou, Lord, only makest me to dwell in safety."*

Thus far the Lord has led me on,
Thus far his power prolongs my days!
And every evening shall make known
Some fresh memorial of his grace.

Much of my time has run to waste,
And I, perhaps, am near my home;
But he forgives my follies past,
He gives me strength for days to come.

I lay my body down to sleep;
Peace is the pillow for my head;
While well-appointed angels keep
Their watchful stations round my bed.

Faith in his name forbids my fear:
Oh, may thy presence ne'er depart!
And in the morning make me hear
The love and kindness of thy heart. **AMEN.**
Isaac Watts.

135. *"I will offer to thee the sacrifice of thanksgiving."*

My God! how endless is thy love!
Thy gifts are every evening new;
And morning mercies, from above,
Gently distil, like early dew.

Thou spread'st the curtains of the night,
Great Guardian of my sleeping hours:
Thy sovereign word restores the light,
And quickens all my drowsy powers.

I yield my powers to thy command;
To thee I consecrate my days:
Perpetual blessings from thy hand
Demand perpetual songs of praise.

Isaac Watts.

136. *Vesper Hymn.*

AGAIN, as evening's shadow falls,
We gather in these hallowed walls;
And vesper hymn and vesper prayer
Rise mingling on the holy air.

May struggling hearts that seek release
Here find the rest of God's own peace;
And, strengthened here by hymn and prayer,
Lay down the burden and the care.

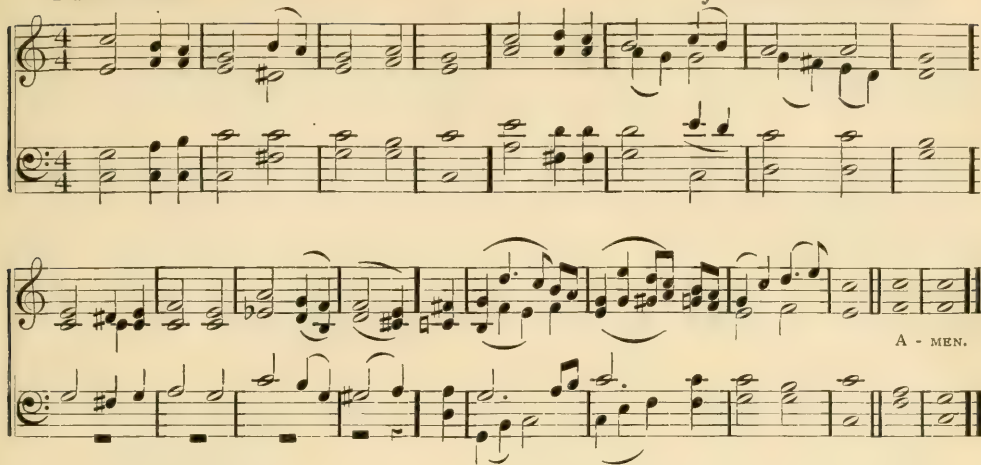
O God, our Light! to thee we bow;
Within all shadows standest thou;
Give deeper calm than night can bring;
Give sweeter songs than lips can sing.

Life's tumult we must meet again,
We cannot at the shrine remain;
But, in the spirit's secret cell,
May hymn and prayer forever dwell!

Samuel Longfellow.

DANVERS. L.M.

J. FRANCIS TUCKERMAN.



A - MEN.

I37.

Psalm xix.

GOD of the morning, at whose voice
The cheerful sun makes haste to rise,
And like a giant doth rejoice
To run his journey through the skies ;

Oh, like the sun may I fulfil
The appointed duties of the day ;
With ready mind and active will
March on, and keep my heavenly way.

Lord, thy commands are clean and pure,
Enlightening our beclouded eyes ;
Thy threatenings just, thy promise sure ;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise.

Give me thy counsel for my guide,
And then receive me to thy bliss ;
All my desires and hopes beside
Are faint and cold, compared with this.

Isaac Watts.

I38.

"The Lord himself give you peace always by all means."

LORD of eternal truth and might !
Ruler of nature's changing scheme !
Who dost bring forth the morning light,
And temper noon's effulgent beam :

Quench thou in us the flames of strife,
And bid the heat of passion cease ;
From perils guard our feeble life,
And keep our souls in perfect peace.

Breviary. Tr. Edward Caswall.

I39.

"At evening time it shall be light."

COME, Father, with the coming night,
Refresh and cheer my weary heart ;
At evening time it shall be light,
If thou art near, though day depart.

Welcome this shade that brings release
From hurrying labors, noise, and strife ;
That calls from restless thought to cease,
And calms the throbbing pulse of life.

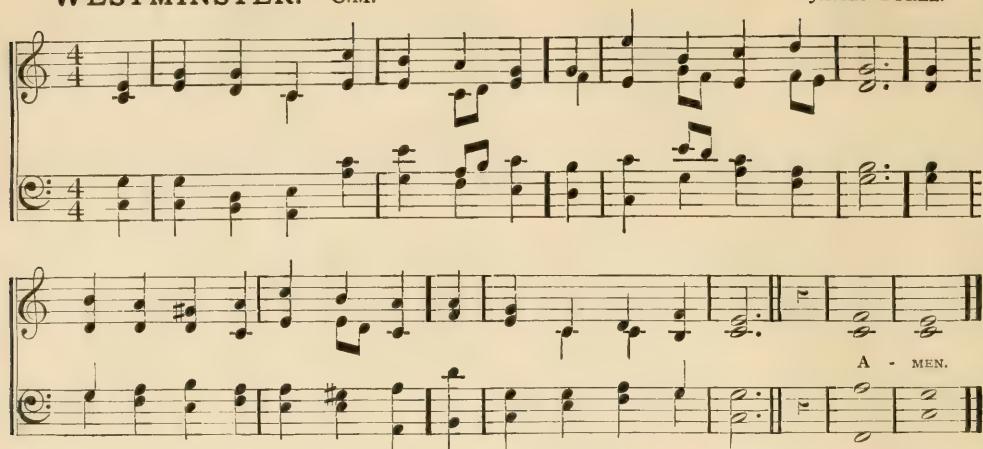
From tedious toil, from anxious care,
Dear Lord, I turn again to thee ;
Thy presence and thy smile to share
Makes every burden light to me.

With thee, of all sad thoughts beguiled,
Peace nestles in my tranquil breast ;
And, like a pleased and happy child,
In thy kind arms I sink to rest.

Ray Palmer.

WESTMINSTER. C.M.

JAMES TURLE.

**I40.** *"In thy light shall we see light."*

O GOD, before the sun's bright beams
All night's dark shadows fly ;
When on the soul thy mercy gleams,
All doubts and terrors die.

So freshly falls thy heaven-sent grace,
As morning's gladdening breath, —
Gives light to all to seek thy face,
And guides in life and death.

O holy light ! O light of God !
O light unseen below,
Which fills the courts of thine abode,
Which there the blest shall know.

Swift comes the hour when none can toil,
Short is the rugged way :
Teach us our lamps to fill with oil,
Whilst it is called to-day.

Then we shall see that glorious light,
Which to the saints is given,
So sweet, so fair, so passing bright, —
The eternal morn of heaven.

Greville Phillimore.

I41. *Evening Prayer.*

As darker, darker, fall around
The shadows of the night,
We gather here, with hymn and prayer,
To seek the Eternal Light.

Father in heaven, to thee are known
Our many hopes and fears,
Our heavy weight of mortal toil,
Our bitterness of tears.

We pray thee for our absent ones,
Who have been with us here ;
And in our secret heart we name
The distant and the dear.

For weary eyes, and aching hearts,
And feet that from thee rove,
The sick, the poor, the tried, the fallen,
We pray thee, God of love.

We bring to thee our hopes and fears,
And at thy footstool lay ;
And, Father, thou who lovest all
Wilt hear us as we pray.

Hymns of the Spirit.

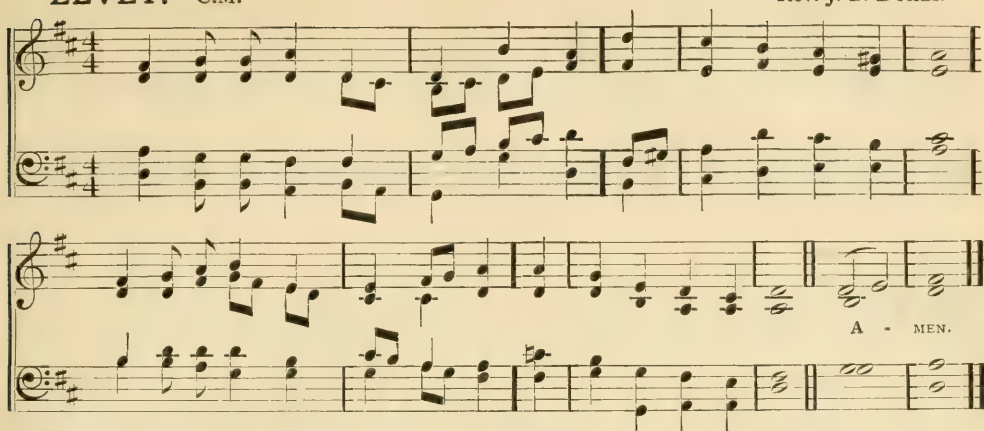
I42. *"In simplicity and godly sincerity."*

Now that the sun is beaming bright,
Implore we, bending low,
That he, the uncreated Light,
May guide us as we go. •

No sinful word, nor deed of wrong,
Nor thoughts that idly rove,
But simple truth be on our tongue,
And in our hearts be love.

ELVET. C.M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



And while the hours in order flow,
O Lord, securely fence
Our gates beleaguered by the foe, —
The gate of every sense.

And grant that to thine honor, Lord,
Our daily toil may tend ;
That we begin it at thy word,
And in thy favor end. AMEN.

Saint Ambrose. Tr. J. H. Newman.

I43. "The Lord God is our sun and shield."

Now from the altar of our hearts
Let incense-flames arise ;
Assist us, Lord, to offer up
Our evening sacrifice.

This day thou wast our sun and shield,
Our keeper and our guide ;
Thy care was on our weakness shown,
Thy mercies multiplied.

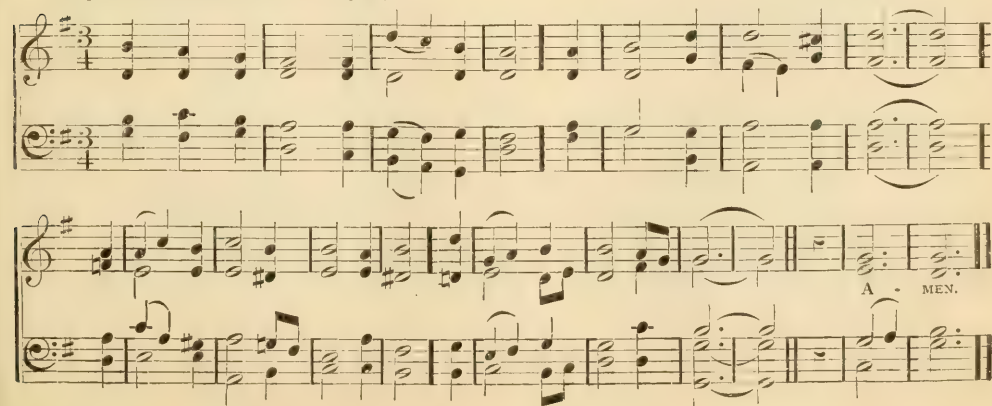
Minutes and mercies multiplied
Have made up all this day ;
Minutes came quick, but mercies were
More fleet and free than they.

New time, new favors, and new joys,
Do a new song require ;
Till we shall praise thee as we would,
Accept our hearts' desire.

John Mason.

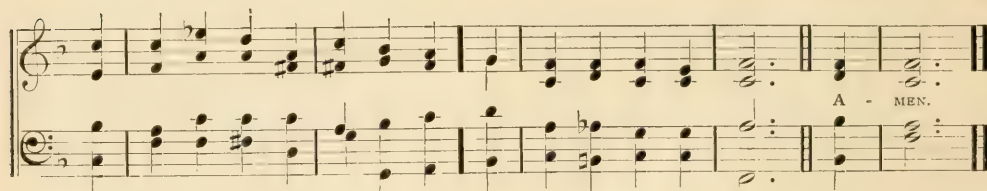
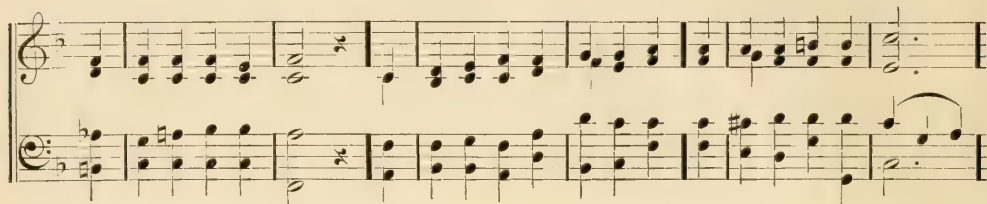
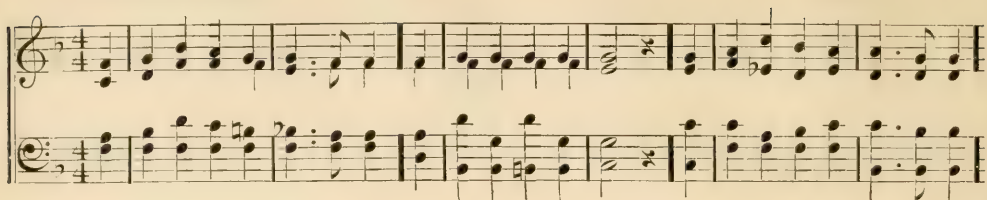
NORTHAMPTON. C.M.

WILLIAM CROFT.



ST. LEONARD. C.M. Double.

HENRY HILES.

**I44.** *"Thou hast visited me in the night."*

THE shadows of the evening hours
 Fall from the darkening sky ;
 Upon the fragrance of the flowers
 The dews of evening lie :
 Before thy throne, O Lord of heaven,
 We kneel at close of day ;
 Look on thy children from on high,
 And hear us while we pray.

Slowly the rays of daylight fade ;
 So fade within our heart
 The hopes in earthly love and joy,
 That one by one depart :

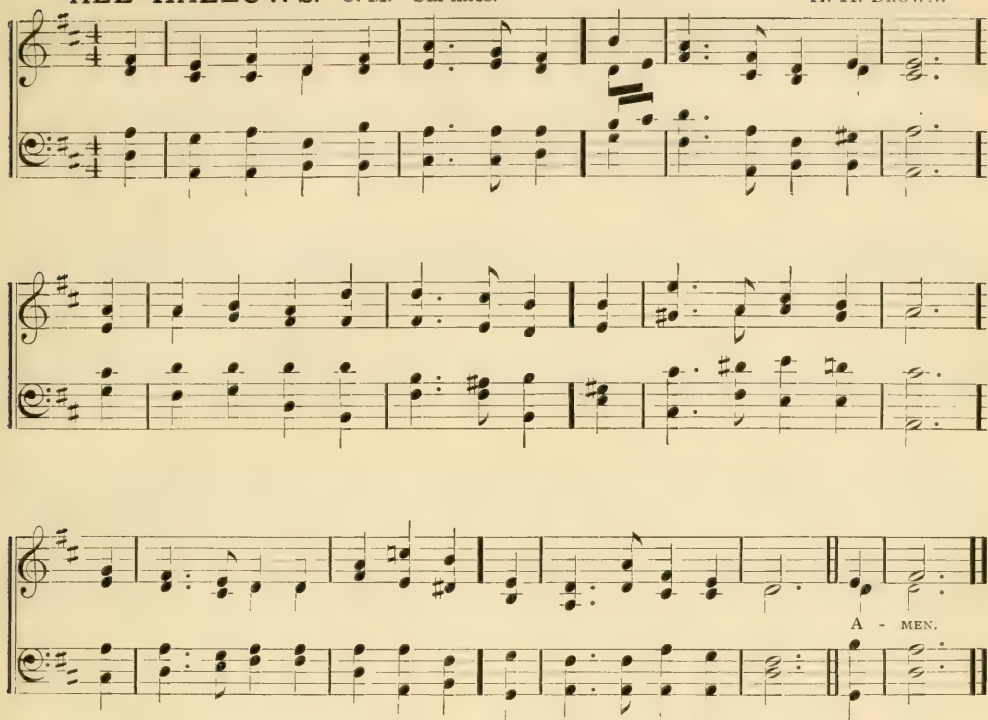
Slowly the bright stars, one by one,
 Within the heavens shine ; —
 Give us, O Lord, fresh hopes in Heaven,
 And trust in things divine.

Let peace, O Lord, thy peace, O God,
 Upon our souls descend ;
 From midnight fears and perils, thou
 Our trembling hearts defend ;
 Give us a respite from our toil,
 Calm and subdue our woes ;
 Through the long day we suffer, Lord,
 Oh ! give us now repose ! AMEN.

Adelaide A. Procter.

ALL HALLOWS. C. M. Six lines.

A. H. BROWN.

145. *"As the shadow of a great rock in a weary land."*

O SHADOW in a sultry land !
 We gather to thy breast,
 Whose love enfolding like the night
 Brings quietude and rest ;
 Glimpse of the fairer life to be,
 In foretaste here possessed.

From aimless wanderings we come,
 From drifting to and fro ;
 The wave of being mingles deep
 Amid its ebb and flow ;
 The grander sweep of tides serene
 Our spirits yearn to know !

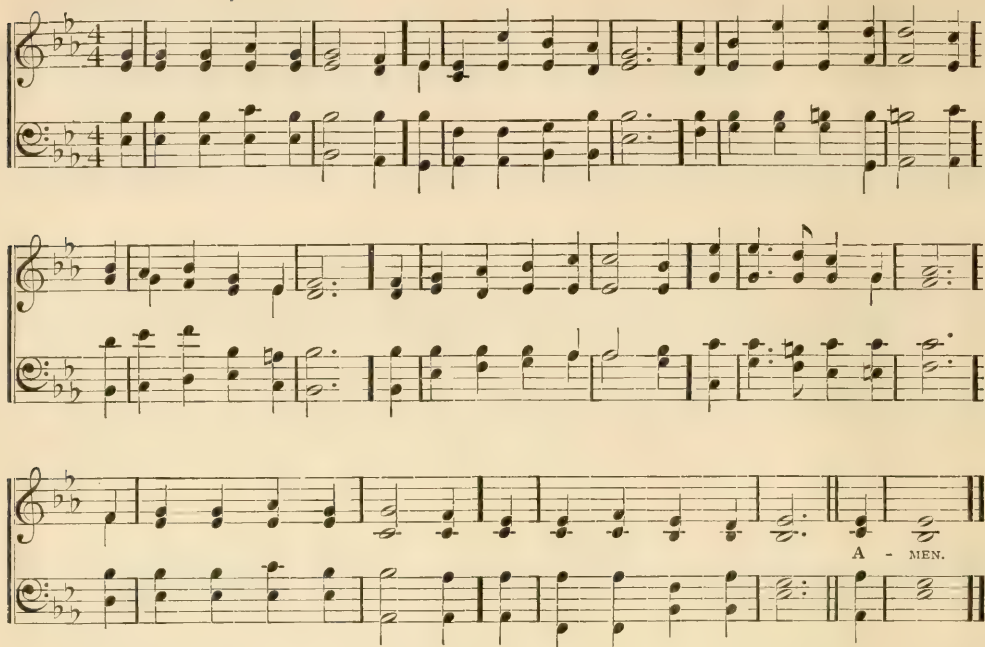
That which the garish day had lost,
 The twilight vigil brings,
 While softer the vesper bell
 Its silver cadence rings, —
 The sense of an immortal trust,
 The brush of angel wings !

Drop down behind the solemn hills,
 O Day, with golden skies !
 Serene above its fading glow
 Night, starry crowned, arise !
 So beautiful may Heaven be,
 When Life's last sunbeam dies ! AMEN.

Charlotte M. Packard.

AURELIA. 7.6. Double.

SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY.

**146.***Teach us to number our Days.*

O God, the Rock of Ages,
 Who evermore hast been,
 What time the tempest rages,
 Our dwelling-place serene :
 Before thy first creations,
 O Lord, the same as now,
 To endless generations
 The everlasting thou !

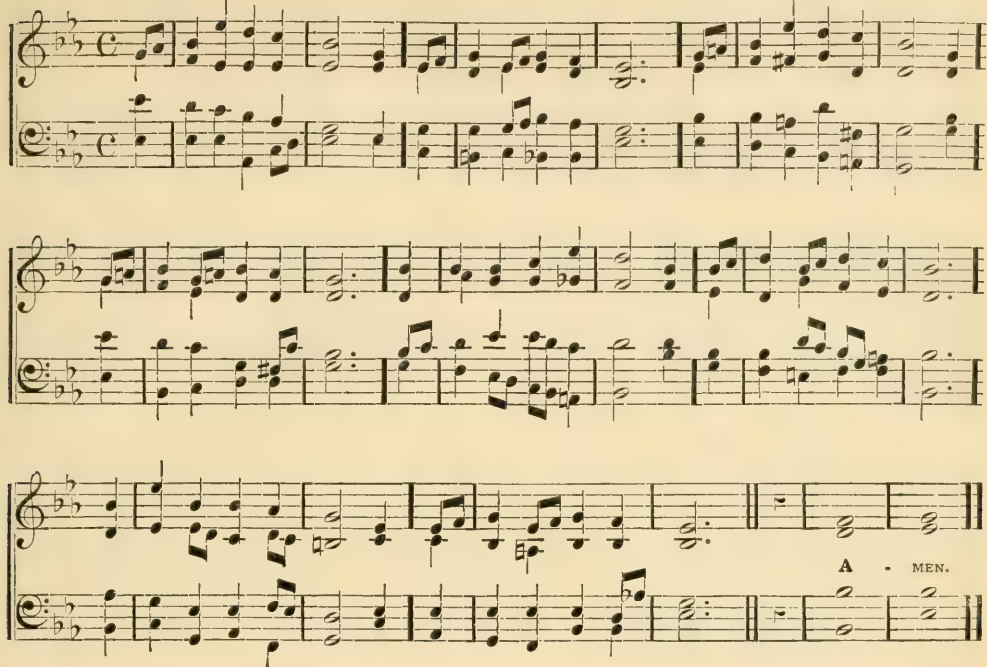
Our years are like the shadows
 O'er sunny hills that fly,
 Or grasses in the meadows
 That blossom but to die ;
 A sleep, a dream, a story,
 By strangers quickly told,
 An unremaining glory
 Of things that soon are old.

O thou, who canst not slumber,
 Whose light grows never pale,
 Teach us aright to number
 Our years before they fail.
 On us thy mercy lighten,
 On us thy goodness rest ;
 And let thy spirit brighten
 The hearts thyself hath blessed.

Lord, crown our faith's endeavor
 With beauty and with grace,
 Till clothed in light forever,
 We see thee face to face.
 A joy no language measures ;
 A fountain brimming o'er ;
 An endless flow of pleasures ;
 An ocean without shore.

TOURS. 7.6. Double.

BERTHOLD TOURS.



I47. "God is my Strength and my Salvation."

GOD is my strong salvation :
 What foe have I to fear?
 In darkness and temptation,
 My light, my help, is near.
 Though hosts encamp around me,
 Firm in the fight I stand :
 What terror can confound me
 With God at my right hand?

Place on the Lord reliance,
 My soul, with courage wait ;
 His truth be thine affiance,
 When faint and desolate.
 His might thy heart shall strengthen,
 His love thy joy increase,
 Mercy thy days shall lengthen,
 The Lord will give thee peace.

James Montgomery. 1822.

I48.

Psalm xix.

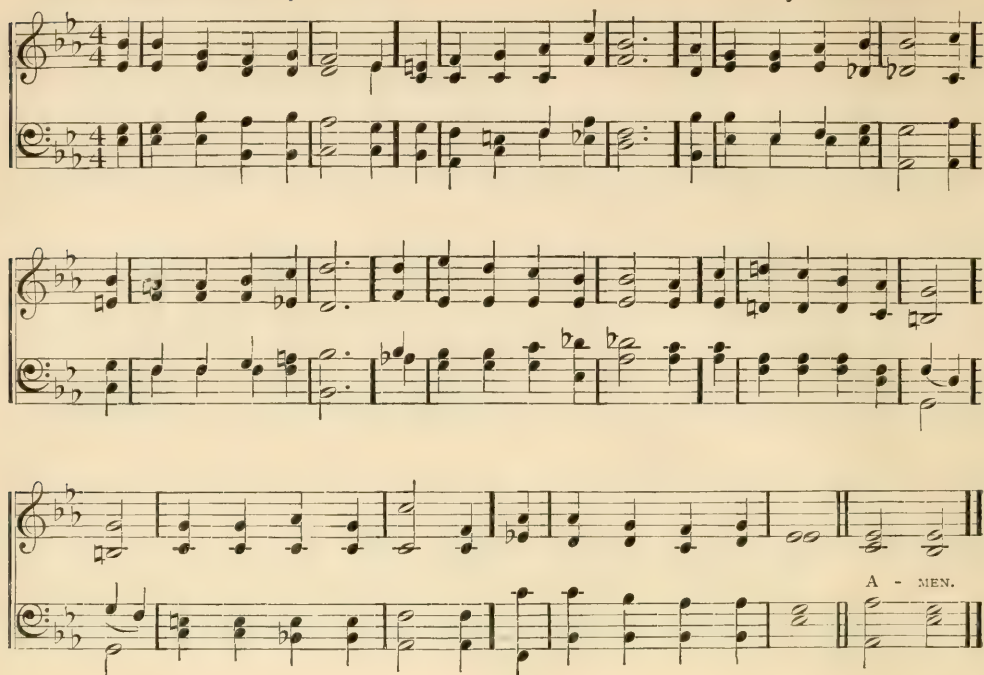
THE heavens declare thy glory,
 The firmament thy power ;
 Day unto day the story
 Repeats from hour to hour ;
 Night unto night replying,
 Proclaims in every land,
 O Lord, with voice undying,
 The wonders of thy hand.

O'er every tribe and nation
 That music strange is poured ;
 The song of all creation
 To thee, creation's Lord.
 All heaven on high rejoices
 To do its Maker's will ;
 The stars with solemn voices
 Resound thy praises still. AMEN.

Thomas Rawson Birks.

ST. ANSELM. 7.6. Double.

Sir JOSEPH BARNEY.



149. "Consider the lilies, how they grow."

HE hides within the lily
 A strong and tender care,
 That wins the earth-born atoms
 To glory of the air ;
 He weaves the shining garments
 Unceasingly and still,
 Along the quiet waters,
 In niches of the hill.

We linger at the vigil
 With him who bent the knee
 To watch the old-time lilies
 In distant Galilee ;
 And still the worship deepens,
 And quickens into new,
 As brightening down the ages
 God's secret thrilleth through.

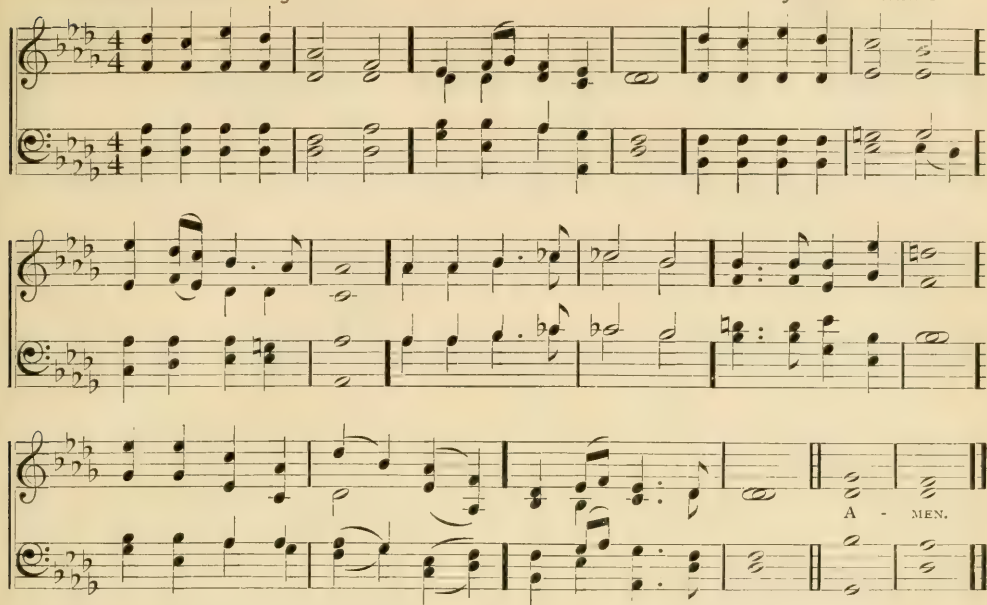
O Toiler of the lily,
 Thy touch is in the Man !
 No leaf that dawns to petal
 But hints the angel-plan.
 The flower-horizons open !
 The blossom vaster shows !
 We hear thy wide worlds echo, —
 See how the lily grows !

Shy yearnings of the savage,
 Unfolding thought by thought,
 To holy lives are lifted,
 To visions fair are wrought ;
 The races rise and cluster,
 And evils fade and fall,
 Till chaos blooms to beauty,
 Thy purpose crowning all ! AMEN.

William C. Gannett.

DUMFRIES. 6.5. Double.

Sir JOSEPH BARNEY.



150. "Thou crownest the year with thy goodness."

SUMMER suns are glowing
 Over land and sea,
 Happy light is flowing
 Bountiful and free.
 Everything rejoices
 In the mellow rays,
 All earth's thousand voices
 Swell the psalm of praise.
 God's free mercy streameth
 Over all the world,
 And his banner gleameth
 Everywhere unfurled.
 Broad and deep and glorious
 As the heaven above,
 Shines in might victorious
 His eternal Love.
 Lord, upon our blindness
 Thy pure radiance pour;
 For thy loving-kindness
 Make us love thee more.
 We will never doubt thee,
 Though thou veil thy light;

Life is dark without thee,
 Death with thee is bright.

Wm. Walsham How.

151. "Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us."

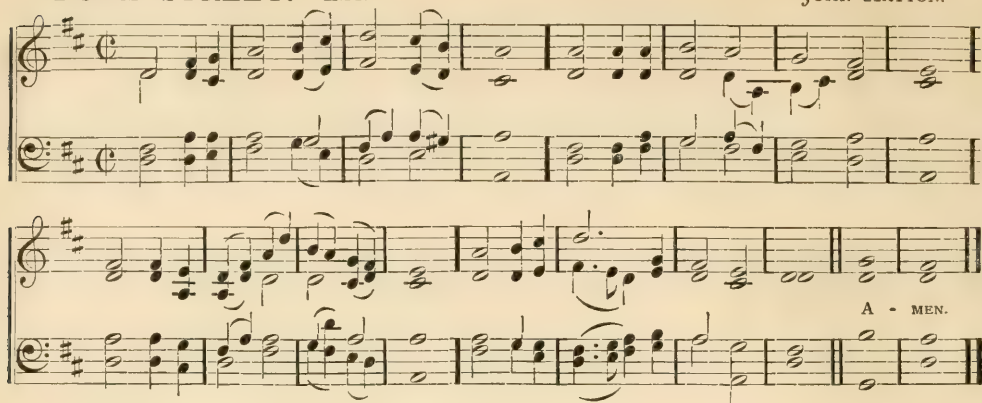
CLEARER yet and clearer
 Dawns the light from heaven,
 In our sadness bringing
 News of sins forgiven;
 Life has lost its shadows,
 Pure the light within:
 Thou hast shed thy radiance
 On a world of sin.

Onward, ever onward,
 Journeying o'er the road
 Worn by saints before us,
 Journeying on to God;
 Leaving all behind us,
 May we hasten on,
 Backward never looking
 Till the prize is won. AMEN.

Godfrey Thring.

DUKE STREET. L.M.

JOHN HATTON.



152. *"The living God, which made heaven, and earth,
and the sea, and all things that are therein."*

GOD of the ocean, earth, and sky,
In thy bright presence we rejoice ;
We feel thee, see thee ever nigh,
And gladly hear thy gracious voice.

Thee in the lonely woods we meet,
On the bare hills or cultured plains,
In every flower beneath our feet,
And even the still rock's mossy stains.

Thy love is in the sunshine's glow,
Thy life is in the quickening air ;
When lightnings flash and storm-winds blow,
There is thy power ; thy law is there.

We feel thy calm at evening's hour,
Thy grandeur in the march of night ;
And, when thy morning breaks in power,
We hear thy word, Let there be light.

But better still, and still more clear,
Thee in thy holy Son we see ;
There thy own glorious words we hear,
And learn the way to heaven and thee.

John R. Wreford.
Samuel Longfellow.

153. *"His tender mercies are over all his works."*

OUR Father ! to thy love we owe
All that is fair and good below.
Life, and the health that makes life sweet,
Are blessings from thy mercy-seat.

O Giver of the quickening rain !
O Ripener of the golden grain !
From thee the cheerful day-spring flows,
Thy balmy evening brings repose.

Thy frosts arrest, thy tempests chase
The plagues that waste our helpless race,
Thy softer breath, o'er land and deep,
Wakes nature from its winter sleep.

Yet, deem we not that thus alone
Thy bounty and thy love are shown,
For we have learned with higher praise,
And holier names, to speak thy ways.

In woe's dark hour our kindest stay,
Sole trust when life shall pass away,
Teacher of hopes that light the gloom
Of death, and consecrate the tomb.

Patient with headstrong guilt to bear,
Slow to avenge and kind to spare,
Listening to prayer, and reconciled
Full soon to thy repentant child. AMEN.

William C. Bryant.

YORK MINSTER. (KÖENIG.) L.M. Double.

Sir JOSEPH BARNEY.

Voices in Unison.

Voices in Unison.

A - MEN

I54. "The Lord is King for ever and for ever."

THE Lord is King ! lift up thy voice,
 O earth ! and, all ye heavens, rejoice !
 From world to world the joy shall ring,
 The Lord Omnipotent is King.
 The Lord is King ! who then shall dare
 Resist his will, distrust his care,
 Or murmur at his wise decrees,
 Or doubt his royal promises ?

The Lord is King ! Child of the dust,
 The Judge of all the earth is just :
 Holy and true are all his ways :
 Let every creature speak his praise.

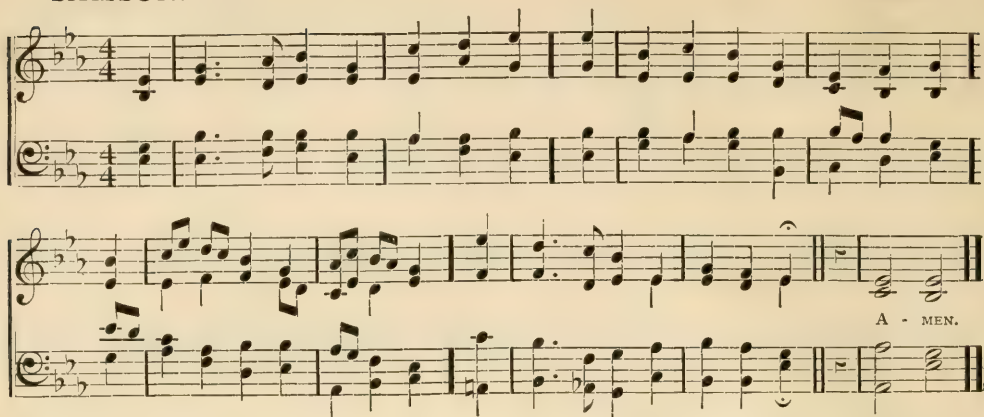
Oh ! when his wisdom can mistake,
 His might decay, his love forsake,
 Then may his children cease to sing,
 The Lord Omnipotent is King.

Alike pervaded by his eye,
 All parts of his dominion lie ;
 This world of ours, and worlds unseen ;
 And thin the boundary between.
 One Lord, one empire, all secures ;
 He reigns, and life and death are yours :
 Through earth and heaven one song shall ring,
 The Lord Omnipotent is King. AMEN.

Josiah Conder.

SAMSON. L.M.

HÄNDEL.

**I55.** *"Who preparest rain for the earth ; who maketh grass to grow upon the mountains."*

FATHER of lights, we sing thy name,
 Who kindlest up the lamp of day ;
 Wide as he spreads the golden flame,
 His beams thy power and love display.
 Fountain of good, from thee proceed
 The copious drops of genial rain,
 Which, o'er the hill, and through the mead,
 Revive the grass and swell the grain.

Oh, let not our forgetful hearts
 O'erlook the tokens of thy care ;
 But what thy liberal hand imparts
 Still own in praise, still ask in prayer.
 So shall our suns more grateful shine,
 And showers in sweeter drops shall fall,
 When all our hearts and lives are thine,
 And thou, our God ! enjoyed in all. AMEN.

Philip Doddridge.

I56. *"Unto the hills." Ps. cxxi.*

UP to the hills I lift mine eyes, —
 The eternal hills beyond the skies :
 Thence all her help my soul derives ;
 There my Almighty Refuge lives.
 He lives, the everlasting God,
 That built the world, that spread the flood ;
 The heavens with all their hosts he made,
 And the dark regions of the dead.

He guides our feet, he guards our way ;
 His morning smiles bless all the day :
 He spreads the evening veil, and keeps
 The silent hours while Israel sleeps.

Israel, a name divinely blest,
 May rise secure, securely rest ;
 Thy holy Guardian's wakeful eyes
 Admit no slumber nor surprise.

Isaac Watts.

I57. *The Love of God.*

O SOURCE divine, and Life of all,
 The Fount of being's wondrous sea !
 Thy depth would every heart appall,
 That saw not Love supreme in thee.

We shrink before thy vast abyss,
 Where worlds on worlds unnumbered brood ;
 We know thee truly but in this, —
 That thou bestowest all our good.

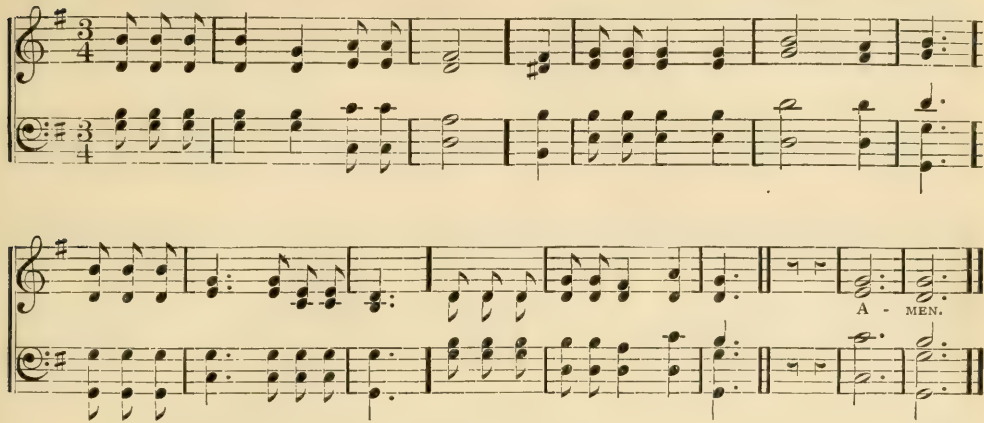
And so, 'mid boundless time and space,
 Oh grant us still in thee to dwell,
 And through thy ceaseless web to trace
 Thy presence working all things well !

Bestow on every joyous thrill
 Thy deeper tone of reverent awe ;
 Make pure thy creature's erring will,
 And teach his heart to love thy law.

John Sterling. 1839.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L.M.

CHARLES ZEUNER.



158. "God is a consuming fire — God is love."

ONE Lord there is, all lords above ;
His name is Truth, his name is Love,
His name is Beauty, it is Light,
His will is Everlasting Right.

But ah ! to wrong what is his name ?
This Lord is a Consuming Flame
To every wrong beneath the sun ;
He is One Lord, the Holy One.

Lord of the Everlasting Name,
Truth, Beauty, Light, Consuming Flame !
Shall I not lift my heart to thee,
And ask thee, Lord, to rule in me ?

If I be ruled in other wise,
My lot is cast with all that dies,
With things that harm, and things that hate,
And roam by night, and miss the Gate, —

Thy happy Gate, which leads to where
Love is like sunshine in the air,
And Love and Law are both the same,
Named with an Everlasting Name.

William Brighty Rands.

159. "We know in part."

IN thee, O God, the hosts above
Forever live supremely blest ;
And I, on earth, like them would love ;
Like them upon thy bosom rest.

I may not know thee as thou art,
While here my darksome way I tread ;
Yet thanks that now I know in part,
And hourly by thy hand am led.

Unseen, thou dost thyself reveal,
In thine own ways to sense unknown ;
Thy hidden glories oft I feel
Come flowing o'er me from thy throne.

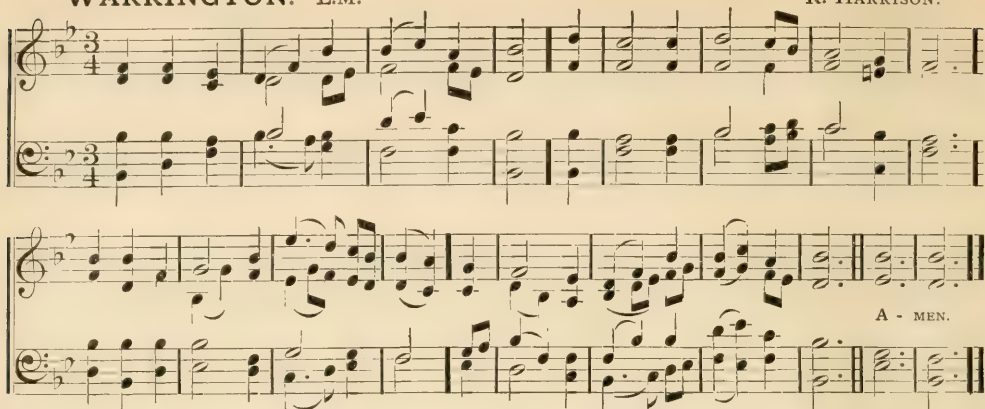
The joy, that through my being streams,
New gladness lends to brightest days ;
Morn fresher wakes, and evening gleams
More lovely, while I breathe thy praise.

As past me fly the swift-winged years,
Thy mercies all their circuits fill ;
Thy goodness, like the sun, appears
Throughout all time resplendent still. AMEN.

Ray Palmer.

WARRINGTON. L.M.

R. HARRISON.

**160.** *"The Lord is good to all; and his tender mercies are over all his works."*

THERE'S not a bird with lonely nest
In pathless wood or mountain crest,
Nor aught beside, which does not share,
O God! in thy paternal care!

Each barren crag, each desert rude,
Holds thee within its solitude;
And thou dost bless the wanderer there,
Who makes his solitary prayer.

In busy mart and crowded street,
No less than in the still retreat,
Thou, Lord, art near, our souls to bless
With all a father's tenderness!

And every moment still doth bring
Thy blessings on its loaded wing;
Widely they spread through earth and sky,
And last to all eternity!

And we, where'er our lot is cast,
While life, and thought, and feeling last,
Through all our years, in every place,
Will bless thee for thy boundless grace!

Baptist W. Noel. †

161. *"In him we live, and move, and have our being."*

O LORD all glorious, Life of life!
To thee we raise our grateful songs;
Lift up our souls from thoughts of self
To thee to whom all life belongs.

Below all depths thy mercy lies;
Above all heights thy love ascends;
Thy providence our path surrounds;
Thy watchful care each step attends.

From thee all good desires proceed,
All holy thoughts we gain from thee;
The good we do is thine alone,
Thine shall our hearts' thanksgivings be.

Reveal thyself to us, O Lord,
In love, in wisdom, more and more;
That we may find thee ever near,
And praise and serve thee and adore. AMEN.

English Conference Collection.

162. *"That ye may be the children of your Father which is in heaven."*

GOD of the universe! whose hand
Hath sown with suns the fields of space,
Round which, obeying thy command,
Unnumbered worlds fulfil their race:

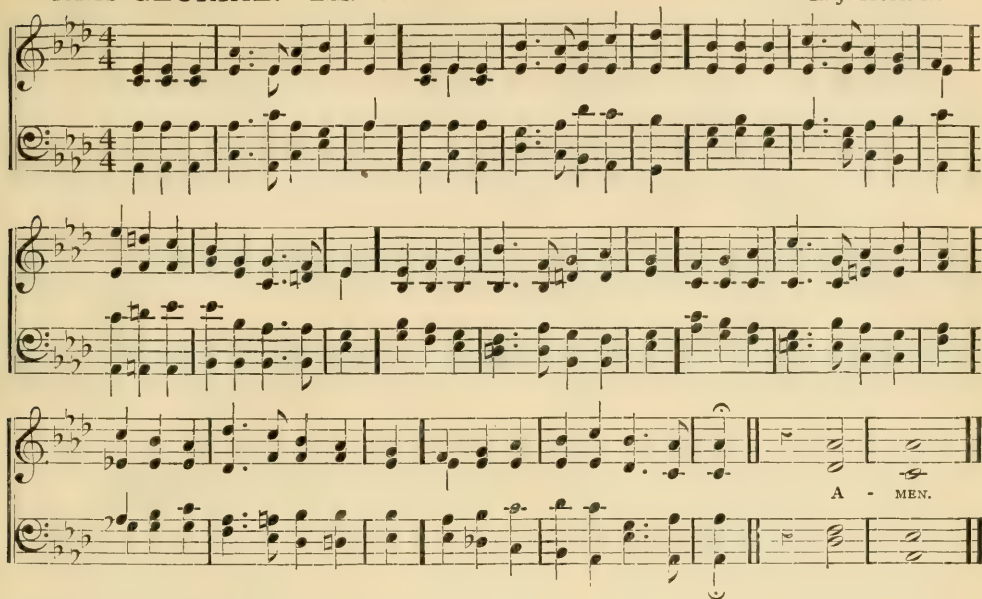
How vast the region where thy will
Existence, form, and order gives!
Pleased the wide cup with joy to fill
For all that grows, and feels, and lives.

Lord! while we thank thee, let us learn
Beneficence to all below:
Those praise thee best, whose bosoms burn
Thy gifts on others to bestow.

William Taylor.

REX GLORIAE. L.M. Double.

E. J. HOPKINS.

163. *The heavens declare the Glory of God.*

THE spacious firmament on high,
 With all the blue ethereal sky,
 And spangled heavens, a shining frame,
 Their great Original proclaim.
 The unwearied sun, from day to day,
 Does his Creator's power display,
 And publishes to every land
 The work of an almighty hand.

Soon as the evening shades prevail,
 The moon takes up the wondrous tale,
 And nightly to the listening earth
 Repeats the story of her birth ;
 While all the stars that round her burn,
 And all the planets, in their turn,
 Confirm the tidings, as they roll,
 And spread the truth from pole to pole.

What though in solemn silence all
 Move round this dark terrestrial ball !
 What though no real voice nor sound
 Amid their radiant orbs be found !—

In reason's ear they all rejoice,
 And utter forth a glorious voice ;
 Forever singing, as they shine,
 "The hand that made us is divine." AMEN.

Joseph Addison. 1712.

164.

God is Love.

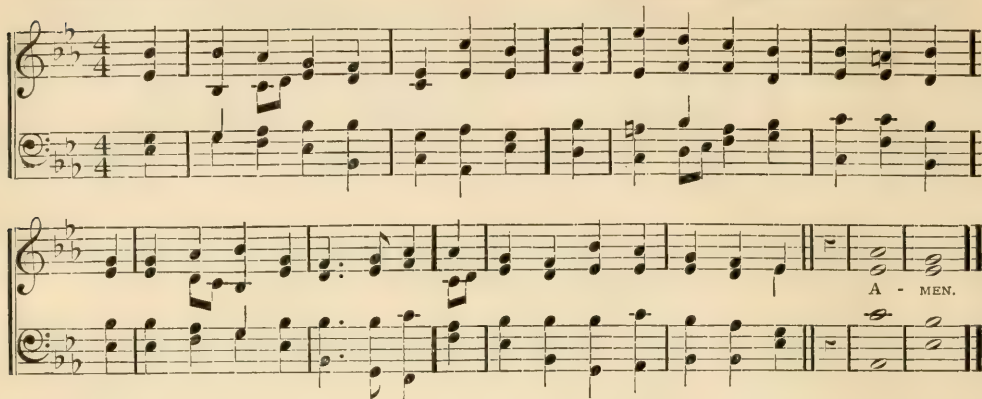
OH, lift your hearts ! Oh, tune your tongues !
 The Lord of glory claims your songs ;
 The Lord of lords, the King of kings,
 Who life to all and comfort brings ;
 The Strong, the Wonderful, the Wise,
 Who filled the seas, who spread the skies.
 Sing, saints below ; sing, hosts above ;
 Tell earth and heaven that God is love.

O God of providence and grace,
 The same in every time and place,
 Thy flock on earth are wanderers now,
 And who can guide or save, but thou ?
 Through thee refreshment round us flows,
 The desert blossoms as the rose ;
 And earth is heaven, while here we prove
 An omnipresent God of love.

Henry F. Lyte.

MELCOMBE. L.M.

SAMUEL WEBBE. Arranged by W. H. MONK.

165. *"Surely I will remember thy wonders of old."*

SING to the Lord, who loud proclaims
His various and his saving names ;
Oh, may they not be heard alone,
But by our sure experience known !

Through every age his gracious ear
Is open to his servants' prayer ;
Nor can one humble soul complain
That it hath sought its God in vain.

What unbelieving heart shall dare
In whispers to suggest a fear,
While still he owns his ancient name,
The same his power, his love the same ?

To thee our souls in faith arise ;
To thee we lift expecting eyes ;
And boldly through the desert tread,
For God will guard where God shall lead.

Philip Doddridge.

166. *"I will wait upon the Lord that hideth his face
from the house of Jacob."*

No human eyes thy face may see ;
No human thought thy form may know ;
But all creation dwells in thee,
And thy great life through all doth flow !

And yet, O strange and wondrous thought !
Thou art a God who hearest prayer,
And every heart with sorrow fraught
To seek thy present aid may dare, —

And though most weak our efforts seem
Into one creed these thoughts to bind,
And vain the intellectual dream
To see and know the Eternal Mind, —

Yet thou wilt turn them not aside,
Who cannot solve thy life divine,
But would give up all reason's pride
To know their hearts approved by thine !

And thine unceasing love gave birth
To our dear Lord, thy holy Son,
Who left a perfect proof on earth
That Duty, Love, and Truth are one.

So, though we faint on life's dark hill,
And Thought grow weak, and Knowledge flee,
Yet Faith shall teach us courage still,
And Love shall guide us on to thee !

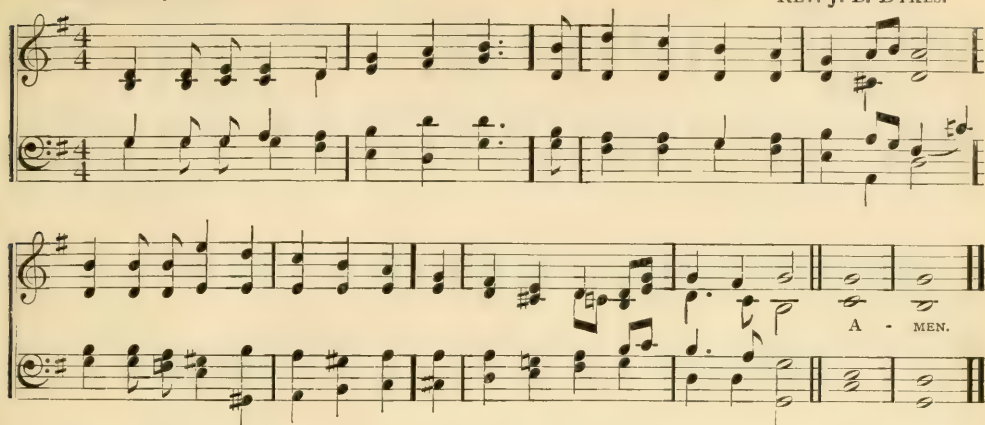
T. W. Higginson.

167. *Grace and Glory. Ps. xcvi.*

THE Almighty reigns, exalted high
O'er all the earth, o'er all the sky ;
Though clouds and darkness veil his feet,
His dwelling is the mercy-seat.

KEBLE. L.M.

REV. J. B. DYKES.



Immortal light, and joys unknown,
Are for the saints in darkness sown ;
Those glorious seeds shall spring and rise,
And the bright harvest bless our eyes.

Rejoice, ye righteous, and record
The sacred honors of the Lord ;
None but the soul that feels his grace
Can triumph in his holiness.

Isaac Watts.

I68. *Omniscience and Omnipresence of God.* Ps. cxxxix.

LORD, thou hast searched and seen me through :
Thine eye commands, with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh, with all their powers.

My thoughts, before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known ;
He knows the words I mean to speak,
Ere from my opening lips they break.

Within thy circling power I stand ;
On every side I find thy hand :
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

Amazing knowledge, vast and great !
What large extent ! what lofty height !
My soul, with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

Oh, may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest ;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there !

Isaac Watts.

I69.

The Lord of Life.

LORD of all being ! throned afar,
Thy glory flames from sun and star ;
Centre and soul of every sphere,
Yet to each loving heart how near !

Sun of our life ! thy quickening ray
Sheds on our path the glow of day :
Star of our hope ! thy softened light
Cheers the long watches of the night.

Our midnight is thy smile withdrawn ;
Our noontide is thy gracious dawn ;
Our rainbow arch thy mercy's sign :
All, save the clouds of sin, are thine.

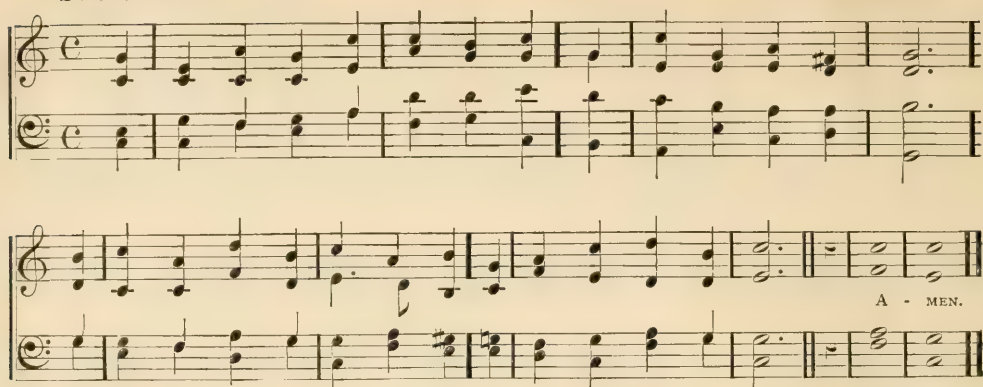
Lord of all life, below, above,
Whose light is truth, whose warmth is love ;
Before thy ever-blazing throne
We ask no lustre of our own.

Grant us thy truth to make us free,
And kindling hearts that burn for thee,
Till all thy living altars claim
One holy light, one heavenly flame.

Oliver Wendell Holmes. 1860.

ST. ANN'S. C.M.

WILLIAM CROFT.

170. *The Lord our Dwelling-place.* Ps. xc.

OUR God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come,
Our shelter from the stormy blast,
And our eternal home !

Before the hills in order stood,
Or earth received her frame,
From everlasting thou art God,
To endless years the same.

A thousand ages in thy sight
Are like an evening gone ;
Short as the watch that ends the night,
Before the rising sun.

Time, like an ever-rolling stream,
Bears all its sons away :
They fly, forgotten, as a dream
Dies at the opening day.

Like flowery fields the nations stand,
Pleased with the morning light ;
The flowers beneath the mower's hand
Lie withering ere 't is night.

Our God, our help in ages past,
Our hope for years to come !
Be thou our guard while troubles last,
And our eternal home ! AMEN.

Isaac Watts.

171. "God is Love."

THY ceaseless, unexhausted love,
Unmerited and free,
Delights our evil to remove,
And helps our misery.

Thy goodness and thy truth to me,
To every soul, abound ;
A vast, unfathomable sea,
Where all our thoughts are drowned.

Its streams the whole creation reach,
So plenteous is the store ;
Enough for all, enough for each,
Enough for evermore.

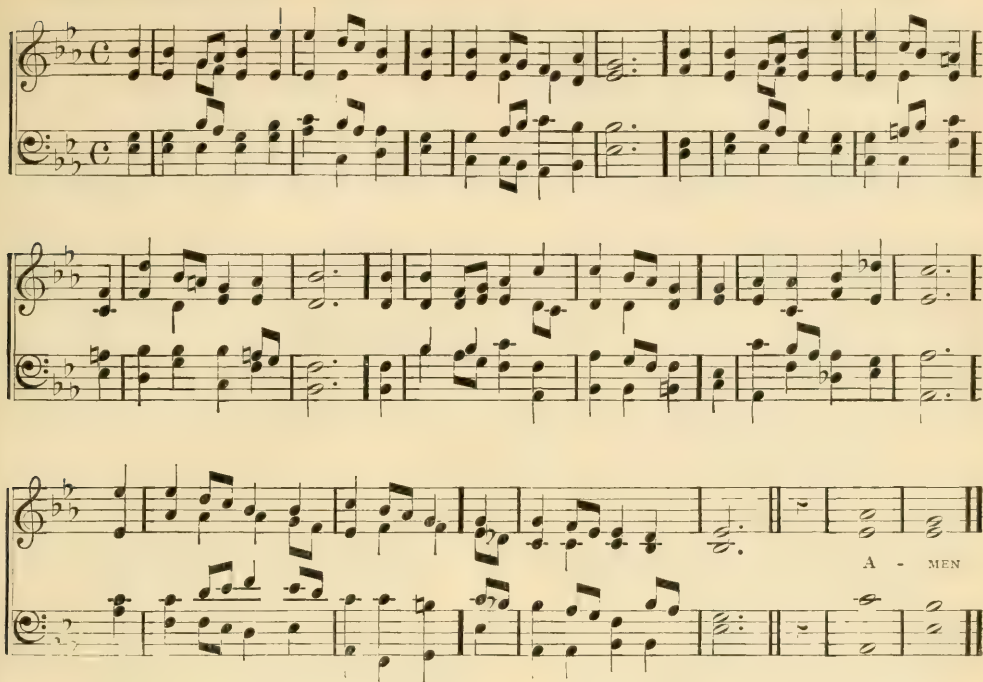
Faithful, O Lord, thy mercies are,
A rock that cannot move ;
A thousand promises declare
Thy constancy of love.

Throughout the universe it reigns,
Unalterably sure ;
And while the truth of God remains,
His goodness must endure.

Charles Wesley.

EPIPHANY. C.M. Double.

E. J. HOPKINS.

**I72.** *Through Unknown Paths.*

O THOU who art of all that is
 Beginning both and end,
 We follow thee through unknown paths,
 Since all to thee must tend :
 Thy judgments are a mighty deep
 Beyond all fathom-line ;
 Our wisdom is the childlike heart,
 Our strength, to trust in thine.

We bless thee for the skies above,
 And for the earth beneath,
 For hopes that blossom here below,
 And wither not with death ;
 But most we bless thee for thyself,
 O heavenly Light within,
 Whose dayspring in our hearts dispels
 The darkness of our sin.

Be thou in joy our deeper joy,
 Our comfort when distressed ;
 Be thou by day our strength for toil,
 And thou by night our rest.
 And when these earthly dwellings fail,
 And Time's last hour is come,
 Be thou, O God, our dwelling-place
 And our eternal home ! AMEN.

F L. Hosmer.

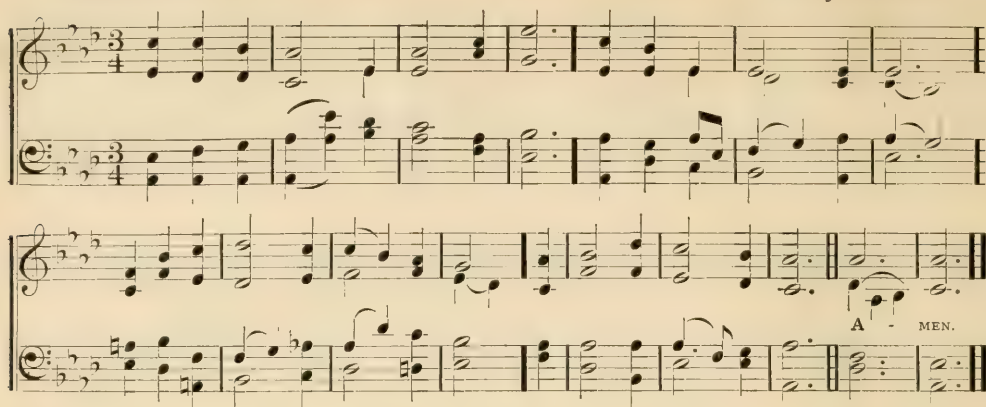
I73. *"The Lord is my light and my salvation."*

My God, the spring of all my joys,
 The life of my delights,
 The glory of my brightest days,
 And comforts of my nights :
 In darkest shades, if he appear,
 My dawning is begun :
 He is my soul's sweet morning star,
 And he my rising sun.

Isaac Watts

GERONTIUS. C.M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



I74.

"There is no fear in love; but perfect love casteth out fear. He that feareth is not made perfect in love."

OUR Father! while our hearts unlearn

The creeds that wrong thy name,
Still let our hallowed altars burn

With Faith's undying flame!

Not by the lightning-gleams of wrath

Our souls thy face shall see, —
The star of Love must light the path
That leads to Heaven and thee.

Help us to read our Master's will
Through every darkening stain
That clouds his sacred image still,
And see him once again,

The brother man, the pitying friend,
Who weeps for human woes,
Whose pleading words of pardon blend
With cries of raging foes.

If, 'mid the gathering storms of doubt
Our hearts grow faint and cold,
The strength we cannot live without
Thy love will not withhold.

Our prayers accept; our sins forgive;
Our youthful zeal renew;
Shape for us holier lives to live
And nobler work to do! AMEN.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

I75.

"God is light, and in him is no darkness at all."

O GOD! thy power is wonderful,
Thy glory passing bright;
Thy wisdom, with its deep on deep,
A rapture to the sight.

There's not a craving in the mind
Thou dost not meet and still;
There's not a wish the heart can have
Which thou dost not fulfil.

All things that have been, all that are,
All things that can be dreamed,
All possible creations, made,
Kept faithful, or redeemed, —

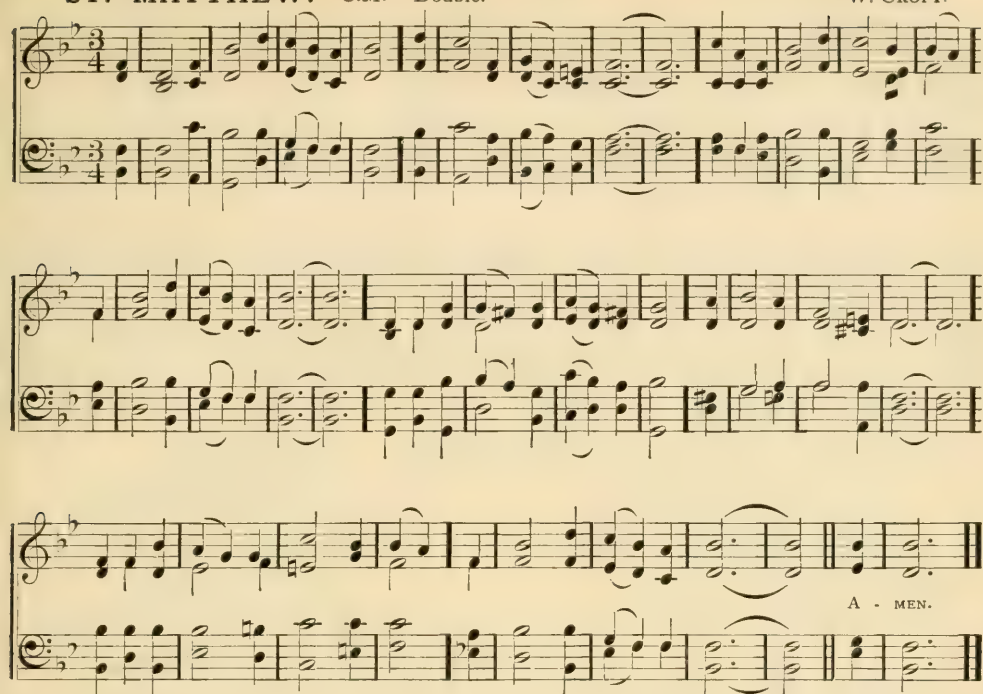
All these may draw upon thy power,
Thy mercy may command;
And still outflows thy silent sea,
Immutable and grand.

O little heart of mine! shall pain
Or sorrow make thee moan,
When all this God is all for thee,
A Father all thine own?

Frederick W. Faber.

ST. MATTHEW. C.M. Double.

W. CROFT.



A - MEN.

176. *"Know ye not that ye are the temple of God?"*

O FATHER of eternal Light,
 Send out thy loveliest ray,
 And scatter our transgressions' night,
 And turn it into day !
 Make us those temples, pure and fair,
 Thy glory loveth well,
 The spotless tabernacles where
 Thou mayst vouchsafe to dwell !

The glorious hosts of peerless might
 That ever see thy face,
 Thou mak'st the mirrors of thy light,
 The vessels of thy grace :

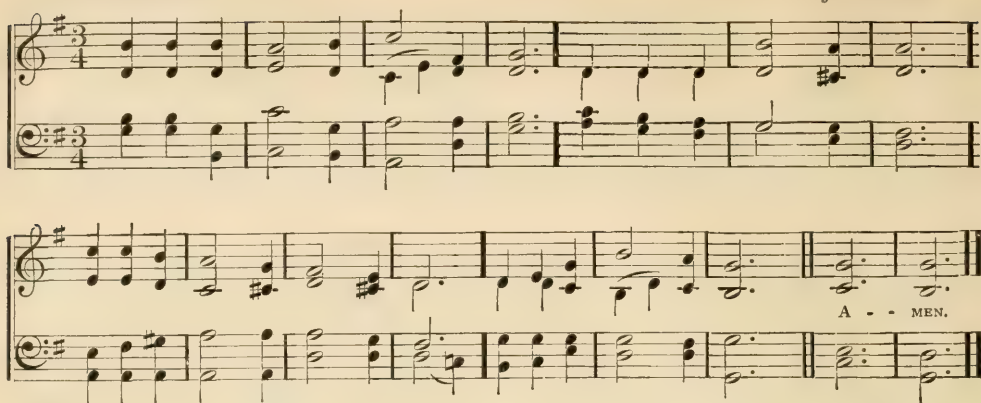
Thou, when their wondrous strain they weave,
 Hast pleasure in the lay :
 Deign now our praises to receive,
 Although from lips of clay.

And yet thyself they cannot know,
 Nor pierce the veil of light
 That hides thee from the thrones below,
 As in profoundest night :
 How then can mortal accents frame
 Due tribute to their King ?
 Thou, only, while we praise thy name,
 Forgive us as we sing !

Metrophanes of Smyrna A.D. 910.
 Tr. by J. M. Neale. †

ST. AGNES. C.M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



177. "Thus saith the high and lofty One that inhabiteth eternity, whose name is Holy: I dwell in the high and holy place, with him also that is of a contrite and humble spirit."

My God, how wonderful thou art,
Thy majesty how bright,
How beautiful thy mercy-seat
In depths of burning light!

How dread are thine eternal years,
O everlasting Lord!
By prostrate spirits day and night
Incessantly adored!

How beautiful, how beautiful,
The sight of thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless power,
And awful purity!

Oh, how I fear thee, living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears!

Yet I may love thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as thou art;
For thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.

Frederick W. Faber.

178. *Holiness to the Lord.*

HOLY and reverend is the name
Of our eternal King;
Thrice holy, Lord, the angels cry;
Thrice holy, let us sing.

The deepest reverence of the mind
Pay, O my soul, to God;
Lift with thy hands a holy heart
To his sublime abode.

With sacred awe pronounce his name,
Whom words nor thoughts can reach;
A broken heart shall please him more
Than the best forms of speech.

Thou holy God! preserve my soul
From all pollution free;
The pure in heart are thy delight,
And they thy face shall see.

John Needham.

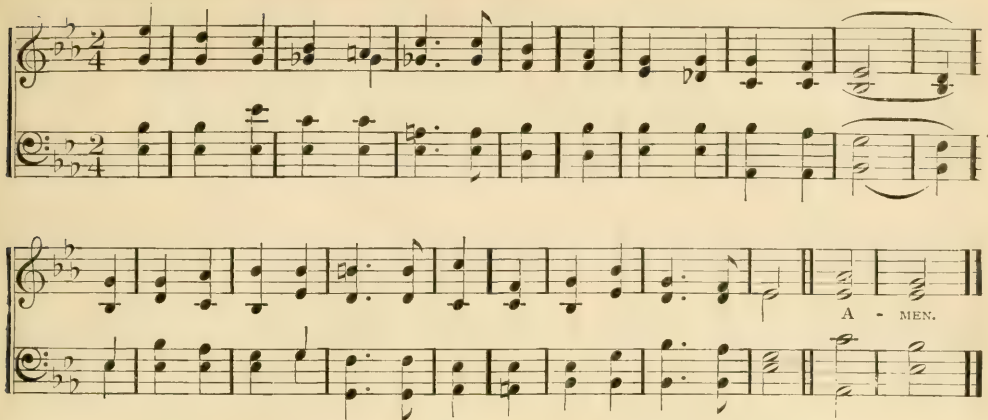
179. *The Majesty of God. Ps. xviii.*

THE Lord descended from above,
And bowed the heavens high;
And underneath his feet he cast
The darkness of the sky.

On cherub and on cherubim
Full royally he rode;
And on the wings of all the winds
Came flying all abroad.

CONISTON. (HOLY TRINITY.) C.M.

Sir JOSEPH BARNEY.



He sat serene upon the floods,
 Their fury to restrain ;
 And he as sovereign Lord and King
 For evermore shall reign.

The Lord will give his people strength,
 Whereby they shall increase ;
 And he will bless his chosen flock
 With everlasting peace.

Thomas Sternhold.

180.

Trust in God.

O THOU, in all thy might so far,
 In all thy love so near,
 Beyond the range of sun and star,
 And yet beside me here :

What heart can comprehend thy name,
 Or, searching, find thee out,
 Who art within, a quickening Flame,
 A Presence round about?

Yet though I know thee but in part,
 I ask not, Lord, for more :
 Enough for me to know thou art,
 To love thee and adore !

Oh, sweeter than all else besides,
 The tender mystery
 That like a veil of shadow hides
 The Light I may not see !

And dearer than all things I know
 The childlike faith shall be,
 That makes the darkest way I go
 An open path to thee.

Frederick L. Hosmer. 1876.

181.

The Book of Nature.

THERE is a book, who runs may read,
 Which heavenly truth imparts,
 And all the lore its scholars need,
 Pure eyes and Christian hearts.

The works of God, above, below,
 Within us and around,
 Are pages in that book, to show
 How God himself is found.

The glorious sky, embracing all,
 Is like the Maker's love,
 Wherewith encompassed, great and small
 In peace and order move.

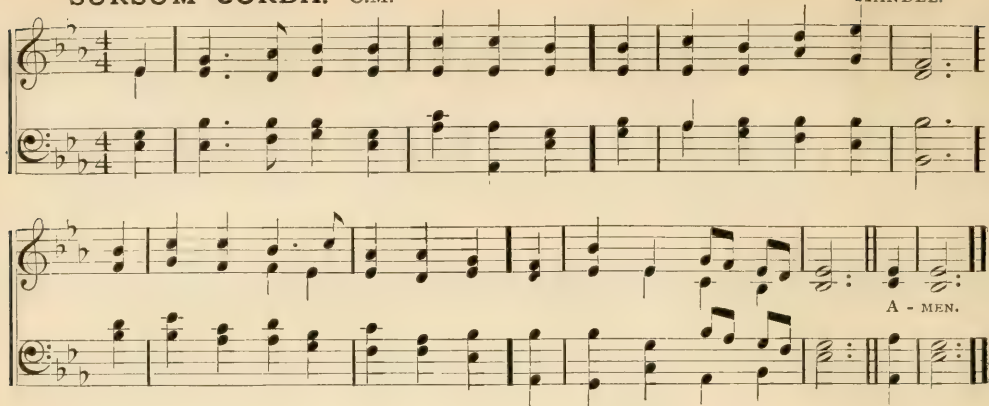
Two worlds are ours : 't is only sin
 Forbids us to descry
 The mystic heaven and earth within,
 Plain as the sea and sky.

Thou who hast given us eyes to see
 And love this sight so fair,
 Give us a heart to find out thee,
 And read thee everywhere. AMEN.

John Keble.

SURSUM CORDA. C.M.

HÄNDEL.

182. "O Lord, how manifold are thy works; in wisdom
hast thou made them all."

I SING the almighty power of God,
That made the mountains rise;
That spread the flowing seas abroad,
And built the lofty skies.

I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
The moon shines full at his command,
And all the stars obey.

I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food;
He formed the creatures with his word,
And then pronounced them good.

Lord, how thy wonders are displayed,
Where'er I turn my eye, —
If I survey the ground I tread,
Or gaze upon the sky.

There 's not a plant or flower below
But makes thy glories known;
And clouds arise and tempests blow
By order from thy throne.

His hand is my perpetual guard,
He keeps me with his eye:
How should I then forget the Lord,
Who is for ever nigh?

Isaac Watts.

183. "Thou crownest the year with thy goodness."

WITH songs and honors sounding loud,
Address the Lord on high;
Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,
And waters veil the sky.

He sends his showers of blessing down
To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass the mountains crown,
And corn in valleys grow.

His steady councils change the face
Of the declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
And wintry days appear.

His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
Descend and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams refuse to flow,
In icy fetters bound.

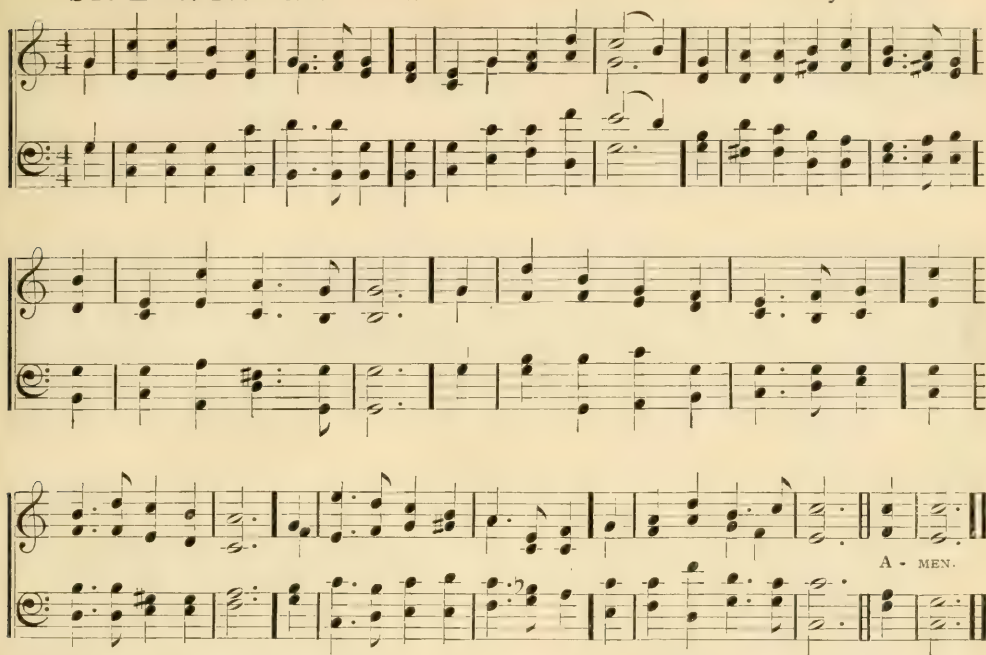
He sends his word, he melts the snow, —
The fields no longer mourn;
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
And bids the spring return.

The changing wind, the flying cloud,
Obéy his mighty word;
With songs and honors sounding loud,
Praise ye the sovereign Lord. AMEN.

Isaac Watts.

ST. ELWYN. C.M. Double.

E. J. HOPKINS.

184. *The Lord is in his Holy Place.*

THE Lord is in his Holy Place
 In all things near and far !
 Shekinah of the snow-flake, he,
 And Glory of the star,
 And Secret of the April land
 That stirs the field to flowers,
 Whose little tabernacles rise
 To hold him through the hours.

He hides himself within the love
 Of those whom we love best ;
 The smiles and tones that make our homes
 Are shrines by him possessed ;
 He tents within the lonely heart
 And shepherds every thought ;
 We find him not by seeking far, —
 We lose him not, unsought. AMEN.

William C. Gannett.

185. *"A shadow in the day-time from the heat, and
a place of refuge."*

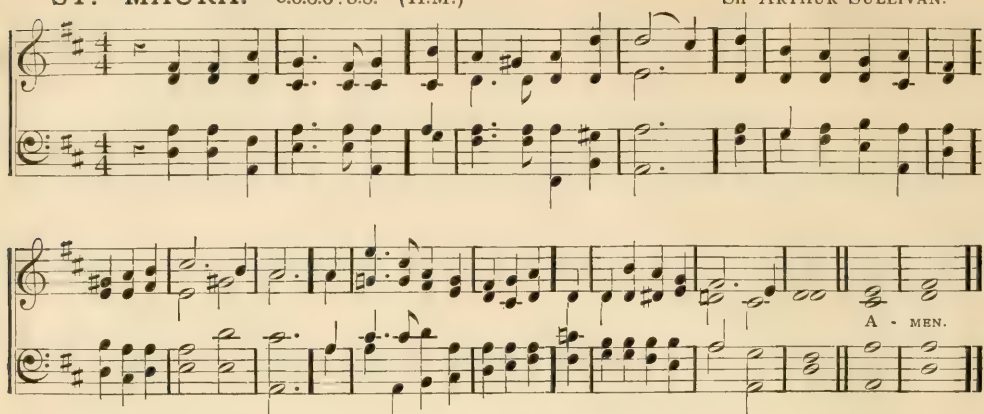
O GOD, unseen but ever near,
 Our blessed rest art thou ;
 And we, in love that hath no fear,
 Take refuge with thee now.
 All soiled with dust our pilgrim feet,
 And weary with the way ;
 We seek thy shelter from the heat
 And burden of the day.

Oh, welcome in the wilderness
 The shadow of thy love ;
 The stream that springs our thirst to bless,
 The manna from above !
 Awhile beside the fount we stay
 And eat this bread of thine,
 Then go rejoicing on our way,
 Renewed with strength divine.

Edward Osler
Samuel Longfellow.

ST. MAURA. 6.6.6.6:8.8. (H.M.)

Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



186. "The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace."

COME, Holy Spirit, come,
 And deign to dwell with me ;
 Come, make my heart thy home,
 And bid all darkness flee.
 Come, sacred Guest, oh, quickly come,
 And make my heart thy lasting home.

Exert thy mighty power,
 And banish all my sin ;
 In this auspicious hour,
 Bring all thy graces in.
 Come, strong Deliverer, quickly come,
 And make my heart thy lasting home.

Rule thou in every thought
 And passion of my soul,
 Till all my powers are brought
 Beneath thy full control.
 Come, peaceful Conqueror, quickly come,
 And make my heart thy lasting home.

Then shall my days be thine,
 And all my heart be love ;
 And joy and peace be mine,
 Such as are known above ;
 Come, Holy Spirit, quickly come,
 And make my heart thy lasting home. AMEN.

Andrew Reed. 1842.

187.

Whitsunday.

COME deck our feast to-day,
 With flowers and wreaths of May :
 The Spirit of all grace
 Makes earth his dwelling-place.
 Come with white souls your Lord to meet,
 And bring an offering pure and sweet.

And oh, thou trackless wind,
 Breathe quickening o'er our mind ;
 O sunshine of pure Love,
 Thy glow within us move ;
 Thy life our waiting souls inspire :
 Touch heart and tongue with living fire !

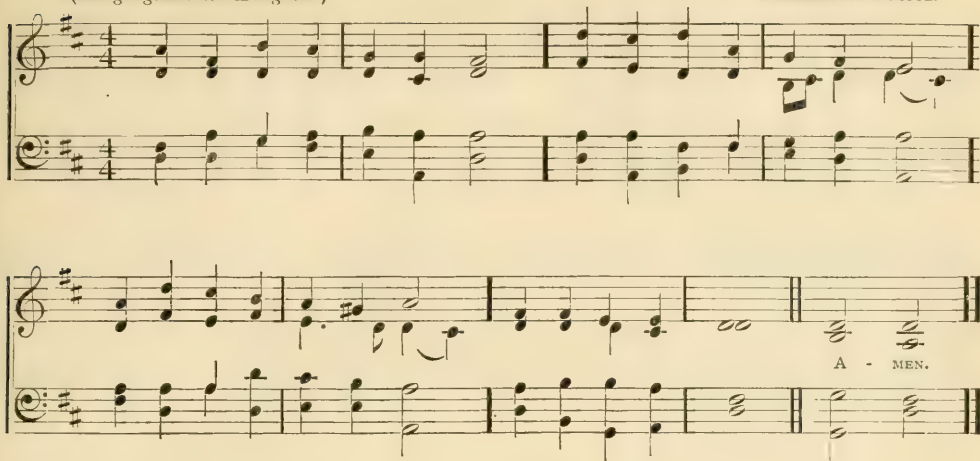
O Spirit, stir our will
 Its high aims to fulfil :
 Deep in our spirits dwell,
 And in their inmost cell
 Make thou thy temple and thy home !
 Be with us when we go or come ! AMEN.

B. Schmolke.

CAPETOWN. 7:7:7:5.

(Morgenglanz der Ewigkeit.)

FRIEDRICH FILITZ.



188.

The Spirit of Love.

THOUGH I as a martyr bleed,
Give my goods the poor to feed,
All is vain if love I need ;
Therefore, give me Love !

Love is kind, and suffers long,
Love is meek, and thinks no wrong,
Love, than death itself more strong ;
Therefore, give us Love.

Prophecy will fade away,
Melting in the light of day ;
Love will ever with us stay ;
Therefore, give us Love.

Faith will vanish into sight ;
Hope be emptied in delight ;
Love in heaven will shine more bright ;
Therefore, give us Love.

Faith and Hope and Love we see
Joining hand in hand agree ;
But the greatest of the three,
And the best, is Love.

Christopher Wordsworth.

189.

The Comforter.

HOLY Spirit, Infinite,
Come to our poor nature's night,
With thy blessed inward light,
Comforter Divine !

We are sinful : cleanse us, Lord ;
Sick and faint : thy strength afford ;
Lost, — until by thee restored,
Comforter Divine !

Orphans are our souls, and poor ;
Give us from thy heavenly store
Faith, love, joy, for evermore,
Comforter Divine !

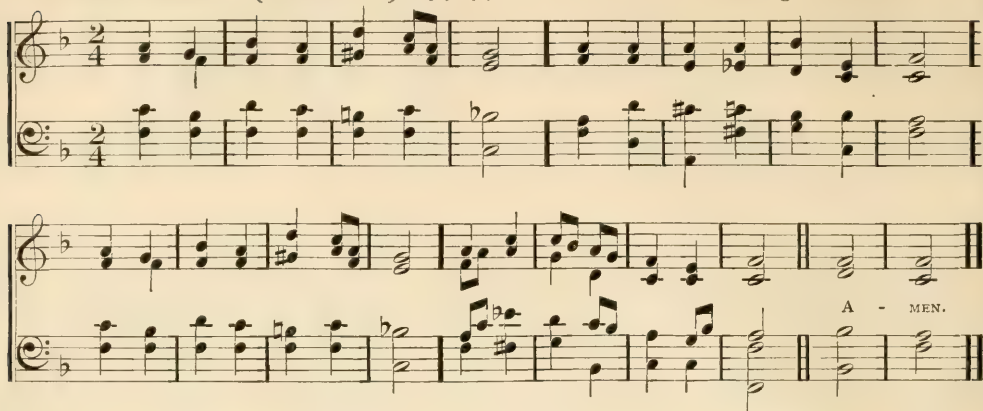
Like the dew, thy peace distil ;
Guide, subdue our wayward will,
Things of Christ unfolding still,
Comforter Divine !

Gentle, holy, awful Guest,
Make thy temple in each breast,
Shrine of purity confessed,
Comforter Divine ! AMEN.

George Rawson. 1853.

CHATHAM. (SEYMOUR.) 7:7 : 7-7.

Arranged from WEBER.



190. "The Spirit helpeth our infirmities."

HOLY SPIRIT, Light divine,
Shine upon this heart of mine ;
Chase the shades of night away ;
Turn the darkness into day.

Holy Spirit, Power divine,
Cleanse this guilty heart of mine :
Long has sin, without control,
Held dominion o'er my soul.

Holy Spirit, Love divine,
Glow within this heart of mine ;
Kindle every high desire ;
Cleanse my soul in thy pure fire.

Holy Spirit, Peace divine,
Still this restless heart of mine ;
Speak to calm the tossing sea,
Stayed in thy tranquillity.

Holy Spirit, Joy divine,
Cheer this saddened heart of mine ;
Bid my troubled thoughts be still ;
With thy peace my spirit fill.

Holy Spirit, all divine,
Dwell within this heart of mine ;
Cast down every idol throne ;
Reign supreme, and reign alone. AMEN.

Andrew Reed.
Samuel Longfellow.

191. "Inspire our hearts."

COME, divine and peaceful Guest,
Enter our devoted breast :
Holy Ghost, our hearts inspire,
Kindle there the gospel fire.
Crown the agonizing strife,
Principle and Lord of life :
Life divine in us renew,
Thou the Gift and Giver too !
Pain and sin and sorrow cease,
Thee we taste, and all is peace ;
Joy divine in thee we prove,
Light of truth, and fire of love.

Charles Wesley. 1739.

192. *For the Holy Spirit.*

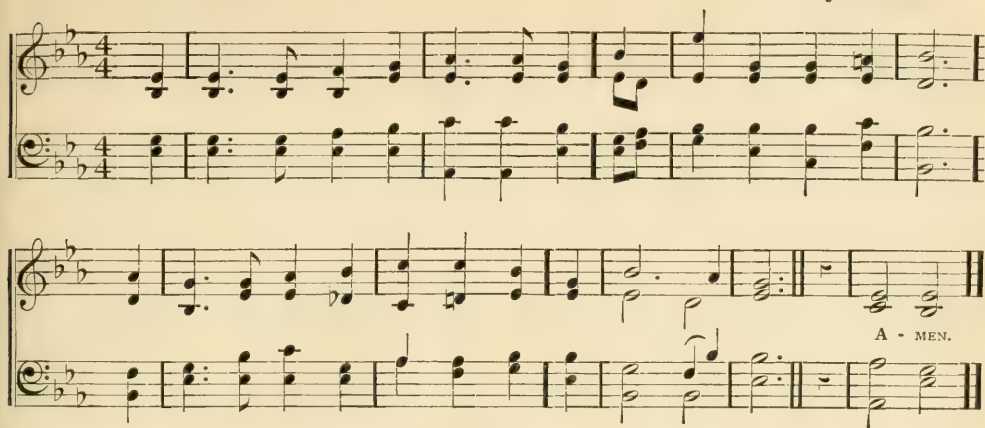
GRACIOUS Spirit, Love divine.
Let thy light within me shine ;
All my guilty fears remove,
Fill me full of heaven and love.
Life and peace to me impart ;
Seal salvation on my heart :
Breathe thyself into my breast,
Earnest of immortal rest.

Let me never from thee stray,
Keep me in the narrow way ;
Fill my soul with joy divine ;
Keep me, Lord, forever thine. AMEN.

John Stocker. 1776.

ST. CUTHBERT. 8.6:8.4.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

**193.** *The Holy Spirit, the Comforter.*

OUR blest Redeemer, ere he breathed
His tender, last farewell,
A Guide, a Comforter, bequeathed,
With us to dwell.

He came in tongues of living flame,
To teach, convince, subdue ;
All-powerful as the wind he came,
As viewless, too,

He came sweet influence to impart,
A gracious, willing Guest,
While he can find one humble heart
Wherein to rest.

And his that gentle voice we hear,
Soft as the breeze of even,
That checks each fault, that calms each fear,
And speaks of heaven.

And every virtue we possess,
And every victory won,
And every thought of holiness,
Are his alone.

Spirit of purity and grace,
Our weakness pitying see ;
Oh, make our hearts thy dwelling-place,
And worthier thee ! AMEN.

Harriet Auber.

194. *"He restoreth my soul."*

THE God of love my Shepherd is,
My gracious, constant guide ;
I shall not want, for I am his ;
In all supplied.

In his green pastures do I feed,
And there lie down at will ;
He leads me in my thirsty need
By waters still.

His tenderness restores my soul
When sick and faint I roam,
Shows the right path, and makes me whole
Bearing me home.

Yea ! the dark valley when I tread,
No evil will I fear ;
Thy rod and staff dispel my dread ;
I feel thee near.

Goodness and mercy all my days
My constant song shall be,
Till heavenly anthems fill with praise
Eternity.

George Rawson.

NICOLAI. 8.8.7:8.8.7:8.8.8.

(Wie schön leuchtet der Morgenstern.)

PHILIPP NICOLAI.

195. "Ye are the temple of the living God."

O HOLY SPIRIT, enter in,
 Among these hearts thy work begin,
 Thy temple deign to make us ;
 Sun of the soul, thou Light divine,
 Around and in us brightly shine,
 To strength and gladness wake us.
 Where thou shinest, life from heaven
 There is given ; we before thee
 For that precious gift implore thee.

O gentle Dew, from heaven now fall
 With power upon the hearts of all,
 Thy tenderness instilling ;
 That heart to heart more closely bound,

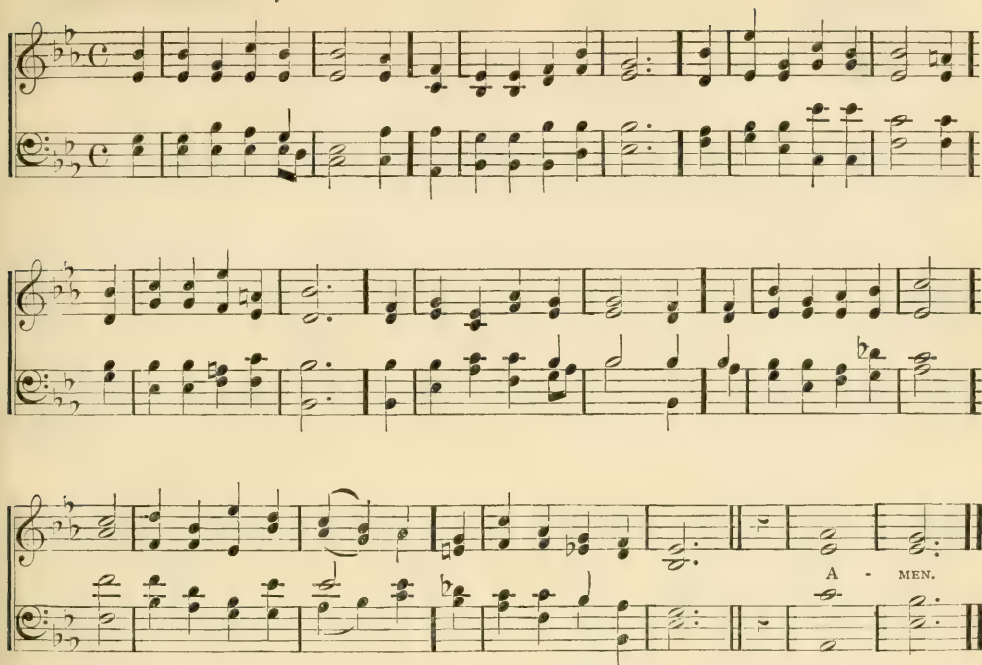
Fruitful in kindly deeds be found,
 The law of love fulfilling ;
 No wrath, no strife here shall grieve thee,
 We receive thee ; where thou livest
 Peace and love and joy thou givest.

Grant that our days, while life shall last,
 In purest holiness be past ;
 Our minds so rule and strengthen
 That they may rise o'er things of earth,
 The hopes and joys that here have birth ;
 And, if our course thou lengthen,
 Keep thou pure, Lord, from offences
 Heart and senses ; blessed Spirit,
 Bid us thus true life inherit. AMEN.

Michael Schirmer.

BLACKBURN. 7.6. Double.

HENRY SMART.

196. *"Speak, Lord, for thy servant heareth."*

"SPEAK, for thy servant heareth ;"

Thus give us grace, O Lord,

To listen and to answer

Whene'er thy voice is heard :

Whether we wait expectant

Its sound to guide us home ;

Or, all unsought, unwelcome,

Its sudden warning come.

Above the whirl of traffic,

Above the stir of life,

Amidst the songs of pleasure,

'And o'er the din of strife,

May never cease within us

Thy whispers soft and clear,

Nor ready hearts, replying,

"Speak, Lord, thy servants hear." AMEN.

Henry Alford.

197. *"The word is very nigh unto thee."*

OH ! let me feel thee near me —

The world is ever near ;

I see the sights that dazzle,

The tempting sounds I hear ;

My foes are ever near me,

Around me and within ;

But, Father, draw thou nearer,

And shield my soul from sin.

Oh ! let me hear thee speaking

In accents clear and still,

Above the storms of passion,

The murmurs of self-will.

Oh ! speak to reassure me,

To hasten or control :

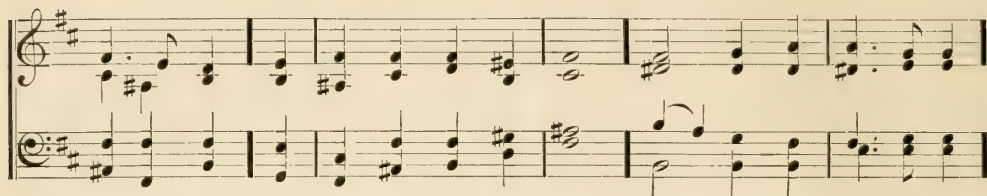
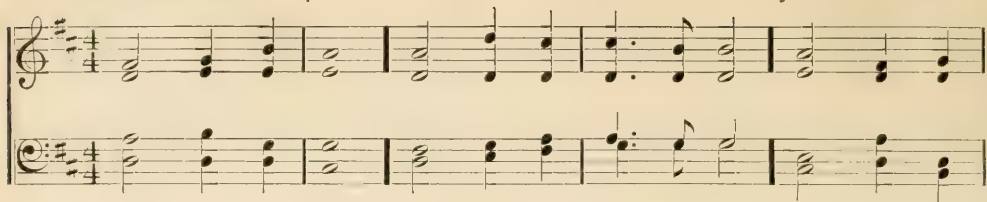
Oh ! speak and make me listen,

Thou Guardian of my soul ! AMEN.

John Ernest Bode.

STORNOWAY. 4.6:6.6.6.6:2.

Sir JOSEPH BARNBY.



198.

*"Blessed be God, the Father of mercies, and the God
of all comfort."*

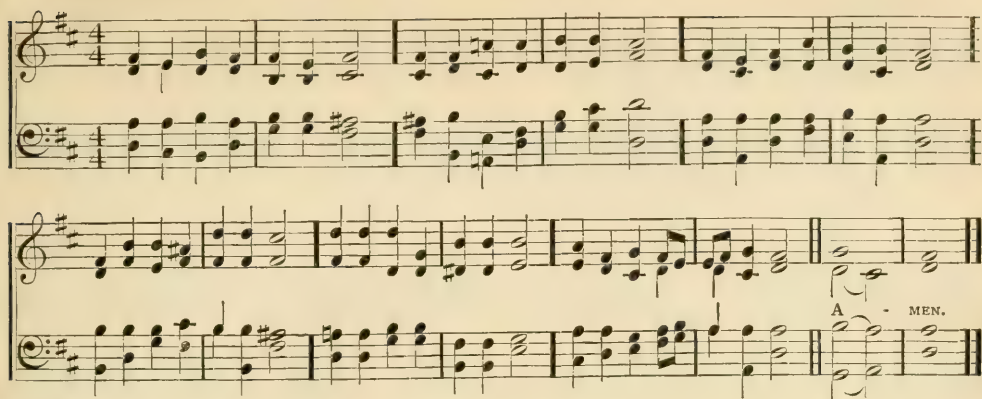
Come thou, oh, come!
Sweetest and kindest,
Giver of tranquil rest
Unto the weary soul:
In all anxiety,
With power from heaven on high,
Console!

Come thou, oh, come!
Help in the hour of need,
Strength of the broken reed,
Guide of each lonely one;
Orphans and widows' stay,
Who tread in life's hard way
Alone.

Come thou, oh, come!
Joy in life's narrow path,
Hope in the hour of death,
Come, blessed Spirit, come!
Lead thou us tenderly
Till we shall find with thee
Our home. AMEN.

CUTHBERT. 7. Six lines.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



199.

Prayer for Grace.

GRACIOUS Spirit, dwell with me ;
 I myself would gracious be,
 And, with words that help and heal,
 Would thy life in mine reveal ;
 And with actions bold and meek
 Would for Christ my Saviour speak.

Truthful Spirit, dwell with me ;
 I myself would truthful be,
 And with wisdom kind and clear
 Let thy life in mine appear ;
 And with actions brotherly
 Speak my Lord's sincerity.

Silent Spirit, dwell with me ;
 I myself would quiet be, —
 Quiet as the growing blade

Which through earth its way has made ;
 Silently, like morning light,
 Putting mists and chills to flight.

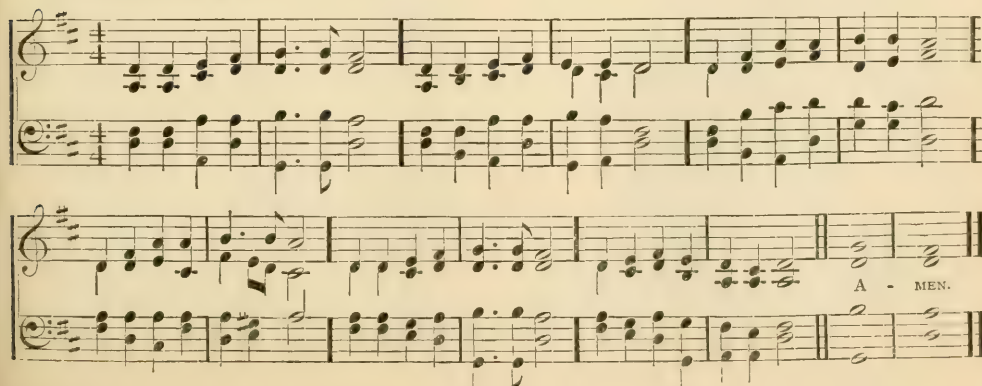
Mighty Spirit, dwell with me ;
 I myself would mighty be, —
 Mighty so as to prevail
 Where unaided man must fail ;
 Ever by a mighty hope
 Pressing on and bearing up.

Holy Spirit, dwell with me ;
 I myself would holy be ;
 Separate from sin, I would
 Choose and cherish all things good ;
 And whatever I can be
 Give to him who gave me thee.

Thomas Toke Lynch. 1855.

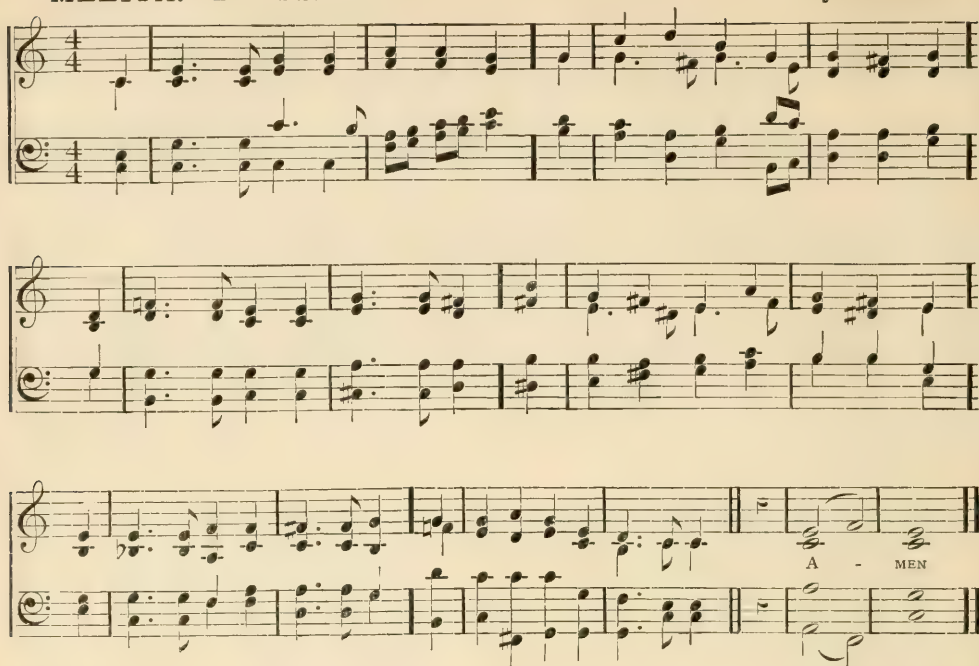
GETHSEMANE. 7. Six lines.

RICHARD REDHEAD.



MELITA. L.M. Six lines.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



200.

Seeking after God.

THOU hidden love of God, whose height,
Whose depth unfathomed no man knows,
I see from far thy beauteous light,
Inly I sigh for thy repose.
My heart is pained ; nor can it be
At rest, till it find rest in thee.

Thy secret voice invites me still
The sweetness of thy yoke to prove :
And fain I would ; but though my will
Seem fixed, yet wide my passions rove ;
Yet hindrances strew all the way ;
I aim at thee, yet from thee stray.

'Tis mercy all, that thou hast brought
My mind to seek her peace in thee :
Yet, while I seek, but find thee not,

No peace my wandering soul shall see.
Oh, when shall my wanderings end,
And all my steps to thee-ward tend ?

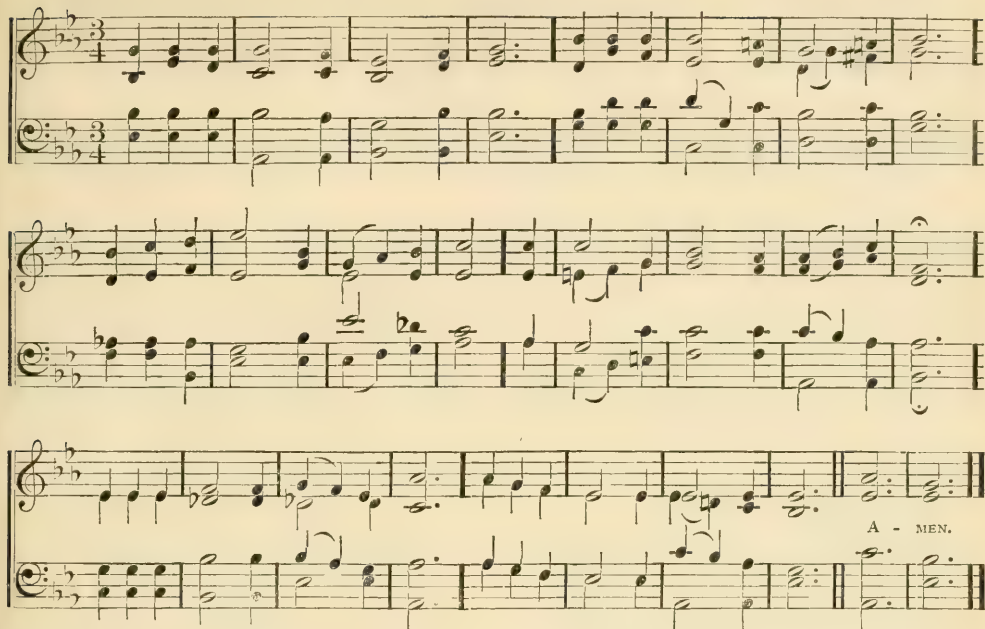
O Love, thy sovereign aid impart
To save me from low-thoughted care ;
Chase this self-will through all my heart,
Through all its latent mazes there ;
Make me thy duteous child, that I
Ceaseless may "Abba, Father," cry !

Each moment draw from earth away
My heart, that lowly waits thy call ;
Speak to my inmost soul, and say,
"I am thy Love, thy God, thy All !"
To feel thy power, to hear thy voice,
To taste thy love, be all my choice.

Gerhard Tersteegen. Tr. John Wesley.

TRISTITIA. L.M. Six lines.

Sir JOSEPH BARNEY.

**201.** *"The Spirit of God moved on the face of the waters."*

CREATOR Spirit, by whose aid
The world's foundations first were laid,
Come, visit every pious mind;
Come, pour thy joys on human kind;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make thy temples worthy thee.

Thrice holy fount, thrice holy fire,
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire;
Come, and thy sacred unction bring,
To sanctify us while we sing.
Plenteous of grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy sevenfold energy!

Refine and purge our earthly parts,
But oh, inflame and fire our hearts;
Our frailties help, our vice control,
Submit the senses to the soul;
And when rebellious they are grown,
Then lay thy hand, and hold them down.

Chase from our path each noxious foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow;
Make us eternal truths receive,
And practise all that we believe;
And, lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in the way. AMEN.

Gregory the Great, A. D. 590. Tr. John Dryden.

202. *"The spirit of power, and of love, and of a sound mind."*

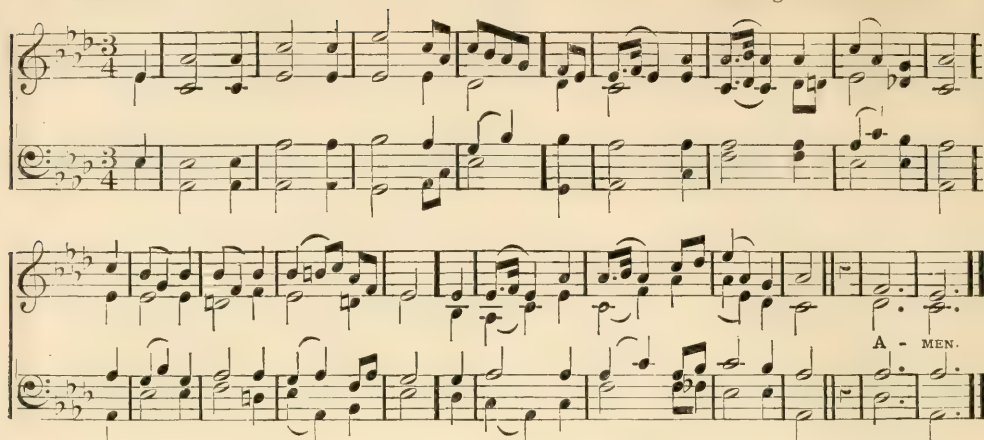
I WANT the spirit of power within,
Of love, and of a healthful mind,
Of power to conquer inbred sin,
Of love to Thee and all mankind;
Of health that pain and death defies,
Most vigorous when the body dies.

Oh, that the Comforter would come,
Nor visit as a transient guest,
But fix in me his constant home,
And keep possession of my breast;
And make my soul his loved abode,
The temple of indwelling God!

Charles Wesley

MOZART. L.M.

Arranged from MOZART.



203.

Power and Peace.

SPiRiT of God, that moved of old
Upon the water's darkened face,
Come, when our faithless hearts are cold,
And stir them with an inward grace.

Thou that art Power and Peace combined,
All highest Strength, all purest Love,
The rushing of the mighty wind,
The brooding of the gentle dove ;

Come, give us still thy powerful aid,
And urge us on, and make us thine ;
Nor leave the hearts that once were made
Fit temples for thy grace divine.

Nor let us quench thy seven-fold light ;
But still with softest breathings stir
Our wayward souls ; and lead us right,
O Holy Ghost, the Comforter ! AMEN.

Cecil Frances Alexander.

204.

"Creator Spirit, by whose aid."

O SOURCE of uncreated light,
By whom the worlds were raised from night ;
Come, visit every pious mind ;
Come, pour thy joys on human kind.

Plenteous in grace, descend from high,
Rich in thy matchless energy ;
From sin and sorrow set us free,
And make us temples worthy thee.

Cleanse and refine our earthly parts,
Inflame and sanctify our hearts,
Our frailties help, our vice control,
Submit the senses to the soul.

Thrice holy Fount, thrice holy Fire !
Our hearts with heavenly love inspire ;
Make us eternal truths receive ;
Aid us to live as we believe.

Chase from our path each noxious foe,
And peace, the fruit of love, bestow ;
And, lest our feet should step astray,
Protect and guide us in our way. AMEN.

Gregory the Great. Tr. by John Dryden.†

205.

"Come, Creator Spirit."

OH come, Creator Spirit blest !
Within these souls of thine to rest ;
Come, with thy grace and heavenly aid,
To fill the hearts which thou hast made.

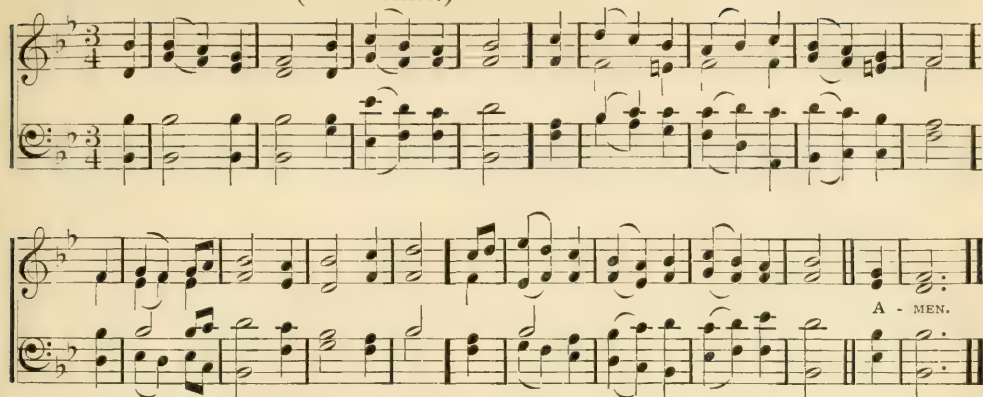
Come, Holy Spirit ! now descend ;
Most blessed gift which God can send ;
Thou Fire of Love, and Fount of Life !
Consume our sins, and calm our strife.

With patience firm and purpose high
The weakness of our flesh supply ;
Kindle our senses from above,
And make our hearts o'erflow with love. AMEN.

Gregory the Great. Tr. Edward Caswall.

ALL SAINTS. (WAREHAM.) L.M.

W. KNAPP.

206. *The Spirit of the Living God.*

O SPIRIT of the living God !
 In all thy plenitude of grace,
 Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
 Descend on our benighted race !

Give tongues of fire and hearts of love,
 To preach the reconciling word ;
 Give power and unction from above,
 Where'er the joyful sound is heard.

Be darkness, at thy coming, light ;
 Confusion, order, in thy path ;
 Souls without strength inspire with might ;
 Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

O Spirit of the Lord, prepare
 All the round earth her God to meet ;
 Breathe thou abroad like morning air,
 Till hearts of stone begin to beat. AMEN.

James Montgomery.

207. *"Is not my word like as a fire ? saith the Lord."*

OH, for that flame of living fire
 Which shone so bright in saints of old ;
 Which bade their souls to heaven aspire,
 Calm in distress, in danger bold.

Remember, Lord, the ancient days ;
 Renew thy work, thy grace restore ;
 And while to thee our hearts we raise,
 On us thy Holy Spirit pour. AMEN.
 William H. Bathurst.

208. *"Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."*

SPIRIT of grace and health and power,
 Fountain of life and light below,
 Abroad thy healing influence shower,
 O'er all the nations let it flow.

Inspire our hearts with perfect love,
 In us the work of faith fulfil ;
 So not heaven's hosts shall swifter move,
 Than we on earth, to do thy will.

Father, 't is thine each day to yield
 Thy children's wants a fresh supply ;
 Thou cloth'st the lilies of the field,
 And hearest the young ravens cry.

On thee we cast our care ; we live
 Through thee, who know'st our every need ;
 Oh, feed us with thy grace, and give
 Our souls this day the living bread.

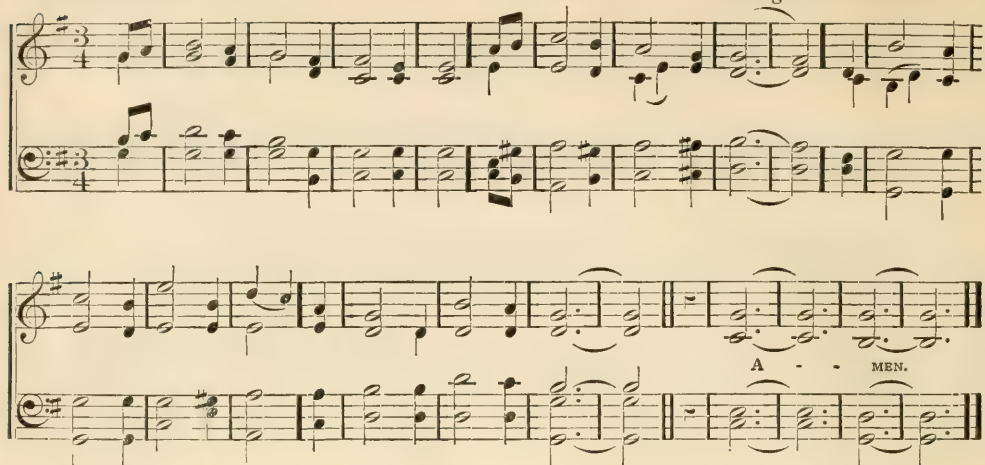
Thine, Lord, we are, and ours thou art ;
 In us be all thy goodness showed ;
 Renew, enlarge, and fill our heart,
 With peace, and joy, and heaven, and God.

AMEN.

John Wesley.

MANOAH. C.M.

Arranged from ROSSINI.



209.

The Divine Renewer.

THE glory of the spring how sweet !
 The new-born life how glad !
 What joy the happy earth to greet
 In new, bright raiment clad !

Divine Renewer ! thee I bless ;
 I greet thy going forth ;
 I love thee in the loveliness
 Of thy renewed earth.

But oh, these wonders of thy grace,
 These nobler works of thine,
 These marvels sweeter far to trace,
 These new births more divine !

These sinful souls thou hallowest,
 These hearts thou makest new,
 These mourning souls by thee made blest,
 These faithless hearts made true !

This new-born glow of faith so strong,
 This bloom of love so fair ;
 This new-born ecstasy of song
 And fragrantcy of prayer.

Creator Spirit, work in me
 These wonders sweet of thine !
 Divine Renewer, graciously
 Renew this heart of mine !

Still let new life and strength upspring,
 Still let new joy be given,
 And grant the glad new song to ring
 Through the new earth and heaven ! AMEN.

Thomas H. Gill.

210.

The Comforter.

O SPIRIT of the living God,
 Brooding with dove-like wings
 Over the helpless and the weak
 Among created things :

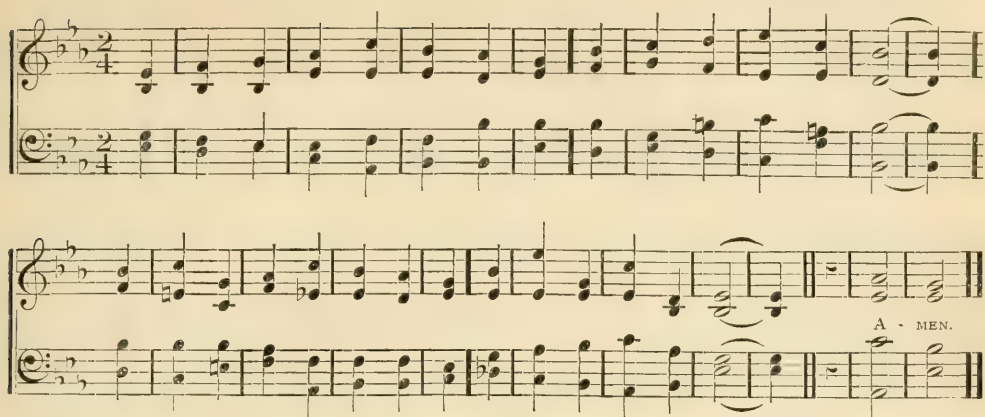
Where should our feebleness find strength,
 Our helplessness a stay,
 Didst thou not bring us strength and help
 And comfort day by day ?

Great are thy consolations, Lord,
 And mighty is thy power,
 In sickness and in solitude,
 In sorrow's darkest hour.

Jane Euphemia Saxby.

HUNTINGDON. C.M.

Sir JOSEPH BARNEY.



211. "I will pour out my spirit upon all flesh."

SPIRIT Divine ! attend our prayer,
 And make our hearts thy home ;
 Descend with all thy gracious power :
 Oh, come, Great Spirit, come !

Come, glorious Light ! to waiting minds
 That long the truth to know,
 Reveal the narrow path of right,
 The way of duty show.

Come, cleansing Fire ! enkindle now
 The sacrificial flame,
 That all our souls an offering be
 To love's redeeming name.

Come as the dew ! on hearts that pine
 Descend in this still hour,
 Till every barren place shall own
 With joy thy quickening power.

Come, Wind of God ! sweep clean away
 What dead within us lies,
 And search and freshen all our souls
 With living energies. AMEN.

Andrew Reed.
 Samuel Longfellow.

212. "O that I knew where I might find him!"

Go not, my soul, in search of him,
 Thou wilt not find him there, —
 Or in the depths of shadow dim,
 Or heights of upper air.

For not in far-off realms of space
 The Spirit hath its throne ;
 In every heart it findeth place
 And waiteth to be known.

Thought answereth alone to thought,
 And soul with soul hath kin ;
 The outward God he findeth not
 Who finds not God within.

And if the vision come to thee
 Revealed by inward sign,
 Earth will be full of Deity
 And with his glory shine !

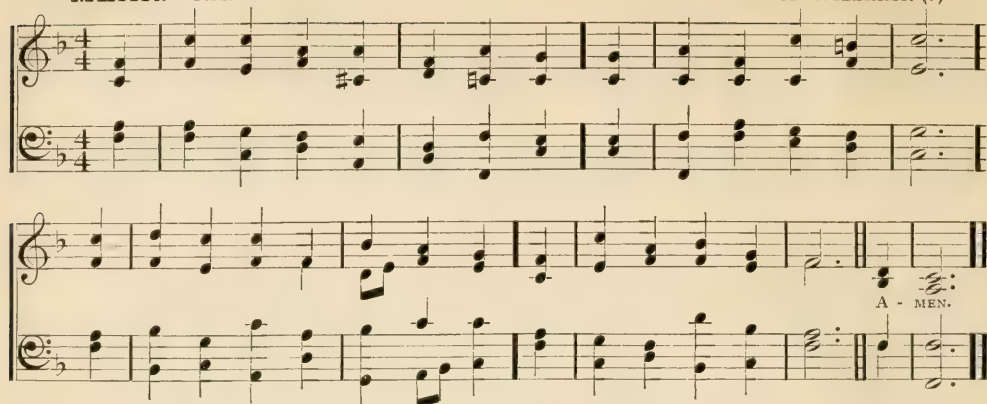
Thou shalt not want for company,
 Nor pitch thy tent alone ;
 The indwelling God will go with thee,
 And show thee of his own.

Then, go not thou in search of him,
 But to thyself repair ;
 Wait thou within the silence dim,
 And thou shalt find him there !

Frederick L. Hosmer.

MEAR. C.M.

A. WILLIAMS. (?)



213.

"The lowly are his delight."

THY home is with the humble, Lord !
 The simple are thy rest :
 Thy lodging is in child-like hearts ;
 Thou makest there thy nest.

Dear Comforter ! Eternal Love !
 If thou wilt stay with me,
 Of lowly thoughts and simple ways
 I'll build a nest for thee.

Who made this beating heart of mine,
 But thou, my heavenly Guest ?
 Let no one have it then but thee,
 And let it be thy nest. AMEN.

Frederick W. Faber.

214.

"The Spirit also helpeth our infirmities."

COME, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all thy quickening powers ;
 Kindle a flame of sacred love
 In these cold hearts of ours.

In vain we tune our formal songs,
 In vain we strive to rise ;
 Hosannas languish on our tongues,
 And our devotion dies.

Come, Holy Spirit, heavenly Dove,
 With all thy quickening powers ;
 Come, shed abroad a Saviour's love,
 And that shall kindle ours. AMEN.

Isaac Watts.

215.

"That ye might be partakers of the divine nature."

OH, for an humble, contrite heart,
 Believing, true, and clean ;
 Which neither life nor death can part
 From him that dwells therein :

A heart in every thought renewed,
 And full of love divine ;
 Perfect, and right, and pure, and good,
 A copy, Lord, of thine.

Thy nature, gracious Lord, impart ;
 Come quickly from above ;
 Write thy new name upon my heart,
 Thy new, best name of Love. AMEN.

Charles Wesley.

216.

"The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy, peace."

COME, Holy Spirit, hush my heart
 With gentleness divine ;
 Indwelling peace thou canst impart,
 Oh, make the blessing mine !

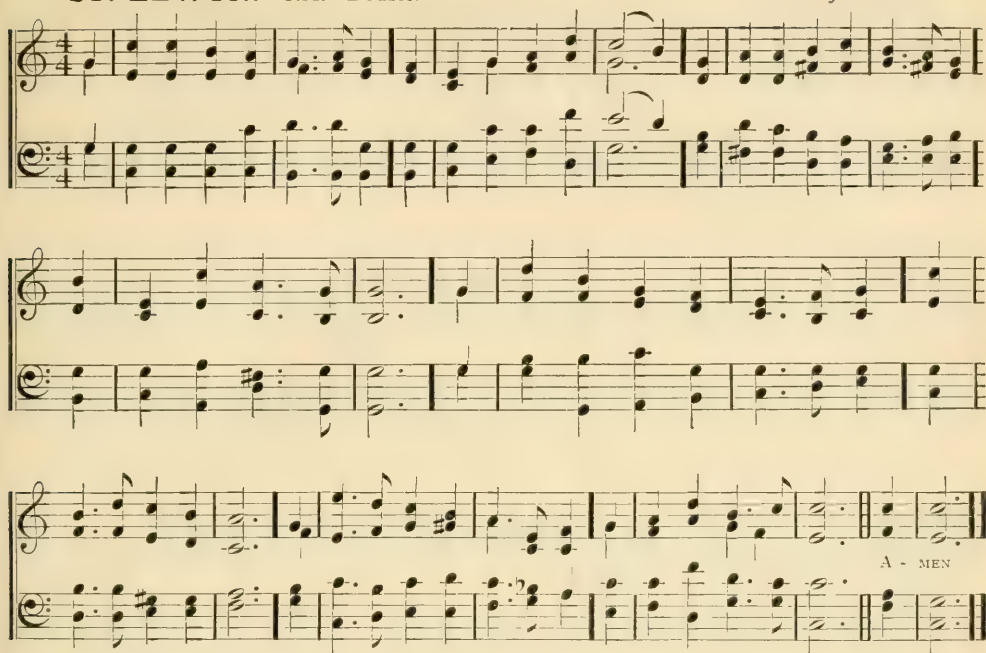
Above the scenes of storm and strife
 There spreads a region fair ;
 Give me to live that higher life,
 And breathe that purer air !

Come, Holy Spirit, breathe that peace !
 That victory make me win !
 Then shall my soul her conflict cease,
 And find a heaven within !

Anonymous

ST. ELWYN. C.M. Double.

E. J. HOPKINS.



217.

"I will put my spirit within you, and cause you to walk in my statutes."

O God within, so close to me
That every thought is plain,
Be Judge, be Friend, be Father still,
And in thy heaven reign !
Thy heaven is mine — my very soul !
Thy words are sweet and strong ;
They fill my inward silences
With music and with song.

They send me challenges to right,
And loud rebuke my ill ;
They ring my bells of victory,
They breathe my "Peace, be still !"
They ever seem to say, — "My child,
Why seek me so all day?
Now journey inward to thyself,
And listen by the way !"

William C. Gannett.

218.

"My soul is even as a weaned child."

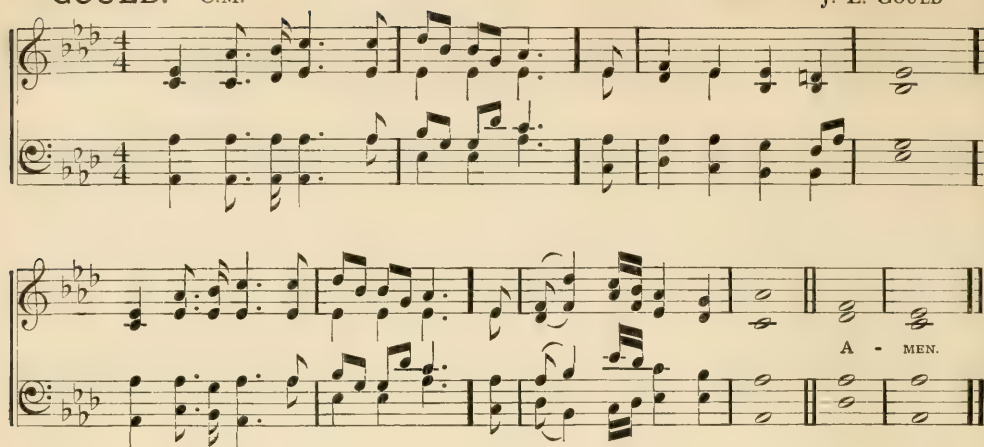
As trustful as a child who looks
Up in his mother's face,
And all his little griefs and fears
Forgets in her embrace ;
So unto thee, O Lord, I look,
And, in thy face divine,
Can read the love that will sustain
As weak a faith as mine.

As loving as a child who sits
Close by his parent's knee,
And knows no want while he can have
That sweet society ;
So, sitting at thy feet, my heart
Would all its love outpour,
And pray that thou would'st teach me, Lord,
To love thee more and more. AMEN.

James D. Burns.

GOULD. C.M.

J. E. GOULD



219.

Glory to God.

CALM, on the listening ear of night,
Come heaven's melodious strains,
Where wild Judea stretches far
Her silver-mantled plains.

Celestial choirs, from courts above,
Shed sacred glories there ;
And angels, with their sparkling lyres,
Make music on the air.

The answering hills of Palestine
Send back the glad reply ;
And greet, from all their holy heights,
The Dayspring from on high.

O'er the blue depths of Galilee
There comes a holier calm ;
And Sharon waves, in solemn praise,
Her silent groves of palm.

"Glory to God !" the sounding skies
Loud with their anthems ring ;
"Peace to the earth, good-will to men,
From heaven's eternal King !"

Light on thy hills, Jerusalem !

The Saviour now is born !
And bright, on Bethlehem's joyous plains,
Breaks the first Christmas morn.

Edmund Hamilton Sears.

220. "The Spirit of the Lord is upon me."

HARK, the glad sound ! the Saviour comes,
The Saviour promised long :
Let every heart prepare a throne,
And every voice a song.

On him the Spirit, largely poured,
Exerts its sacred fire ;
Wisdom and might, and zeal and love,
His holy breast inspire.

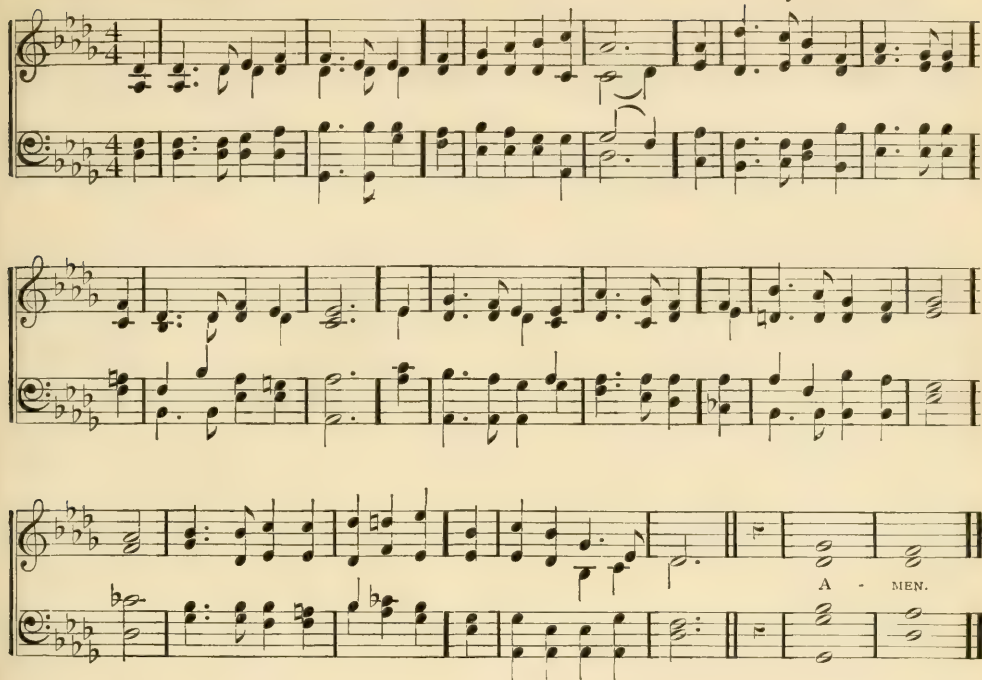
He comes, the broken heart to bind,
The bleeding soul to cure,
And with the treasures of his grace
To enrich the humble poor.

Our glad hosannas, Prince of Peace,
Thy welcome shall proclaim,
And heaven's eternal arches ring
With thy beloved name. AMEN.

Philip Doddridge

DELIVERANCE. C.M. Double.

Sir JOSEPH BARNEY.



221.

Peace on Earth.

It came upon the midnight clear,
 That glorious song of old,
 From angels bending near the earth,
 To touch their harps of gold :
 "Peace on the earth, good-will to men,
 From heaven's all-gracious King."
 The world in solemn stillness lay
 To hear the angels sing.

Still through the cloven skies they come,
 With peaceful wings unfurled ;
 And still their heavenly music floats
 O'er all the weary world :
 Above its sad and lowly plains
 They bend on hovering wing,
 And ever o'er its Babel sounds
 The blessed angels sing.

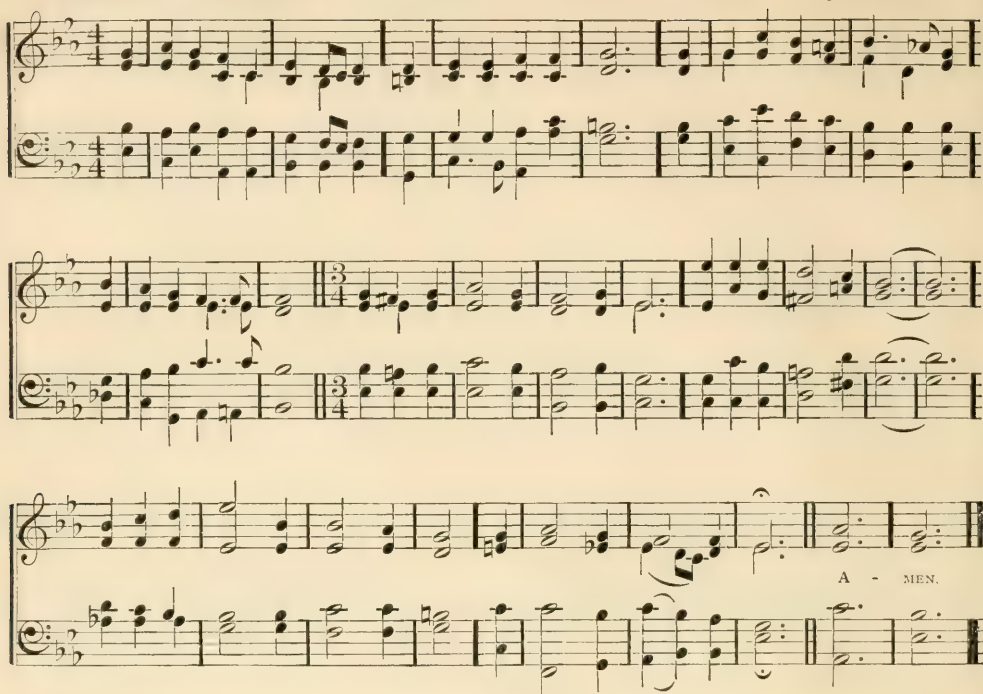
O ye, beneath life's crushing load
 Whose forms are bending low,
 Who toil along the climbing way,
 With painful steps and slow, —
 Look now ; for glad and golden hours
 Come swiftly on the wing :
 Oh, rest beside the weary road,
 And hear the angels sing !

For, lo ! the days are hastening on
 By prophet bards foretold,
 When with the ever circling years
 Comes round the age of gold :
 When Peace shall over all the earth
 Its ancient splendors fling,
 And the whole world give back the song
 Which now the angels sing.

Edmund Hamilton Sears. 1850.

CASTLE RISING. C.M. Double.

F. A. J. HERVEY.



222. *"That was the true Light, which lighteth every man which cometh into the world."*

A THOUSAND years have come and gone,
 And near a thousand more,
 Since happier light from heaven shone
 Than ever shone before ;
 And in the hearts of old and young
 A joy most joyful stirred,
 That sent such news from tongue to tongue
 As ears had never heard.

Then angels on their starry way
 Felt bliss unfelt before,
 For news that men should be as they
 To darkened earth they bore ;
 So toiling men and angels bright
 A first communion had,
 And in meek mercy's rising light
 Were each exceeding glad.

And we are glad, and we will sing,
 As in the days of yore ;
 Come all, and hearts made ready bring
 To welcome back once more
 The day when first on wintry earth
 A summer change began,
 And, dawning in a lowly birth,
 Uprose the Light of man.

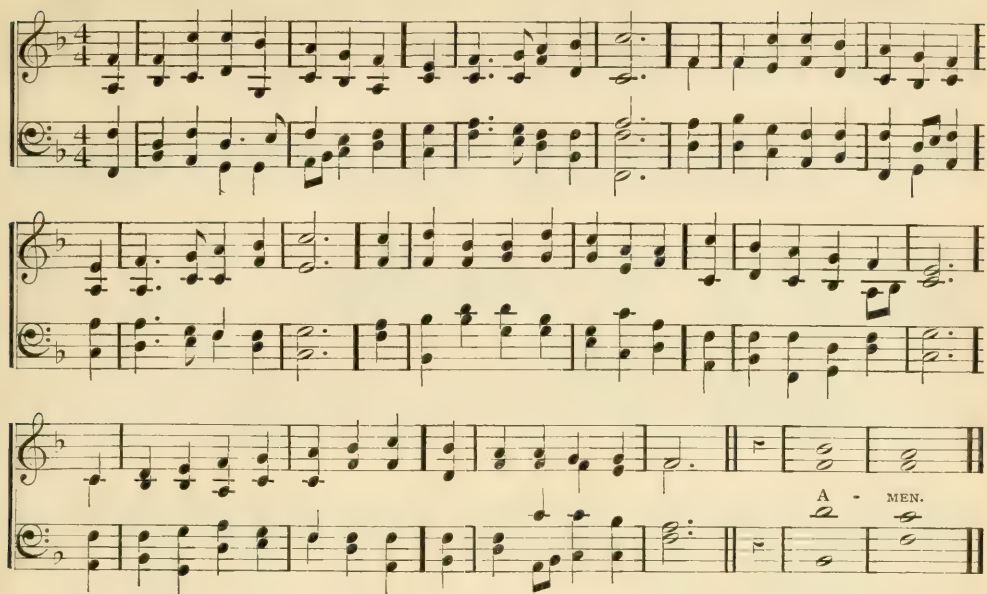
Thomas T. Lynch.

223. *"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth peace, good-will toward men."*

LONG, long ago, in manger low,
 Was cradled from above
 A little child, in whom God smiled
 His Christmas gift of Love.
 Oh, hearts were bitter and unjust,
 And cruel hands were strong !
 The noise he hushed with hope and trust,
 And Peace began her song.

OLD CHRISTMAS CAROL. C.M. Double.

TRADITIONAL.



Whene'er the Father's Christmas gifts
Seem only frost and snow,
And anxious stress and loneliness,
And poverty and woe, —
Behold the manger, rude and strange,
In which a Christ-child lies !
O welcome guest, thy cradle-nest
Is always God's surprise !

For trouble, cold, and dreary care
Are angels in disguise,
And greeted fair with trust and prayer,
As Peace and Love they rise :
Straightway provide a welcome wide,
Nor wonder why they came ;
They stand outside our hearts, and bide,
Knocking in Jesus' name.

Jane Andrews.
W. C. Gannett.

224.

Glad Tidings.

WHILE shepherds watched their flocks by night,
All seated on the ground,
The angel of the Lord came down,
And glory shone around.

"Fear not," said he (for mighty dread
Had seized their troubled mind),
"Glad tidings of great joy I bring
To you and all mankind.

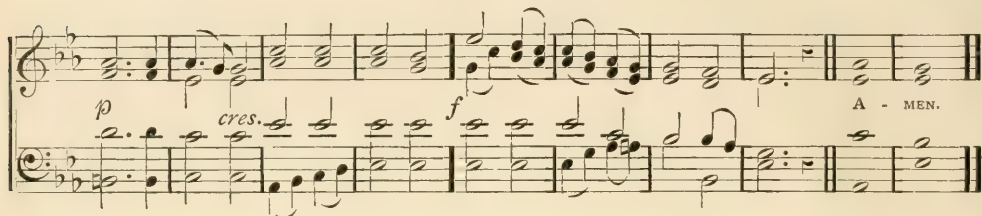
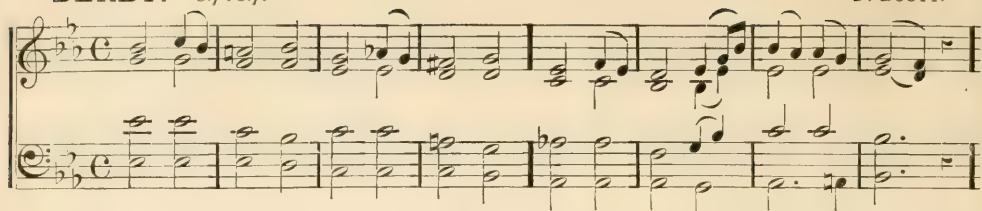
"To you, in David's town, this day
Is born, of David's line,
The Saviour, who is Christ the Lord,
And this shall be the sign, —
The heavenly babe you there shall find,
To human view displayed,
All meanly wrapped in swaddling bands,
And in a manger laid."

Thus spake the seraph, and forthwith
Appeared a shining throng
Of angels, praising God, and thus
Addressed their joyful song :
"All glory be to God on high !
And to the earth be peace !
Good-will henceforth, from heaven to men,
Begin and never cease !"

Nahum Tate. 1703.

DERBY. 8.7:8.7.

F. BOOTT.



225.

"Glory in the highest."

HARK ! what mean those holy voices,
Sweetly sounding through the skies ?
Lo ! the angelic host rejoices ;
Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

Listen to the wondrous story
Which they chant in hymns of joy :
"Glory in the highest ; glory,
Glory be to God most high.

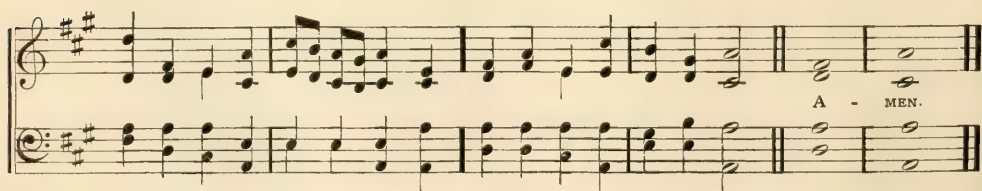
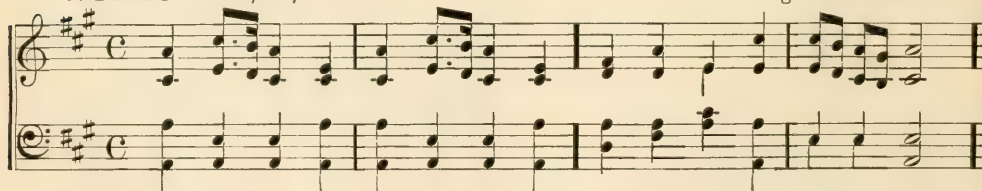
"Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
Reaching far as man is found ;
Souls redeemed and sins forgiven, —
Loud our golden harps shall sound.

"Christ is born, the great Anointed ;
Heaven and earth his praises sing :
Oh, receive whom God appointed
For your Prophet, Priest, and King !"

John Cawood. 1819.

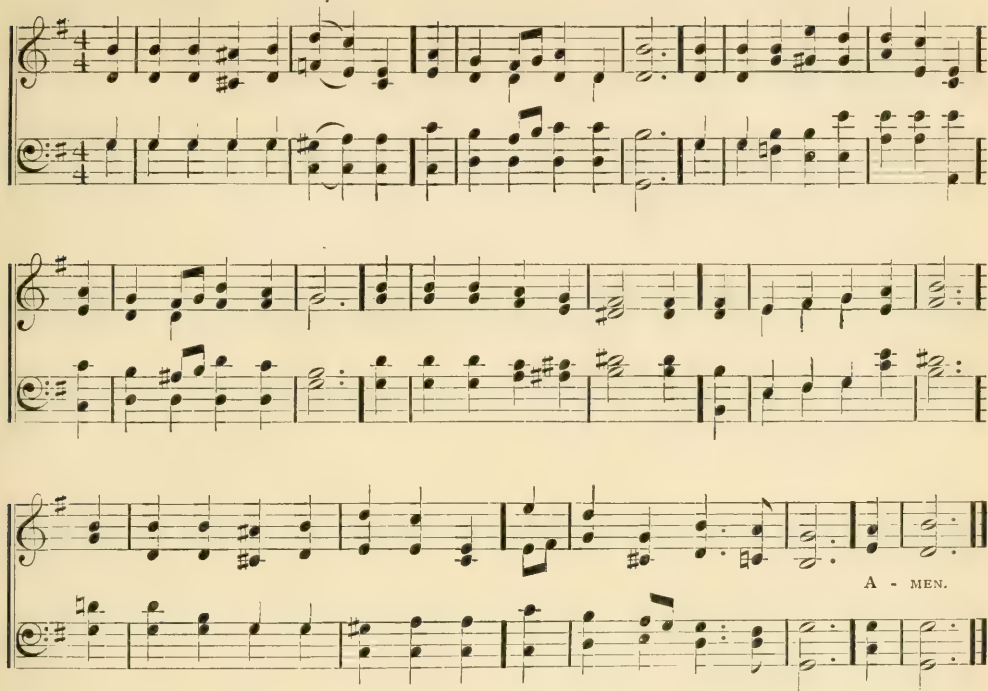
WILMOT. 8.7:8.7.

Arranged from WEBER.



ST. LOUIS. 8.6.8.6:7.6.8.6.

L. H. REDNER.

226. *"Behold, I bring you good tidings of great joy,
which shall be to all people."*

O LITTLE town of Bethlehem !
How still we see thee lie ;
Above thy deep and dreamless sleep
The silent stars go by ;
Yet in thy dark streets shineth
The everlasting Light ;
The hopes and fears of all the years
Are met in thee to-night.

For Christ is born of Mary,
And, gathered all above,
While mortals sleep, the angels keep
Their watch of wondering love.

O morning stars, together
Proclaim the holy birth !
And praises sing to God the King,
And peace to men on earth.

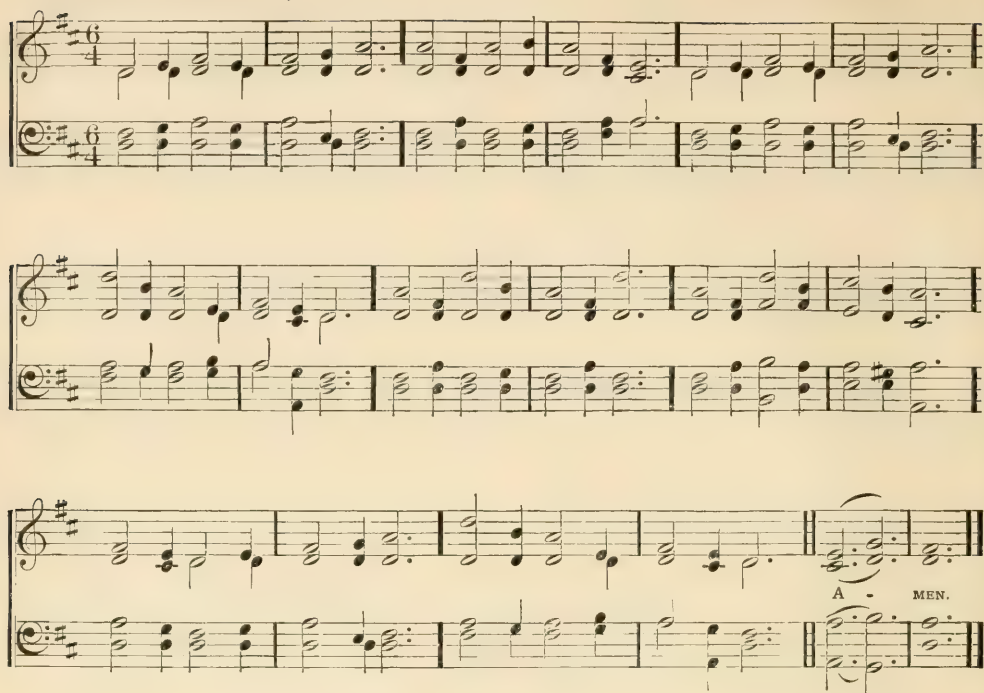
How silently, how silently,
The wondrous gift is given !
So God imparts to human hearts
The blessings of his heaven.
No ear may hear his coming,
But in this world of sin,
Where meek souls will receive him still,
The dear Christ enters in.

O holy Child of Bethlehem !
Descend to us, we pray ;
Cast out our sin, and enter in,
Be born in us to-day.
We hear the Christmas angels
The great glad tidings tell ;
O come to us, abide with us,
Our Lord Emmanuel ! AMEN.

Phillips Brooks.

WATCHMAN. 7. Double.

LOWELL MASON.

**227.***For Advent or Christmas.*

WATCHMAN, tell us of the night, —
 What its signs of promise are ;
 Traveller, o'er yon mountain's height,
 See that glory-beaming star !
 Watchman, does its beauteous ray
 Aught of hope or joy foretell ?
 Traveller, yes ; it brings the day, —
 Promised day of Israel.

Watchman, tell us of the night :
 Higher yet that star ascends.
 Traveller, blessedness and light,
 Peace and truth, its course portends.
 Watchman, will its beams alone
 Gild the spot that gave them birth ?
 Traveller, ages are its own :
 See ! it bursts o'er all the earth.

Watchman, tell us of the night ;
 For the morning seems to dawn.
 Traveller, darkness takes its flight,
 Doubt and terror are withdrawn.
 Watchman, let thy wanderings cease :
 Hie thee to thy quiet home.
 Traveller, lo ! the Prince of Peace,
 Lo ! the Son of God, is come.

Sir John Bowring. 1825.

228.*"Peace and good-will."*

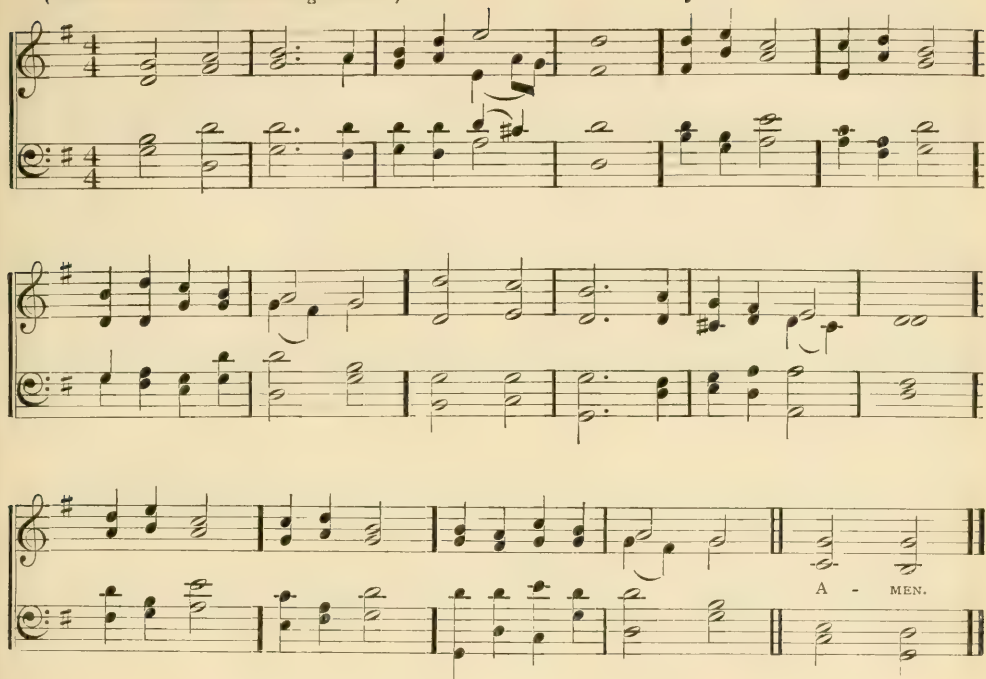
ANGELS bending from the sky
 Chanted at the glorious birth :
 "Glory be to God on high,
 Peace, good-will to men on earth."
 Join we then our feeble lays
 To the chorus of the sky ;
 And, in songs of grateful praise,
 Glory give to God on high.

Harriet Auber.

LÜNEBURG. 8.3.3.6:8.3.3.6.

(Warum sollt' ich mich denn grämen?)

JOHANN GEORG EBELING



229.

"Christ is born."

ALL my heart this night rejoices,
 As I hear,
 Far and near,
 Sweetest angel voices ;
 "Christ is born," their choirs are singing,
 Till the air,
 Everywhere,
 Now with joy is ringing.

Hark, a voice from yonder manger,
 Soft and sweet,
 Doth entreat :
 "Flee from woe and danger ;
 Brethren, come ; from all that grieves you
 You are freed ;
 All you need
 I will surely give you."

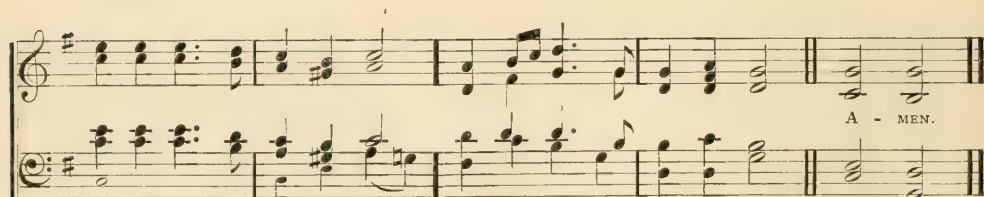
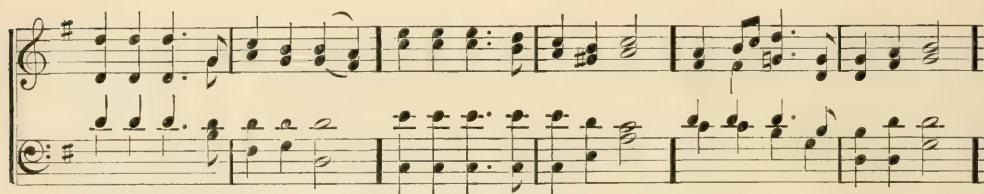
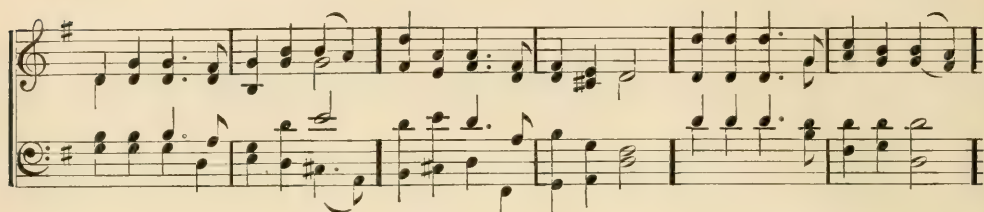
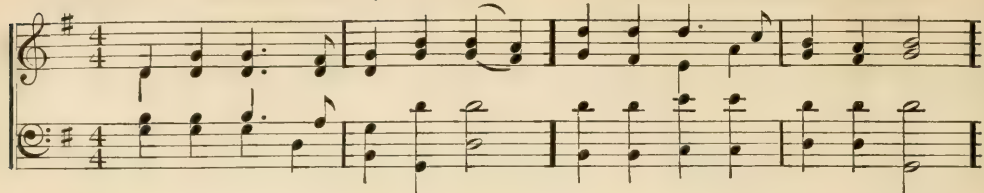
Come, then, let us hasten yonder ;
 Here let all,
 Great and small,
 Kneel in awe and wonder ;
 Love him who with love is yearning ;
 Hail the Star
 That from far
 Bright with hope is burning.

Ye who pine in weary sadness,
 Weep no more,
 For the Door
 Now is found of gladness :
 Cling to him, for he will guide you
 Where no cross,
 Pain or loss,
 Can again betide you.

Paul Gerhardt. 1656.
 Tr. by Catherine Winkworth.

HERALD ANGELS. 7. Ten lines.

FELIX MENDELSSOHN-BARTHOLDY.



ORG.

A - MEN.

230.

Herald Angels.

HARK ! the herald angels sing,
 "Glory to the new-born King :
 Peace on earth, and mercy mild ;
 God and sinners reconciled."
 Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
 Join the triumph of the skies ;
 With the angelic host proclaim,
 "Christ is born in Bethlehem."
 Hark ! the herald angels sing,
 "Glory to the new-born King."

Gracious bond of earth and sky,
 Born that man no more may die,
 Born to raise the sons of earth,
 Born to give them second birth.
 Hail, the heaven-born Prince of Peace !
 Hail, the Sun of Righteousness !
 Light and life to all he brings,
 Risen with healing in his wings.
 Hark ! the herald angels sing,
 "Glory to the new-born King."

ST. NINIAN. 11.10: 11.10.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

A - MEN.

231.

Star of the East.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
 Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
 Odors of Edom, and offerings divine?
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
 Vainly with gifts would his favors secure:
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thine aid;
 Star of the east, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

Reginald Heber. 1811.

ANTIOCH. C.M.

Arranged from HÄNDEL.

232.

"The Lord reigneth."

Joy to the world! the Lord is come:
 Let earth receive her King;
 Let every heart prepare him room,
 And heaven and nature sing.

Joy to the earth! the Saviour reigns:
 Let men their songs employ,
 While fields and floods, rocks, hills, and plains
 Repeat the sounding joy.

No more let sins and sorrows grow,
 Nor thorns infest the ground:
 He comes to make his blessings flow
 As far as sin is found.

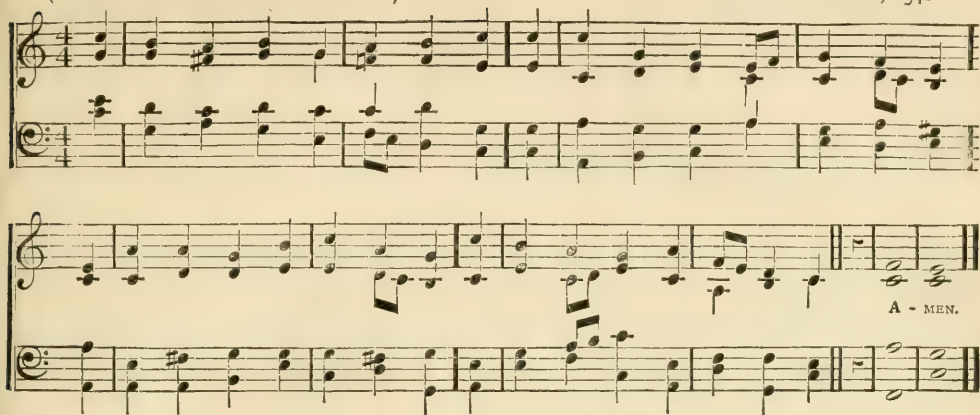
He rules the world with truth and grace,
 And makes the nations prove
 The glories of his righteousness,
 And wonders of his love.

ERFURT. L.M.

(Vom Himmel hoch da komm' ich her.)

The melody attributed to Martin Luther.

MAGDEBURGER GESANGBUCH, 1540.



233.

"Behold I bring you good tidings of great joy, which shall be to all people."

FROM heaven above to earth I come
 To bear good news to every home;
 Glad tidings of great joy I bring,
 Whereof I now will say and sing:

"To you this night is born a child
 Of Mary, holy mother mild;
 This little child of lowly birth,
 Shall be the joy of all your earth."

Now let us all with gladsome cheer
 Follow the shepherds, and draw near
 To see this wondrous gift of God,
 Who hath such grace on earth bestowed.

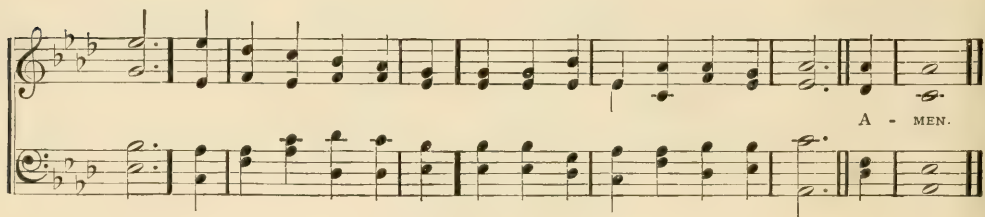
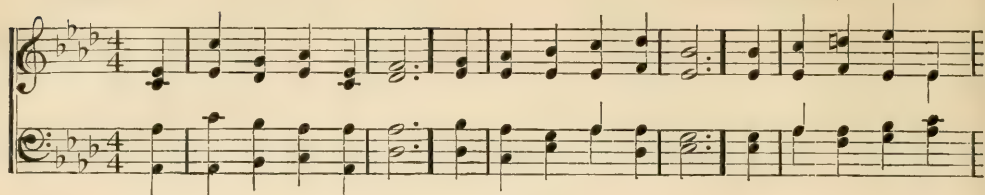
Give heed, my heart, lift up thine eyes!
 Who is it in yon manger lies?
 Who is this child, so young and fair?
 The blessed Christ-child lieth there.

Welcome to earth, thou noble guest,
 Through whom e'en wicked men are blest!
 Thou comest to share our misery,
 What can we render, Lord, to thee!

Ah! dearest Jesus, Holy Child,
 Make thee a bed, soft, undefiled,
 Within my heart, that it may be
 A quiet chamber kept for thee. AMEN.

PEACE. 6.6.6.6:6.6.6.8.

Sir GEORGE JOB ELVEY.



234.

Where shall we learn to live?

WHERE shall we find the Lord?
 Where seek his face adored?
 Is it apart from men
 In deep sequestered den,
 By Jordan's desert flood,
 Or mountain solitude,
 Or lonely mystic shrine,
 That Heaven reveals the Life Divine?

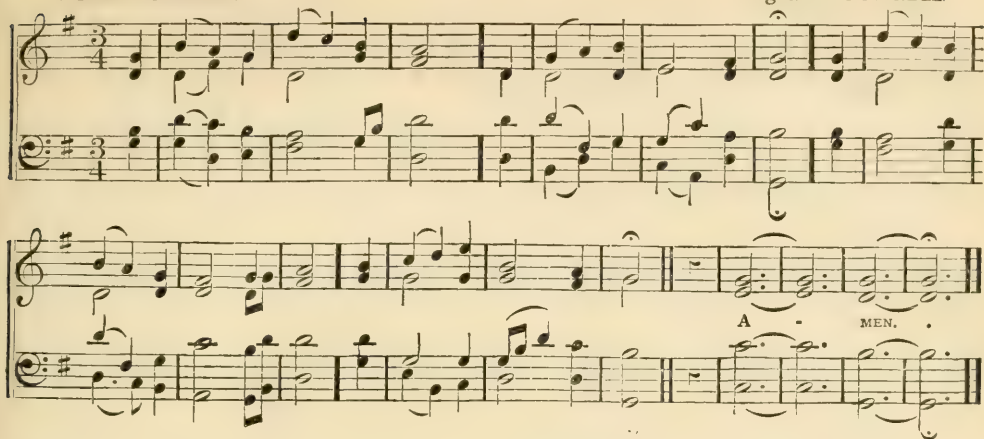
What was the blest abode
 Where dwelt the Son of God?
 Beside the busy shore,
 Where thousands pressed the door,
 Where town with hamlet vied,
 Where eager traffic plied, —
 There with his calm design
 Was wrought and taught the Life Divine.

What were the souls he sought?
 What moved his inmost thought?
 The friendless and the poor,
 The woes none else could cure,
 The grateful sinner's cry,
 The heathen's heavenward sigh, —
 Each in his lot and line
 Drew forth the Love and Life Divine.

O thou who once didst come,
 In holy, happy home,
 Teaching and doing good,
 To bless our daily food;
 Compassionating mind,
 That grasped all human kind,
 Even now amongst us shine,
 True glory of the Life Divine. AMEN.

THATCHER. S.M.

Arranged from HÄNDEL.



235.

Love and Duty.

A VOICE by Jordan's shore !
A summons stern and clear :
Reform ! be just ! and sin no more !
God's judgment draweth near !

A voice by Galilee,
A holier voice I hear .
Loye God ! thy neighbor love ! for see,
God's mercy draweth near !

O voice of Duty, still
Speak forth : I hear with awe ;
In thee I own the sovereign will,
Obey the sovereign law.

Thou higher voice of Love !
Yet speak thy word in me ;
Through Duty let me upward move
To thy pure liberty ! AMEN.

Samuel Longfellow. 1864.

Dim tracts of time divide
Those golden days from me ;
Thy voice comes strange o'er years of change ;
How can we follow thee ?

Comes faint and far thy voice
From vales of Galilee ;
Thy vision fades in ancient shades ;
How should we follow thee ?

Ah, sense-bound heart and blind !
Is nought but what we see ?
Can time undo what once was true ?
Can we not follow thee ?

O heavy cross — of faith
In what we cannot see !
As once of yore thyself restore,
And help to follow thee !

If not as once thou cam'st
In true humanity,
Come yet as guest within the breast
That burns to follow thee.

Within our heart of hearts
In nearest nearness be ;
Set up thy throne within thine own, —
Go, Lord : we follow thee. AMEN.

F T. Palgrave

236.

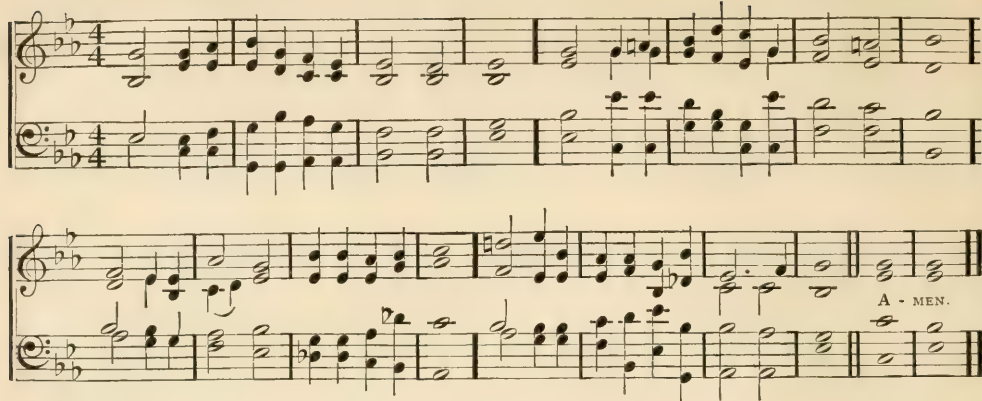
"Follow me."

THOU say'st, "Take up thy cross,
O man, and follow me."
The night is black, the feet are slack,
Yet we would follow thee.

But, O dear Lord, we cry,
That we thy face could see !
Thy blessed face one moment's space, —
Then might we follow thee !

BETHSAIDA. 10.10:10.10.

Sir JOSEPH BARNEY.



237.

"Arise, shine, for thy light is come."

RISE, crowned with light, imperial Salem, rise ;
 Exalt thy towering head, and lift thine eyes ;
 See heaven its sparkling portals wide display,
 And break upon thee in a flood of day !

See barbarous nations at thy gates attend,
 Walk in thy light, and in thy temple bend !
 See thy bright altars, thronged with prostrate kings,
 While every land its joyous tribute brings !

The seas shall waste, the skies in smoke decay,
 Rocks fall to dust, and mountains melt away ;
 But fixed his word ; his saving power remains ;
 Thy realm shall last, thy own Messiah reigns.

Alexander Pope.†

238.

"The Way, the Truth, and the Life."

O THOU great Friend to all the sons of men,
 Who once appeared in humblest guise below,
 Sin to rebuke, to break the captive's chain,
 And call thy brethren forth from want and woe !

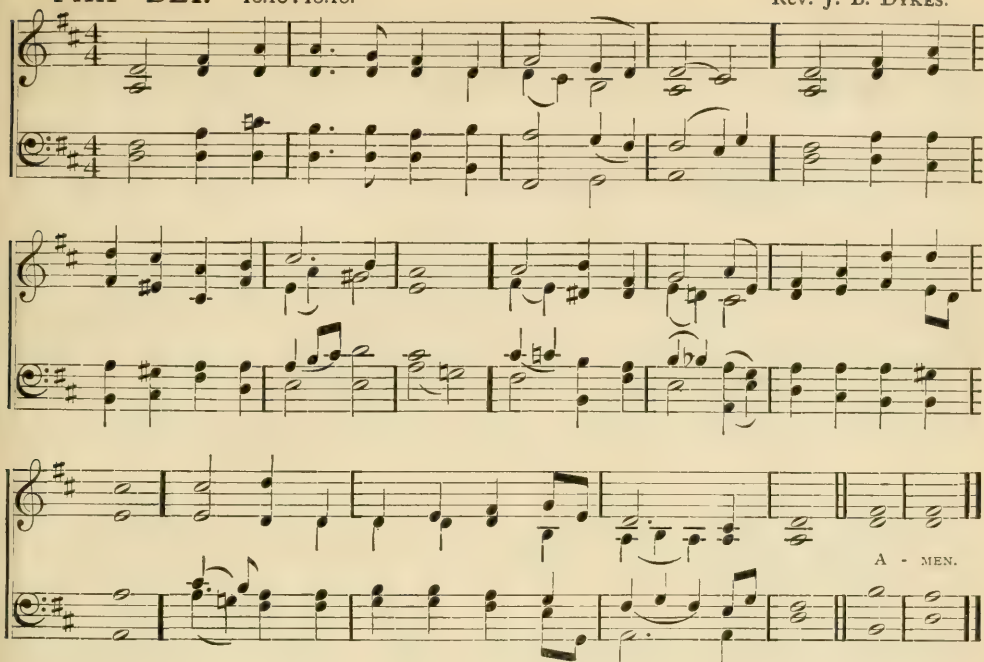
We look to thee : thy truth is still the light
 Which guides the nations, groping on their way,
 Stumbling and falling in disastrous night,
 Yet hoping ever for the perfect day.

Yes : thou art still the Life ; thou art the Way
 The holiest know, — Light, Life, and Way of heaven ;
 And they who dearest hope, and deepest pray,
 Toil by the light, life, way, which thou hast given.

Theodore Parker.

PAX DEI. 10.10:10.10.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



239.

"He calleth his own sheep by name, and leadeth them out."

O THOU, by God ordained to lead the race
 In mighty march and grand procession on;
 King, Prophet, Saviour,—show thy human face,
 And let us know thee as ourselves are known.

Come, Prophet, teach the world! Thy solid truth
 Alone this doubt can cure, can light this gloom,
 Make real that unseen world's undying youth,
 Which turns to dreams the terrors of the tomb.

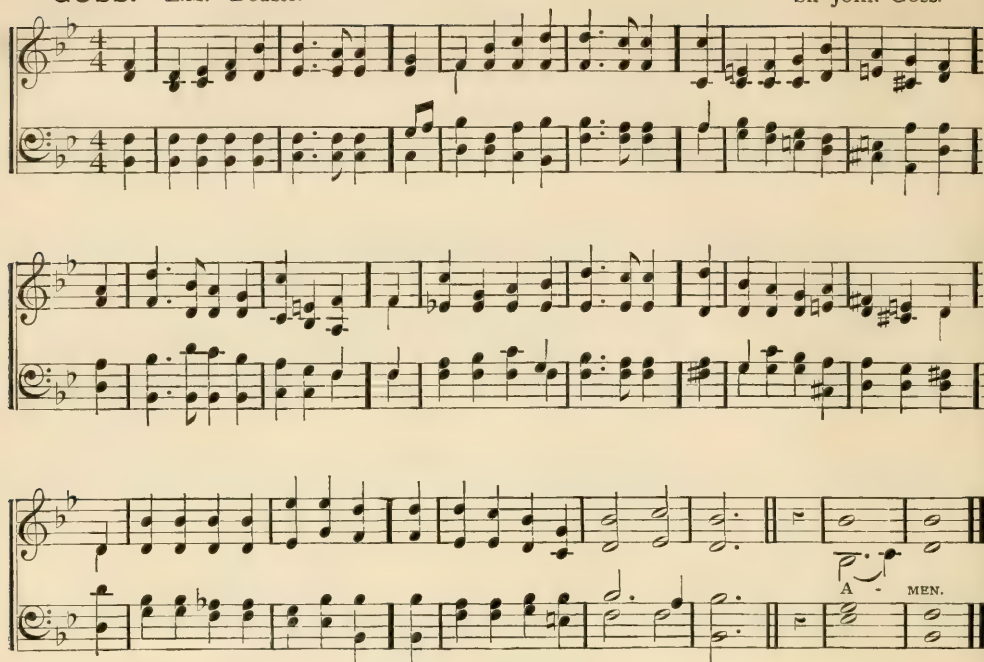
Come, King, and reign o'er those who yearn to prove
 Life's task full-matched with their strong soul's desire;
 Who long for work deserving human love,—
 Not to live idly, not unwept expire.

Come, Saviour; in our sin and need and pain,
 Treading the path where thy dear feet have gone,
 Help us through thy full life to live again,—
 And be, through thy deep peace, with God at one. AMEN.

James Freeman Clarke.

GOSS. L.M. Double.

Sir JOHN GOSS.



240.

"The Lord is come."

THE Lord is come ! On Syrian soil
 The child of poverty and toil ;
 The Man of Sorrows, born to know
 Each varying shade of human woe ;
 His joy, his glory, to fulfil
 In earth and heaven his Father's will ;
 On lonely mount, by festive board,
 On bitter cross, despised, adored.

The Lord is come ! Dull hearts to wake,
 He speaks, as never man yet spake,
 The truth which makes his servants free,
 The royal law of liberty.
 Though heaven and earth shall pass away,
 His living words our spirits stay,
 And from his treasures, new and old,
 The eternal mysteries unfold.

Arthur P. Stanley.

241.

"Full of grace and truth."

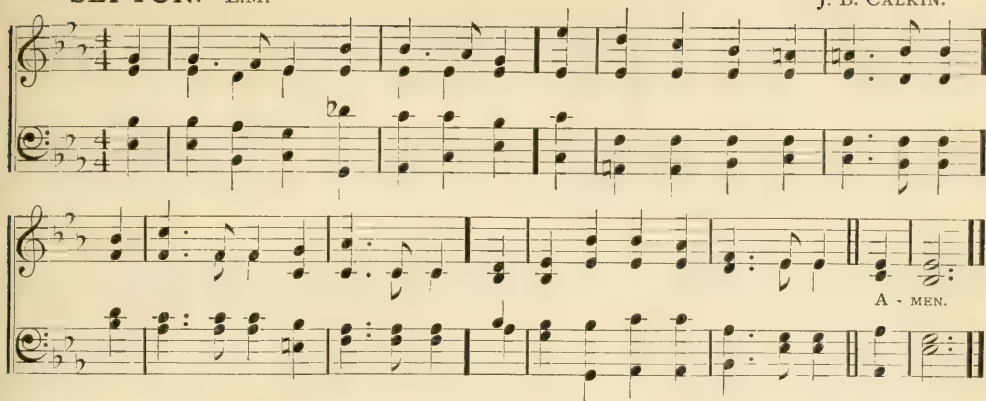
THE Lord is come ! In him we trace
 The fulness of God's truth and grace ;
 Throughout those words and acts divine,
 Gleams of the eternal splendor shine ;
 And from his inmost spirit flow,
 As from a height of sunlit snow,
 The rivers of perennial life,
 To heal and sweeten Nature's strife.

The Lord is come ! In every heart
 Where truth and mercy claim a part,
 In every land where Right is Might,
 And deeds of darkness shun the light,
 In every church where faith and love
 Lift earthward thoughts to things above,
 In every holy, happy home, —
 We thank thee, Lord, that thou art come !

Arthur P. Stanley.

SEFTON. L.M.

J. B. CALKIN.



A - MEN.

242. "Whosoever will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross and follow me."

Tune, Goss.

BESIDE the shore of Galilee,
A voice was heard athwart the sea, —
A voice at once of tender tone,
Yet grave with meaning all its own :
And humble fishers, as they heard,
Forgot their nets, obeyed its word,
Left all, disciples true to be,
For Christ had uttered — "Follow me !"
Christ calls us not to come by creed,
But by the truthful faith of deed ;
And we who would obey his call
Must make his teachings lord of all ;
Must learn his love, and cease from strife,
And mould our minds to his through life,
If we disciples true would be,
For Christ hath uttered — "Follow me !"

Goodwyn Barmby

243. "As I have loved you, that ye also love one another."

If love the noblest, purest, best,
If truth all other truths above,
Will claim returns from every breast,
Oh ! surely Jesus claims our love.
There 's not a hope with comfort fraught,
Triumphant over death and time,
But Jesus mingles in the thought,
Forerunner of our course sublime.

Emily Taylor

244.

Christmas.

Jesus of Nazareth.

"A CLOUD received him out of sight," —
Even so ; and then men knew no more
The human presence warm and bright,
As he had walked the earth before ;

The preacher of the mountain-side,
Teaching the kingdom's reign within,
Strong in rebuke of hardened pride,
Yet pitiful of conscious sin :

But sceptered now, and throned afar,
They watched in dread his swift return,
To see before his judgment bar
The earth dissolve and heavens burn.

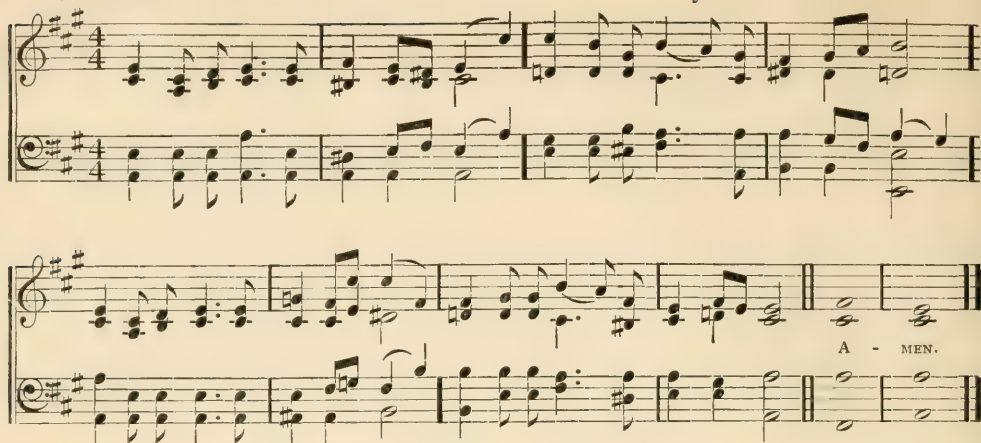
The gathered clouds of centuries lift ;
No king in wrath descends to reign,
Yet king-like through the shining rift
The Man of Nazareth comes again.

O Friend and Brother, draw more near
The while thy festival we keep ;
Diviner shall our lives appear,
Held fast in thy high fellowship.

Frederick L. Hosmer.

VICARIA. L.M.

J. REMINGTON FAIRLAMB.



From "New Songs unto the Lord." By permission of the author.

245. *"He hath not where to lay his head."*

O'ER the dark wave of Galilee
The gloom of twilight gathers fast,
And on the waters drearily
Descends the fitful evening blast.

The weary bird has left the air,
And sunk into his sheltered nest ;
The wandering beast has sought his lair,
And laid him down to welcome rest.

Still, near the lake, with weary tread,
Lingers a form of human kind ;
And on his lone, unsheltered head
Flows the chill night-damp of the wind.

Why seeks he not a home of rest ?
Why seeks he not a pillowed bed ?
Beasts have their dens, the bird its nest,
He hath not where to lay his head.

Such was the lot he freely chose,
To bless, to save the human race ;
And through his poverty there flows
A rich, full stream of heavenly grace.

William Russell. 1826.

246. *"Leaving us an example, that ye should follow his steps."*

How beauteous were the marks divine
That in thy meekness used to shine,
That lit thy lonely pathway, trod
In wondrous love, O Lamb of God !

Oh, who like thee so mild, so bright,
Thou Son of Man, thou Light of Light ?
Oh, who like thee did ever go
So patient through a world of woe ?

Oh, who like thee so humbly bore
The scorn, the scoffs of men, before ?
So meek, so lowly, yet so high,
So glorious in humility.

Even death, which sets the prisoner free,
Was pang and scoff and scorn to thee ;
Yet love through all thy torture glowed,
And mercy with thy life-blood flowed.

Oh, wondrous Lord ! my soul would be
Still more and more conformed to thee,
And learn of thee, the lowly One,
And like thee all my journey run. AMEN.

A. C. Cox.

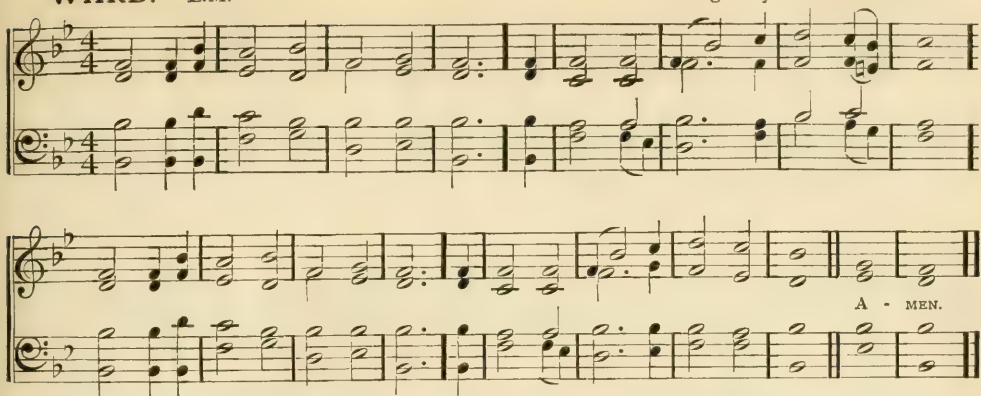
247. *Jesus preaching the Gospel.*

How sweetly flowed the gospel's sound
From lips of gentleness and grace,
When listening thousands gathered round,
And joy and reverence filled the place !

From heaven he came, of heaven he spoke,
To heaven he led his followers' way ;
Dark clouds of gloomy night he broke,
Unveiling an immortal day.

WARD. L.M.

Arranged by LOWELL MASON.



"Come, wanderers, to my Father's home ;
Come, all ye weary ones, and rest."
Yes, sacred Teacher, we will come,
Obey thee, love thee, and be blest.

Sir John Bowring.

248.

Walking with Christ.

O MASTER, let me walk with thee
In lowly paths of service free :
Tell me thy secret ; help me bear
The strain of toil, the fret of care ;
Help me the slow of heart to move
By some clear, winning word of love ;
Teach me the wayward feet to stay,
And guide them in the homeward way.
Teach me thy patience ; still with thee
In closer, dearer company,
In work that keeps faith sweet and strong,
In trust that triumphs over wrong ;
In hope that sends a shining ray
Far down the future's broadening way ;
In peace that only thou canst give,
With thee, O Master, let me live ! AMEN.

Washington Gladden.

249.

*"Leaving us an example that we should follow
his steps."*

WHENE'ER the angry passions rise,
And tempt our thoughts or tongues to strife,
To Jesus let us lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life.

To do his heavenly Father's will
Was his employment and delight ;
Humility and holy zeal
Shone through his life, divinely bright.

Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labors of his life were love ;
Oh, if we love the Saviour's name,
Let his divine example move.

Anne Steele.

250.

Example of Christ.

My dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word ;
But in thy life the law appears,
Drawn out in living characters.

Such was thy truth and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love and meekness so divine, —
I would transcribe, and make them mine.

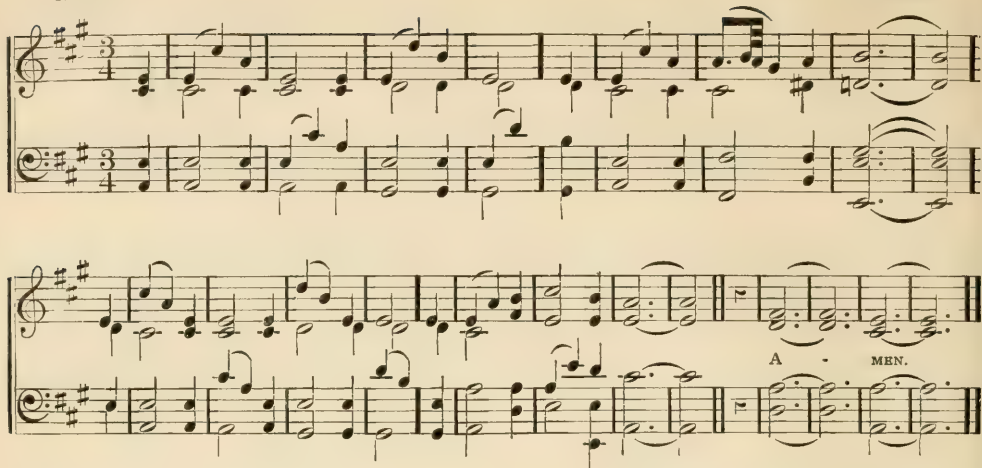
Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witnessed the fervor of thy prayer ;
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory too.

Be thou my pattern : may I bear
More of thy gracious image here !
Then God, the Judge, shall own my name
Amongst the followers of the Lamb. AMEN.

Isaac Watts. 1709.

GEER. C.M.

H. W. GREATOREX.



251.

"Thy will be done."

LORD, as to thy dear cross we flee,
And plead to be forgiven,
So let thy life our pattern be,
And form our souls for heaven.

Help us, through good report and ill,
Our daily cross to bear ;
Like thee to do our Father's will,
Our brethren's griefs to share.

Let grace our selfishness expel,
Our earthliness refine ;
And kindness in our bosoms dwell,
As free and true as thine.

Kept peaceful in the midst of strife,
Forgiving and forgiven,
Oh, may we lead the pilgrim's life,
And follow thee to heaven ! AMEN.

John Hampden Gurney. 1803-1862.

252.

Example of Christ.

In duties and in sufferings too,
My Lord I fain would trace :
As he hath done, so would I do,
Sustained by heavenly grace.

Inflamed with zeal, 't was his delight
To do his Father's will ;
May the same zeal my soul excite
His precepts to fulfil !

Meekness, humility, and love,
Through all his conduct shine ;
Oh, may my whole deportment prove
A copy, Lord, of thine ! AMEN.

Benjamin Beddome.

253.

"Come unto me, all ye that labor and are heavy-laden, and I will give you rest."

THE loving Friend to all who bowed
Beneath life's weary load,
From lips baptized in humble prayer
His consolations flowed.

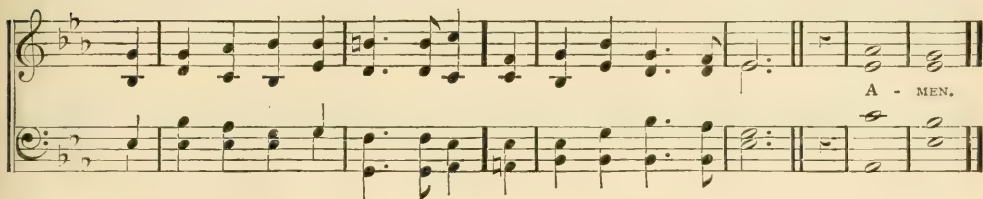
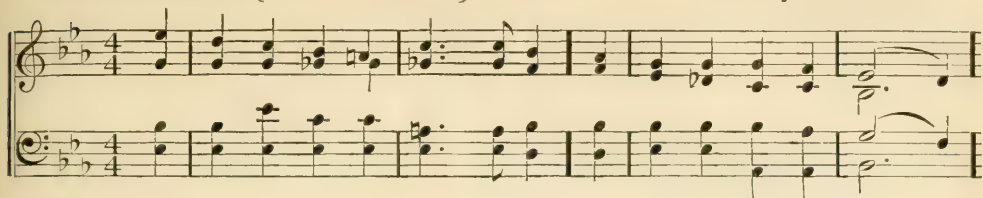
The faithful Witness to the Truth,
His just rebuke was hurled
Out from a heart that burned to break
The fetters of the world.

No hollow rite, no lifeless creed,
His piercing glance could bear ;
But longing hearts which sought him found
That God and heaven were there.

Samuel Longfellow.

CONISTON. (HOLY TRINITY.) C.M.

Sir JOSEPH BARNEY.

254. *"Much more we shall be saved by his life."*

IMMORTAL by their deed and word,
Like light around them shed,
Still speak the prophets of the Lord,
Still live the sainted dead.

The voice of old by Jordan's flood
Yet floats upon the air ;
We hear it in beatitude,
In parable and prayer.

And still the beauty of that life
Shines star-like on our way,
And breathes its calm amid the strife
And burden of to-day.

Earnest of life forevermore
That life of duty here, —
The trust that in the darkest hour
Looked forth and knew no fear !

Spirit of Jesus, still speed on !
Speed on thy conquering way,
Till every heart the Father own,
And all his will obey !

Frederick L. Hosmer.

255. *"He went about doing good."*

BEHOLD, where in a mortal form,
Appears each grace divine !
The virtues, all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.

To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.

'Mid keen reproach and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek he stood ;
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life ;
He labored for their good.

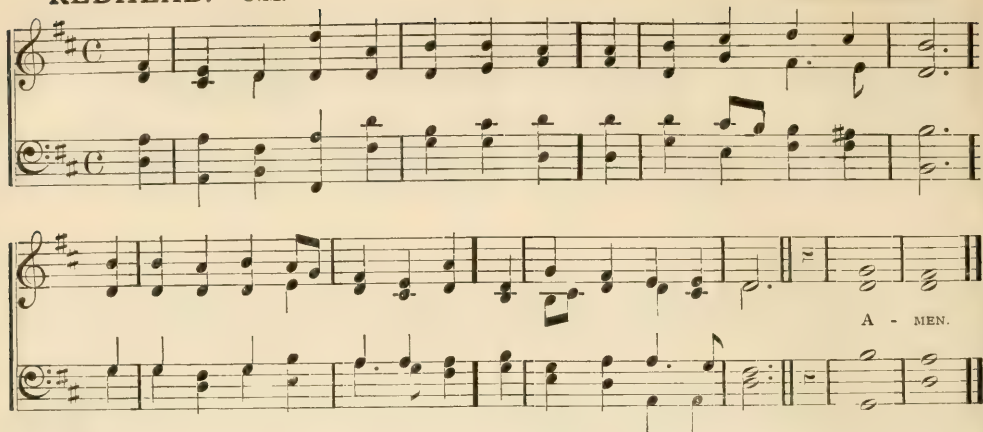
In the last hour of deep distress,
Before his Father's throne,
With soul resigned, he bowed, and said,
"Thy will, not mine, be done !"

Be Christ our pattern and our guide ;
His image may we bear !
Oh, may we tread his holy steps,
His joy and glory share !

William Enfield.

REDHEAD. C.M.

RICHARD REDHEAD.



256.

Immortal Love.

IMMORTAL Love, forever full,
 Forever flowing free,
 Forever shared, forever whole,
 A never-ebbing sea !

We may not climb the heavenly steeps
 To bring the Lord Christ down :
 In vain we search the lowest deeps,
 For him no depths can drown.

And not for signs in heaven above
 Or earth below they look,
 Who know with John his smile of love,
 With Peter his rebuke.

No fable old, nor mythic lore,
 Nor dream of bards and seers,
 No dead fact stranded on the shore
 Of the oblivious years, —

But warm, sweet, tender, even yet
 A present help is he ;
 And faith has still its Olivet,
 And love its Galilee.

The healing of his seamless dress
 Is by our beds of pain ;
 We touch him in life's throng and press,
 And we are whole again.

Through him the first fond prayers are said
 Our lips of childhood frame,
 The last low whispers of our dead
 Are burdened with his name.

John G. Whittier.

257.

We hear thy call.

O LORD and Master of us all !
 Whate'er our name or sign,
 We own thy sway, we hear thy call,
 We test our lives by thine.

Our thoughts lie open to thy sight ;
 And, naked to thy glance,
 Our secret sins are in the light
 Of thy pure countenance.

To thee our full humanity,
 Its joys and pains, belong ;
 The wrong of man to man on thee
 Inflicts a deeper wrong.

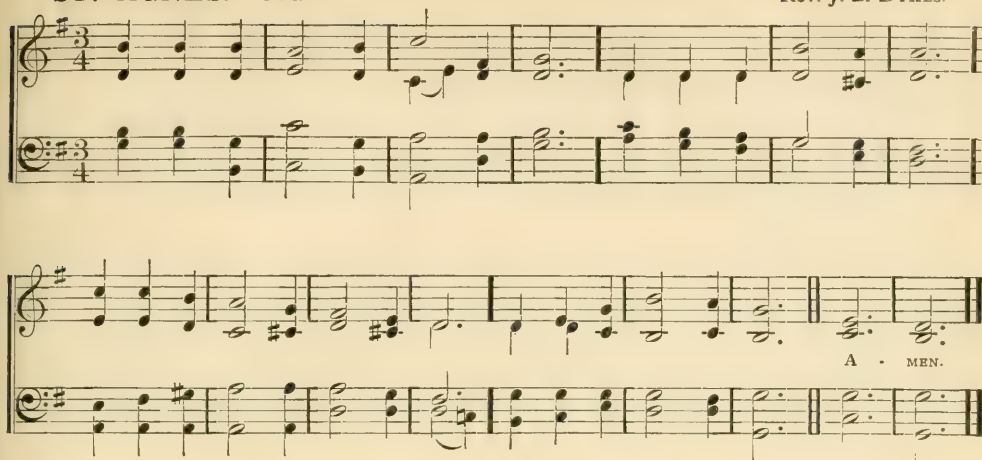
Who hates, hates thee, who loves becomes
 Therein to thee allied ;
 All sweet accords of hearts and homes
 In thee are multiplied.

Deep strike thy roots, O heavenly Vine,
 Within our earthly sod,
 Most human and yet most divine,
 The flower of man and God ! AMEN.

John G. Whittier.

ST. AGNES. C.M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



A - MEN.

258.

The Light, the Truth, the Way.

O LOVE ! O Life ! Our faith and sight
 Thy presence maketh one :
 As through transfigured clouds of white
 We trace the noonday sun.

So, to our mortal eyes subdued,
 Flesh-veiled but not concealed,
 We know in thee the fatherhood
 And heart of God revealed.

We faintly hear, we dimly see,
 In differing phrase we pray ;
 But, dim or clear, we own in thee,
 The Light, the Truth, the Way !

To do thy will is more than praise,
 As words are less than deeds,
 And simple trust can find thy ways
 We miss with chart of creeds.

Alone, O Love ineffable !
 Thy saving name is given ;
 To turn aside from thee is hell,
 To walk with thee is heaven !

Our Friend, our Brother, and our Lord ;
 What may thy service be ? —
 Nor name, nor form, nor ritual word,
 But simply following thee.

John G. Whittier.

259.

"So shall ye be my disciples."

WHAT grace, O Lord, and beauty shone
 Around thy steps below ;
 What patient love was seen in all
 Thy life, and death of woe !

Thy foes might hate, despise, revile,
 Thy friends unfaithful prove,
 Unwearied in forgiveness still,
 Thy heart could only love.

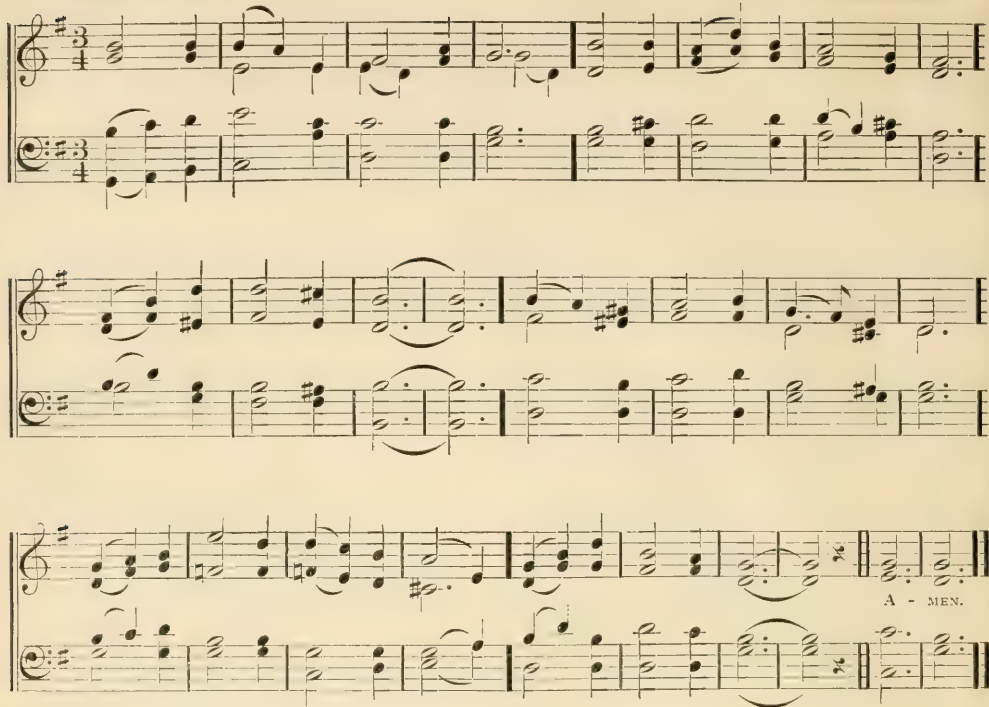
Oh, give us hearts to love like thee,
 Like thee, O Lord, to grieve
 Far more for others' sins, than all
 The wrongs that we receive.

One with thyself, may every eye
 In us, thy brethren, see
 The gentleness and grace that spring
 From union, Lord, with thee. AMEN.

Sir Edward Denny.

ARMSTRONG. 7.7.5:7.7.5.

G. W. CHADWICK.



260. *"And Jesus was moved with compassion toward them, because they were as sheep not having a shepherd."*

WHEN the Lord of Love was here,
Happy hearts to him were dear,
Though his heart was sad ;
Worn and lonely for our sake,
Yet he turned aside to make
All the weary glad.

Meek and lowly were his ways ;
From his loving grew his praise,
From his giving, prayer :
All the outcasts thronged to hear,
All the sorrowful drew near
To enjoy his care.

When he walked the fields, he drew
From the flowers, and birds, and dew,
Parables of God ;

For, within his heart of love,
All the soul of man did move,
God had his abode.

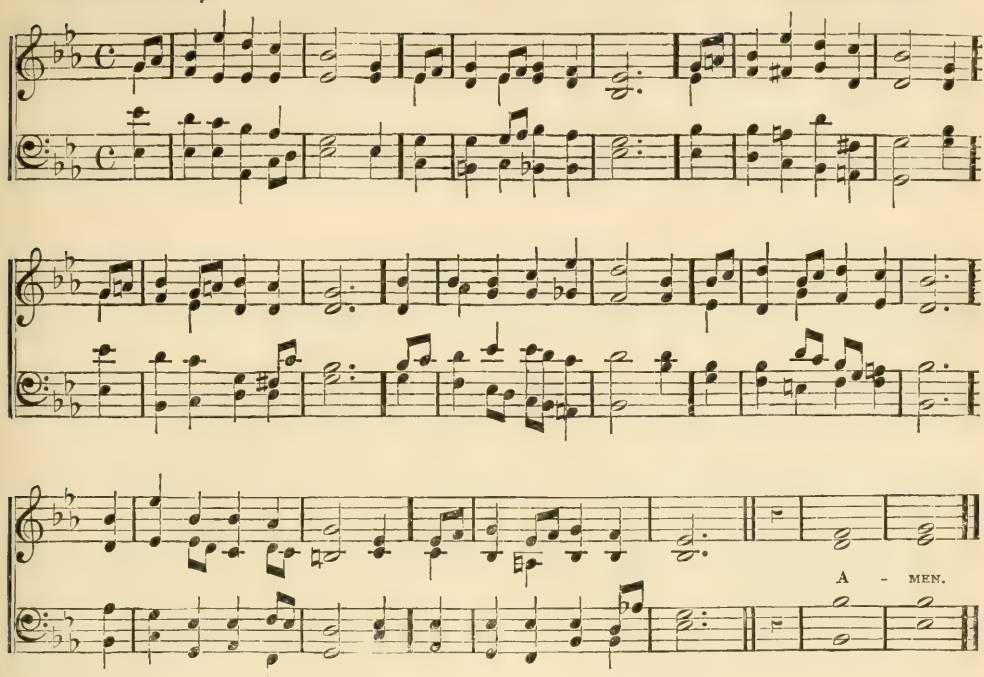
Lord, be ours thy power to keep,
In the very heart of grief,
And in trial, love ;
In our meekness to be wise,
And through sorrow to arise
To our God above.

Fill us with thy deep desire
All the sinful to inspire
With the Father's life ;
Free us from the cares that press
On the heart of worldliness,
From the fret and strife. AMEN.

Stopford A. Brooke.

TOURS. 7.6. Double.

BERTHOLD TOURS.



261.

"Hosanna to the Son of David."

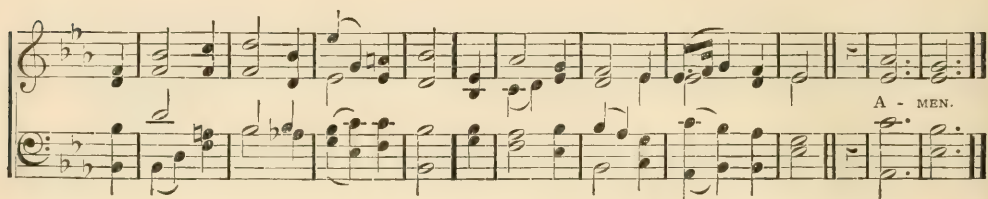
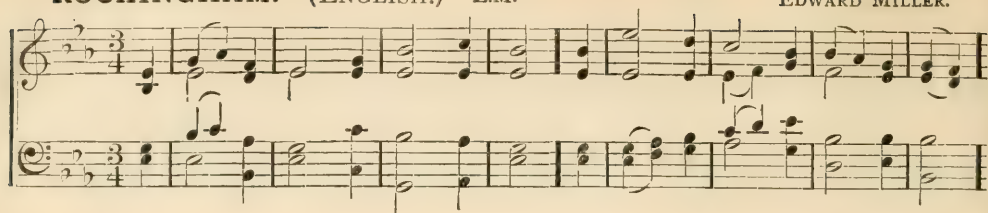
HOSANNA ! loud hosanna !
 The little children sang ;
 Through pillared court and temple
 The glorious anthem rang :
 To Jesus, who had blessed them,
 Close folded to his breast,
 The children sang their praises,
 The simplest and the best.

From Olivet they followed,
 'Midst an exultant crowd,
 Waving the victor palm-branch,
 And shouting clear and loud ;
 Bright angels joined the chorus
 Beyond the cloudless sky, —
 "Hosanna in the highest :
 Glory to God on high !" AMEN.

Jeannette Threlfall.

ROCKINGHAM. (ENGLISH.) L.M.

EDWARD MILLER.



262. "With his stripes we are healed."

A VOICE upon the midnight air,
Where Kedron's moonlit waters stray,
Weeps forth, in agony of prayer,
"O Father! take this cup away."

Ah! thou who sorrowest unto death,
We conquer in thy mortal fray;
And Earth, for all her children, saith,
"O God! take not this cup away!"

O Lord of sorrow! meekly die;
Thou'lt heal or hallow all our woe;
Thy name refresh the mourner's sigh;
Thy peace revive the faint and low.

Great Chief of faithful souls, arise;
None else can lead the martyr band,
Who teach the brave how peril flies,
When Faith, unarmed, uplifts the hand.

Thy parting blessing, Lord, we pray:
Make but one fold below, above:
And when we go the last lone way,
Oh, give the welcome of thy love! AMEN.

James Martineau. 1840.

263. *Glorying in the Cross.*

WHEN I survey the wondrous cross
On which the Prince of Glory died,
My richest gain I count but loss,
And pour contempt on all my pride.

See, from his head, his hands, his feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!
Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a tribute far too small:
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

Isaac Watts. 1709.

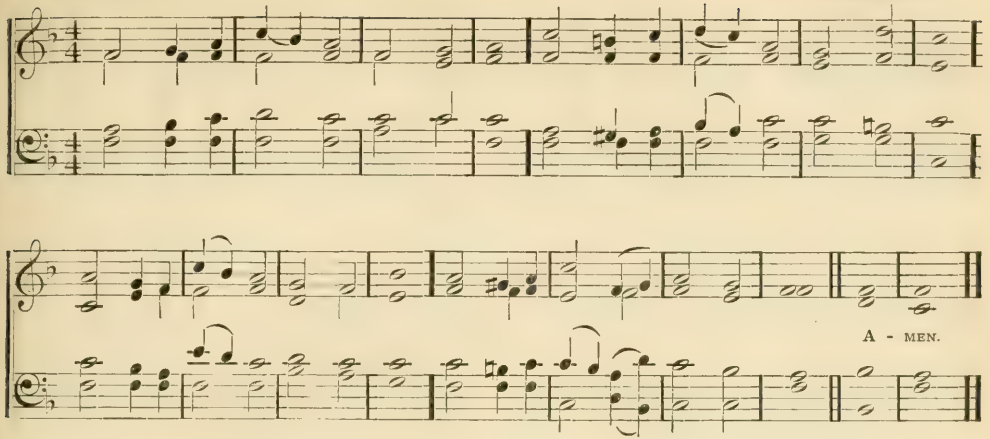
264. *Made perfect through Suffering.*

O SUFFERING Friend of human kind!
How, as the fatal hour drew near,
Came thronging on thy holy mind
The images of grief and fear!

Gethsemane's sad midnight scene,
The faithless friends, the exulting foes,
The thorny crown, the insult keen,
The scourge, the cross, before thee rose.

HUMILITY. L.M.

S. P. TUCKERMAN.



Did not thy spirit shrink dismayed,
As the dark vision o'er it came ;
And, though in sinless strength arrayed,
Turn, shuddering, from the death of shame ?
Onward, like thee, through scorn and dread,
May we our Father's call obey,
Steadfast thy path of duty tread, [AMEN.
And rise, through death, to endless day !

Stephen Greenleaf Bulfinch. 1832.

265. *"He that taketh not his cross, and followeth after me, is not worthy of me."*

PLEDGE of our glorious home afar,
The holy cross with joy we take ;
Sign of a peace life could not mar,
And of a faith death could not shake.

It tells how Truth, once crucified,
Now throned in majesty doth reign ;
How Love is blest and glorified,
That once on earth was mocked and slain.

Up, brethren of the cross ! and haste
Onward where Jesus goes before ;
We praise him best when we too taste
The shame and cross that once he bore.

Ludwig Andreas Gotter.†

266. *"Leaving us an example, that ye should follow his steps."*

How shall I follow him I serve ?
How shall I copy him I love ?

Nor from those blessed footsteps swerve,
Which lead me to his seat above ?

Privations, sorrows, bitter scorn,
The life of toil, the mean abode,
The faithless kiss, the crown of thorn, —
Are these the consecrated road ?

Lord, should my path through suffering lie,
Forbid it I should e'er repine ;
Still let me turn to Calvary,
Nor heed my grief, remembering thine.

Josiah Conder.

267. *"The light of the knowledge of the glory of God in the face of Jesus Christ."*

STRONG SON of God, immortal Love,
Whom we, that have not seen thy face,
By faith, and faith alone, embrace,
Believing where we cannot prove ;

Thou seemest human and divine,
The highest, holiest manhood thou :
Our wills are ours, we know not how ;
Our wills are ours, to make them thine.

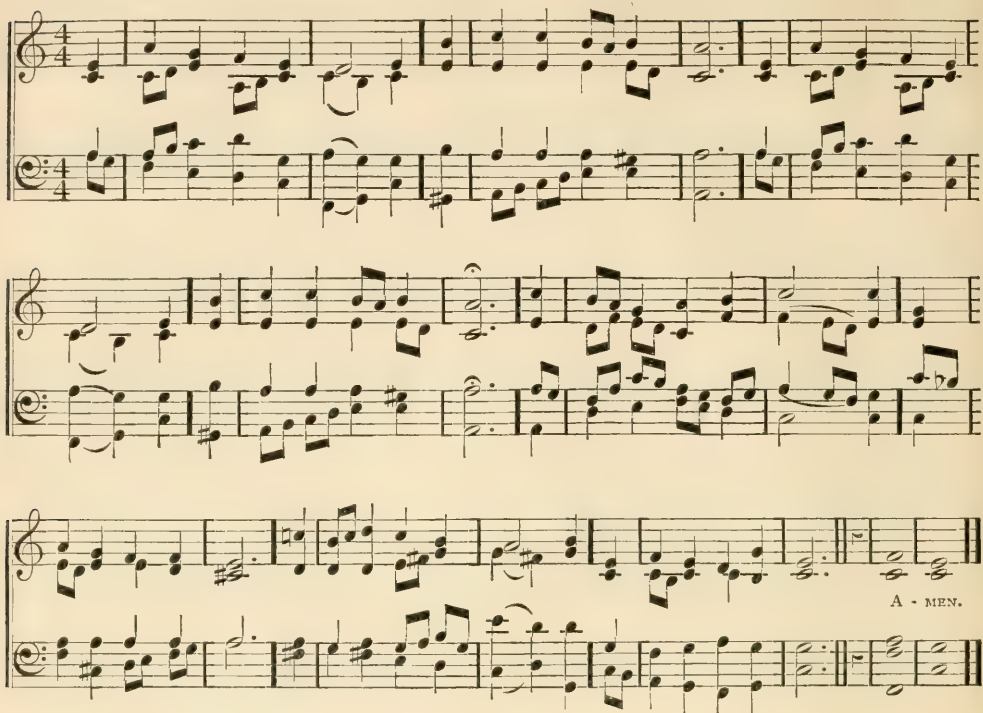
Our little systems have their day ;
They have their day and cease to be ;
They are but broken lights of thee,
And thou, O Lord, art more than they.

Alfred Tennyson.

PASSION CHORALE. 76. Double.

(O Haupt voll Blut und Wunden.)

HASSLER.



268.

"O Sacred Head!"

O SACRED head, now wounded,
 With grief and shame weighed down,
 So scornfully surrounded
 With thorns, thine only crown, —
 How art thou pale with anguish,
 With sore abuse and scorn!
 How do those features languish
 Which once were fair as morn!

What language shall I borrow
 To thank thee, dearest friend,
 For this thy dying sorrow,
 Thy pity without end!

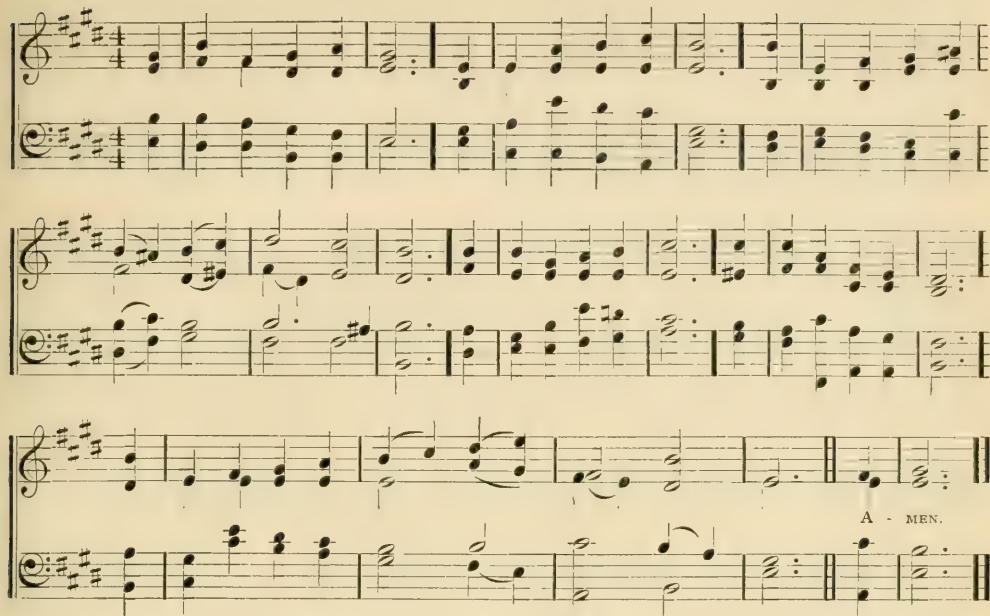
Ah, make me cling the firmer
 To one so true to me;
 And sink without a murmur
 To sleep at last in thee.

Appear then, my Defender,
 My Comfort, ere I die!
 This life I can surrender,
 If but I see thee nigh;
 My dim eyes shall behold thee,
 Upon thy cross shall dwell,
 My heart by faith enfold thee;
 Who dieth thus, dies well!

St. Bernard. Tr. Paul Gerhardt.
 Tr. Dr. James W. Alexander and C. Winkworth.

OVERSTRAND. 6.6.10:6.6.10.

E. J. HOPKINS.



269.

"Rejoice, inasmuch as ye are partakers of Christ's sufferings."

It was no path of flowers,
Which, through this world of ours,
Beloved of the Father, thou didst tread;
And shall we in dismay
Shrink from the narrow way,
When clouds and darkness are around it spread?

O thou, who art our life,
Be with us through the strife;
Thy holy head by earth's fierce storms was bowed;
Raise thou our eyes above,
To see a Father's love
Beam like the bow of promise through the cloud.

And O, if thoughts of gloom
Should hover o'er the tomb,
That light of love our guiding star shall be;
Our spirits shall not dread
The shadowy way to tread,
Friend, Guardian, Saviour, which doth lead to thee.

Sarah E. Miles.

STABAT MATER. 8.8.7:8.8.7.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

270.

Strength from the Cross.

“It is finished !” Man of sorrows !
 From thy cross our frailty borrows
 Strength to bear and conquer thus.
 While extended there we view thee,
 Mighty Sufferer, draw us to thee, —
 Sufferer victorious !

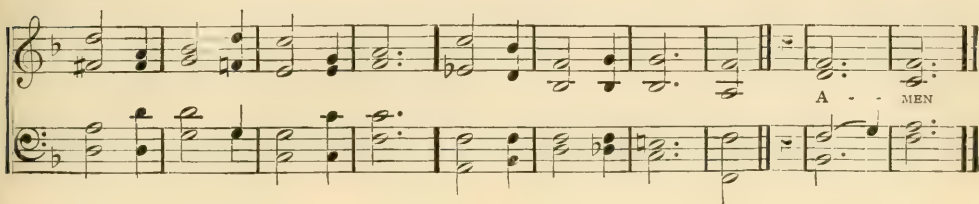
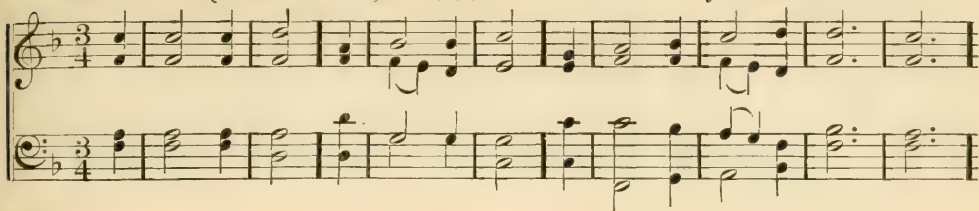
Not in vain for us uplifted,
 Man of sorrows, wonder-gifted,
 May that sacred emblem be !
 Lifted high amid the ages,
 Guide of heroes, saints, and sages,
 May it guide us still to thee !

Still to thee, whose love unbounded
 Sorrow’s depths for us has sounded,
 Perfected by conflicts sore.
 Honored be thy cross forever ;
 Star, that points our high endeavor
 Whither thou hast gone before !

Frederic H. Hedge

CALKIN. (ARIMATHEA.) 4:4:7.7.6.

JOHN BAPTISTE CALKIN.



271.

Easter Eve.

THOU, sore oppressed,
 The Sabbath rest
 In yon still grave art keeping ;
 All thy labor now is done,
 Past is all thy weeping.

Thou awful tomb
 Once filled with gloom,
 How blessed and how holy
 Art thou now, since in the grave
 Slept the Saviour lowly !

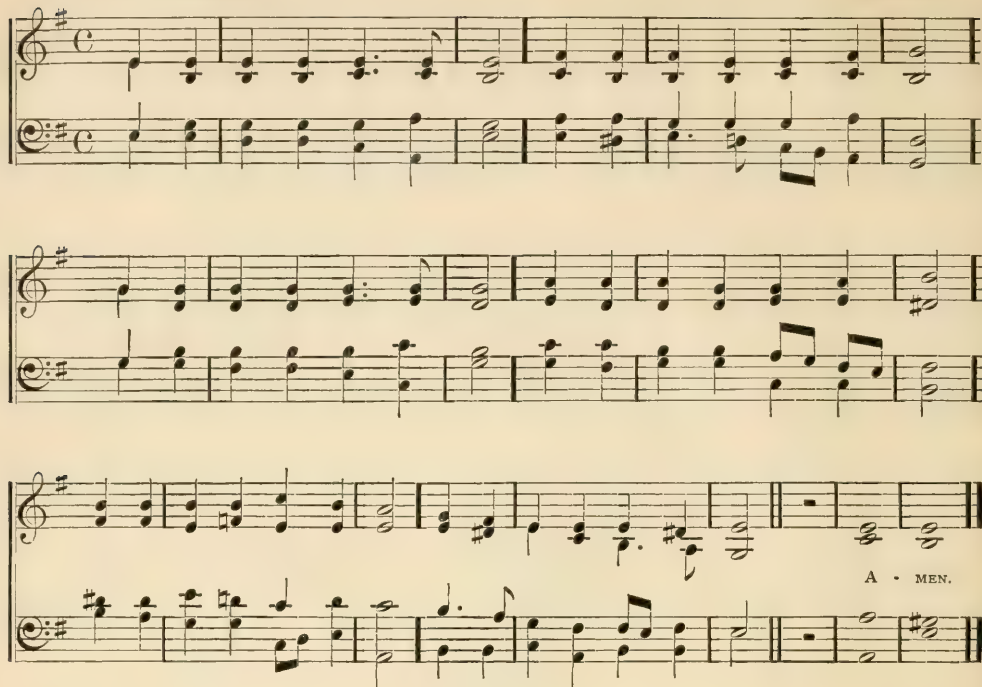
How calm and blest
 The dead now rest
 Who in the Lord departed ;
 All their works do follow them,
 Yea, they sleep glad-hearted !

O Lord, our Rock,
 Soon grant thy flock
 To see thy Sabbath morning !
 Strife and pain will all be past
 When that day is dawning.

Victor Friedrich von Strauss. Tr. Catherine Winkworth.

GETHSEMANE. 7. Six lines.

Sir F. A. G. OUSELEY.



272.

Christ our Example in Suffering.

Go to dark Gethsemane,
 Ye that feel temptation's power,
 Your Redeemer's conflict see :
 Watch with him one bitter hour :
 Turn not from his griefs away ;
 Learn of Jesus Christ to pray.

Follow to the judgment-hall ;
 View the Lord of life arraigned :
 Oh, the wormwood and the gall !
 Oh, the pangs his soul sustained !
 Shun not suffering, shame, or loss :
 Learn of him to bear the cross.

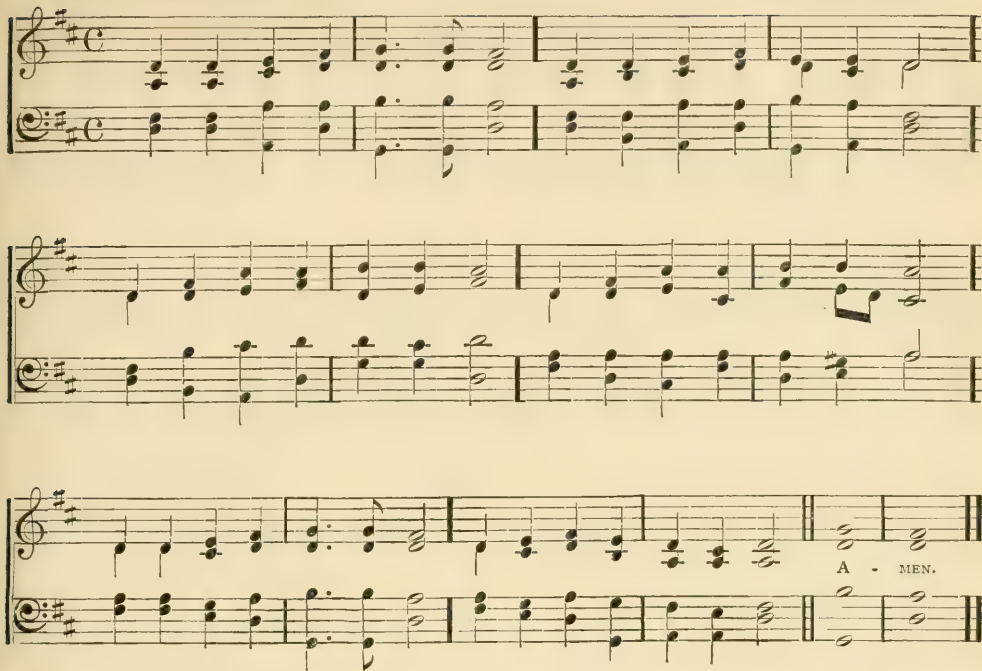
Calvary's mournful mountain climb :
 There, admiring at his feet,
 Mark that miracle of time,
 Love's own sacrifice complete ;
 "It is finished," hear him cry ;
 Learn of Jesus Christ to die.

Early hasten to the tomb
 Where they laid his breathless clay ;
 All is solitude and gloom ;
 Who has taken him away ?
 Christ is risen ; he meets our eyes :
 Saviour, teach us so to rise. AMEN.

James Montgomerie.

GETHSEMANE. 7. Six lines.

RICHARD REDHEAD.

273. *"These things I have spoken unto you, that in me ye might have peace."*

WHEN arise the thoughts of sin,
When the world our hearts would win,
When, to selfish pleasure given,
Droops the love that blooms for heaven;
Lord, we would remember thee,
Thou wilt our Redeemer be.

When, with footsteps faint and slow,
Duty's upward path we go;
When, by toils and hardships pressed,
Round we turn to look for rest, —
Lord, we would remember thee:
Thou our Guide and Strength wilt be.

When the way grows dark and drear,
When, beset by doubt and fear,
We can see no beam of light
Struggling through the thickening night;

Lord, we would remember thee,
Thou our Comforter wilt be.

William Gaskell.

274. *"Let this mind be in you, which was also in Christ Jesus."*

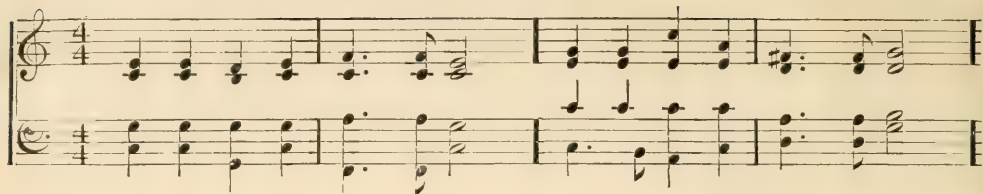
EVER patient, gentle, meek,
Holy Saviour, was thy mind;
Vainly in myself I seek
Likeness to my Lord to find;
Yet the mind that was in thee
May be, must be, formed in me.

When my pain is most intense,
Let thy cross my lesson prove;
Let me hear thee even thence
Breathing words of peace and love;
Thus thy grace shall form in me
The same mind which was in thee.

Charlotte Elliott.

REST. 7-7:7-7.

RICHARD REDHEAD.



275.

"It is finished."

"It is finished!" — all the pain,
All the sorrow, all the strain;
Death has freed the Lord of life
From the burden of his strife.

"It is finished!" — all the days
Led through many weary ways;
Now at last his eyelids close
On the hatred of his foes.

"It is finished," — all the toil
Sin and trial could not spoil;
Never could his spirit fleet
Till the work was all complete.

"It is finished," — all the word
Poor and sinners gladly heard;
All the Father's love made known,
Human goodness fully shown.

"It is finished," — all the love,
Deep as his who dwells above;
Saving others, all he gave,
But himself he would not save.

"It is finished!" — Hark! the cry,
Uttered in Love's agony,
Is the seal, below, above,
Of the Victory of Love.

Stopford A. Brooke.

276.

Christ's Sufferings our Strength.

WHEN my love to Christ grows weak,
When for deeper faith I seek,
Then in thought I go to thee,
Garden of Gethsemane.

There I walk amid the shades,
While the lingering twilight fades;
See that suffering, friendless one
Weeping, praying, there alone.

When my love for Christ grows weak,
When for stronger faith I seek,
Hill of Calvary, I go
To thy scenes of fear and woe;

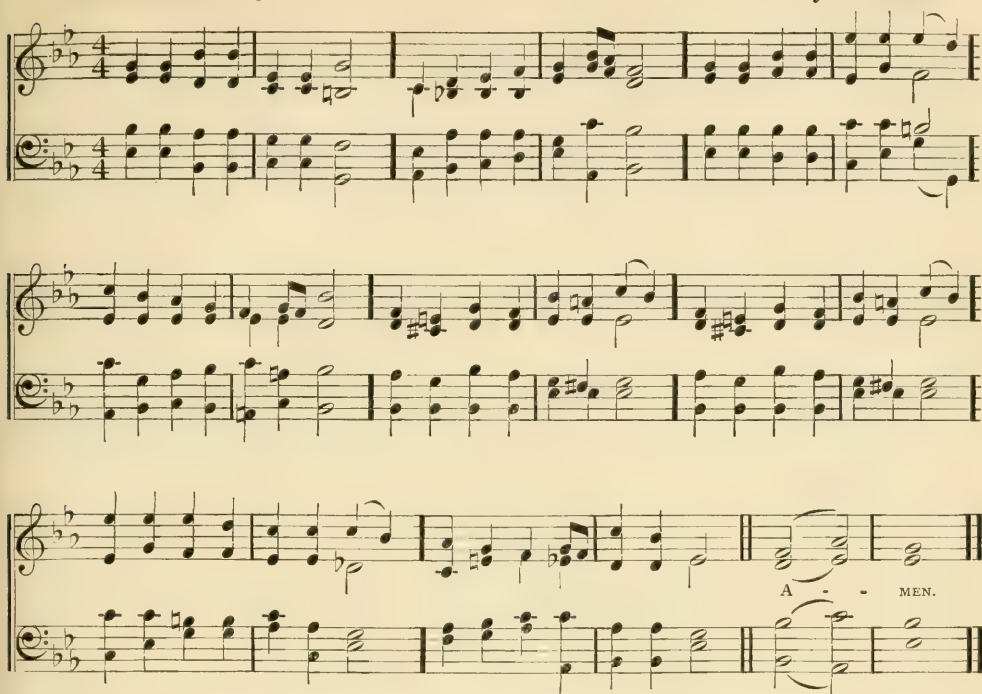
There behold his agony,
Suffered on the bitter tree;
See his anguish, see his faith,
Love triumphant still in death.

Then to life I turn again;
Learning all the worth of pain,
Learning all the might that lies
In a full self-sacrifice.

John Reynell Wreford.

SORRENTO. 7. Double.

J. H. DEANE.



277.

"A cloud received him out of their sight."

He is gone ; a cloud of light
 Has received him from our sight,
 High in heaven where eye of men
 Follows not, nor angels' ken ;
 Through the veils of time and space,
 Passed into the holiest place ;
 All the toil, the sorrow done,
 All the battle fought and won.

He is gone ; and we remain
 In this world of sin and pain,
 In the void which he has left ;
 On this earth, of him bereft,
 We have still his work to do,
 We can still his path pursue ;
 Seek him both in friend and foe,
 In ourselves his image show.

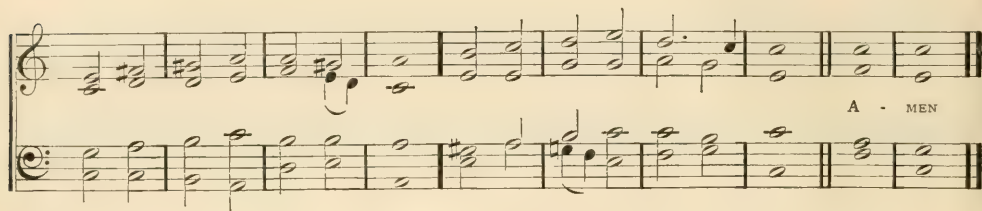
He is gone ; but we once more
 Shall behold him as before,
 In the heaven of heavens the same
 As on earth he went and came ;
 In the many mansions there
 Place for us he will prepare ;
 In that world unseen, unknown,
 He and we may yet be one.

He is gone, but not in vain ;
 Wait until he comes again ;
 He is risen, he is not here ;
 Far above this earthly sphere,
 Evermore in heart and mind,
 There our peace in him we find ;
 To our own Eternal Friend
 Thitherward let us ascend.

Arthur P. Stanley.

BRANDENBURG. 7.8:7.8:7.7.*(Jesus, meine Zuversicht.)*

From the German.

**278.***The Resurrection and the Life.*

JESUS CHRIST, my sure defence,
 And my Saviour, ever liveth ;
 Knowing this, my confidence
 Rests upon the hope it giveth,
 Though the night of death be fraught
 Still with many an anxious thought.

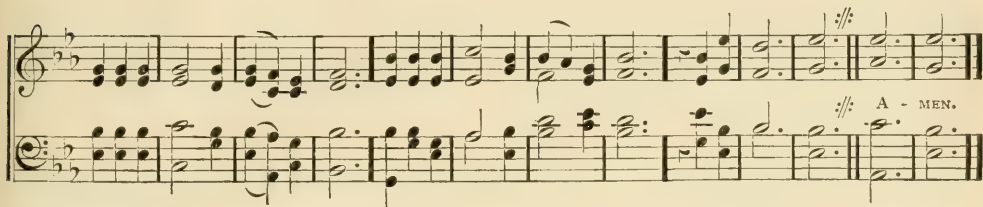
Jesus, my Redeemer, lives !
 I, too, unto life must waken :
 He will have me where he is :
 Shall my courage, then, be shaken ?
 Shall I fear ? Or could the Head
 Rise and leave its members dead ?

Nay, too closely am I bound
 Unto him by hope forever ;
 Faith's strong hand the rock hath found,
 Grasped it, and will leave it never :
 Not the ban of death can part
 From its Lord the trusting heart.

Saviour, draw away our heart
 Now from pleasures base and hollow,
 Let us there with thee have part,
 Here on earth thy footsteps follow.
 Fix our hearts beyond the skies,
 Whither we ourselves would rise. **AMEN.**

PALESTRINA. 8.8.8: 4.

From PALESTRINA.



279.

"Who hath abolished death, and brought life and immortality to light."

ALLELUIA ! ALLELUIA ! ALLELUIA !

Past are the cross, the scourge, the thorn,
 The scoffing tongue, the gibe, the scorn,
 And brightly breaks the Easter morn.

Alleluia !

Gone are the gloomy clouds of night ;
 The shades of death are put to flight ;
 And from the tomb beams heavenly light.

Alleluia !

And so in sorrow dark and drear,
 Though black the night, the morn is near ;
 Soon shall the heavenly day appear.

Alleluia !

And when death's darkness dims our eyes,
 From out the gloom our souls shall rise
 In deathless glory to the skies.

Alleluia !

Then let us raise the glorious strain,
 Love's triumph over sin and pain,
 Faith's victory over terror's reign !

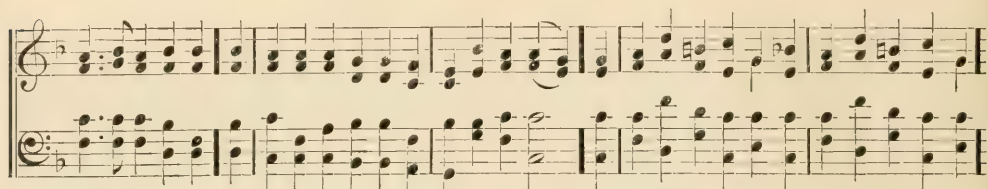
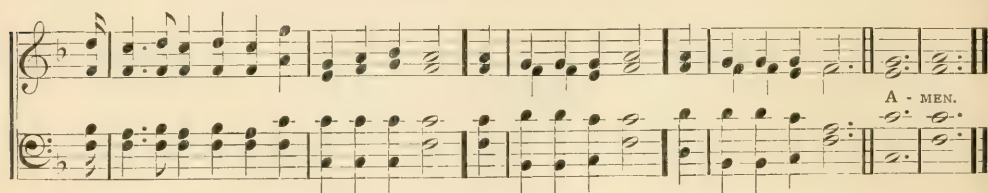
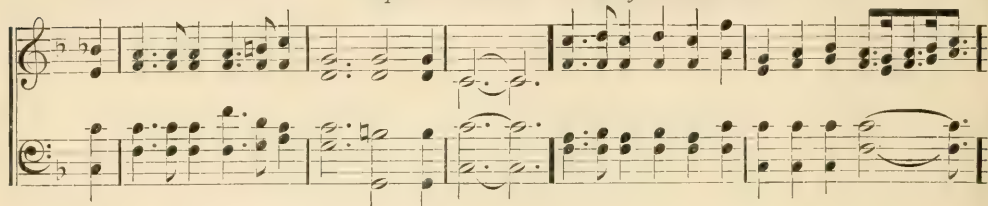
Alleluia.

AVISON. P.M.

CHARLES AVISON.

CHORUS.

FINE.

*Repeat 1st Chorus. Chorus after second verse.*

280.

"Sing unto the Lord, for he hath triumphed gloriously."

LIFT your glad voices in triumph on high,
 For Jesus hath risen, and man cannot die;
 Vain were the terrors that gathered around
 him, [grave;
 And short the dominion of death and the
 He burst from the fetters of darkness that
 bound him,
 Resplendent in glory, to live and to save.
 Loud was the chorus of angels on high,
 "The Saviour hath risen, and man cannot
 die."

Glory to God, in full anthems of joy;
 The being he gave us death cannot destroy!
 Sad were the life we must part with to-
 morrow,
 If tears were our birthright, and death were
 our end;
 But Jesus hath cheered the dark valley of
 sorrow,
 And bade us, immortal, to heaven ascend.
 Lift, then, your voices in triumph on high,
 For Jesus hath risen, and man shall not
 die.

Henry Ware, Jr.

WORGAN. 7. With Alleluia.

HENRY CAREY.

Al - le - lu - ia!

Al - le - lu - ia!

Al - le - lu - ia!

Al - le - lu - ia! A - MEN.

281. "O death, where is thy sting?"

JESUS CHRIST is risen to-day, Alleluia!
 Sons of men and angels say: Alleluia!
 Raise your joys and triumphs high; Alleluia!
 Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply, Alleluia!

Lives again our glorious King; Alleluia!
 "Where, O Death, is now thy sting?" Alleluia!

Lo, he claims his native sky! Alleluia!
 "Grave, where is thy victory?" Alleluia!

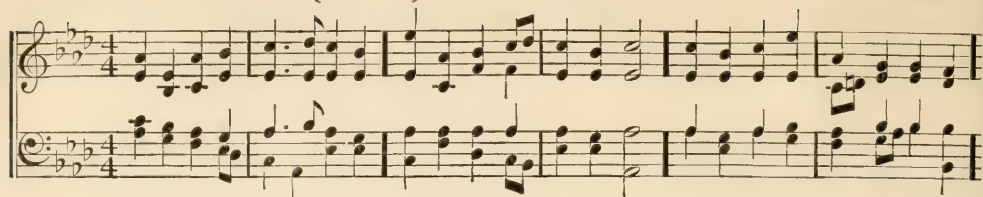
Soar we now where Christ has led, Alleluia!
 Following our exalted Head; Alleluia!
 Made like him, like him we rise; Alleluia!
 Ours the cross, the grave, the skies! Alleluia!

AMEN.

Charles Wesley. †

REX GLORIÆ. (SMART.) 8.7. Double.

HENRY SMART.



282.

The First-fruits.

ALLELUIA! Alleluia!

Hearts to heaven and voices raise;

Sing to God a hymn of gladness,

Sing to God a hymn of praise.

Now the iron bars are broken,

Christ from death to life is born,

Glorious life, and life immortal,

On the holy Easter morn.

Christ is risen; we are risen;

Shed upon us heavenly grace,

Rain, and dew, and gleams of glory

From the brightness of thy face;

That we, with our hearts in heaven,

Here on earth may fruitful be,

And, by angel hands be gathered,

And be ever, Lord, with thee.

Christ has triumphed, and we conquer

By his mighty enterprise;

We with Christ, to life eternal,

By his resurrection rise.

Alleluia! Alleluia!

Glory be to God on high;

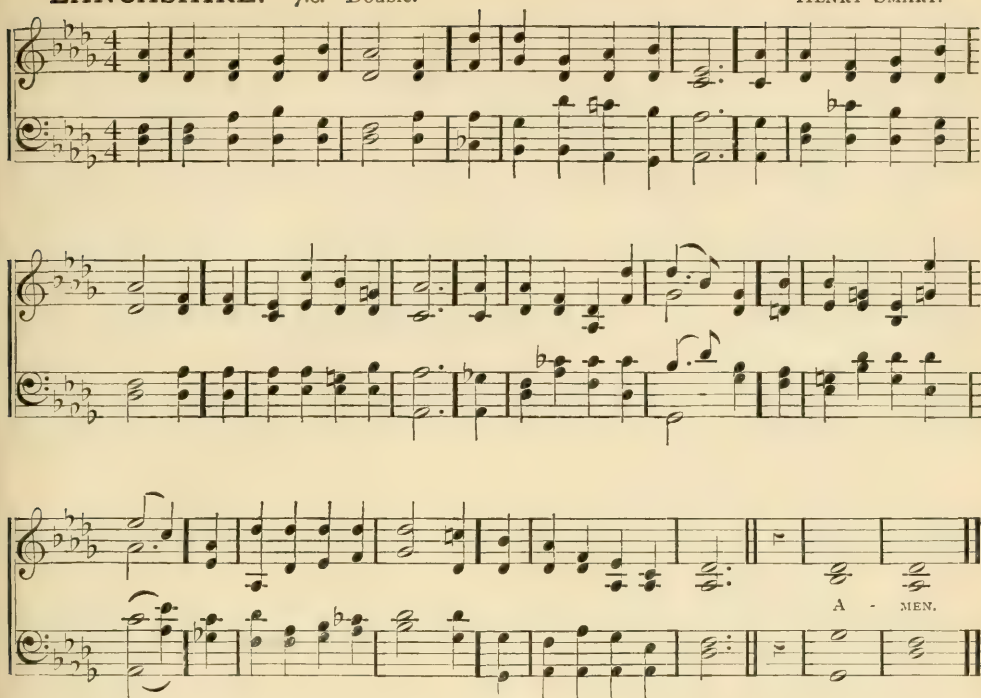
Alleluia! to the Saviour,

Who has gained the victory! AMEN.

Christopher Wordsworth.

LANCASHIRE. 7.6. Double.

HENRY SMART.



283.

"The Lord is risen indeed."

THE day of resurrection,
 Earth, tell it out abroad :
 The Passover of gladness,
 The Passover of God.
 From death to life eternal,
 From earth unto the sky,
 Our Christ hath brought us over,
 With hymns of victory.

Our hearts be pure from evil,
 That we may see aright
 The Lord in rays eternal
 Of resurrection-light ;

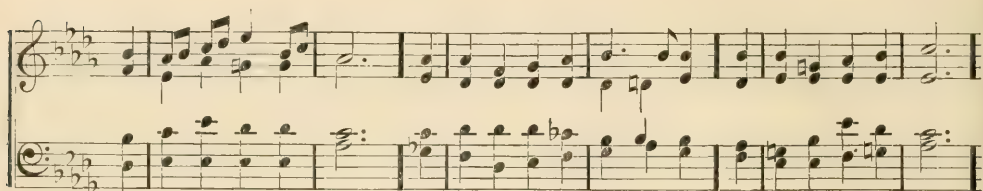
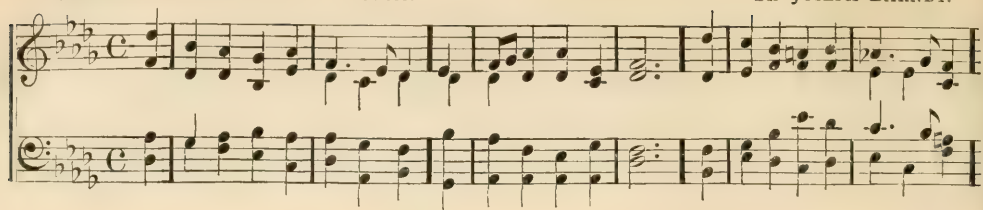
And, listening to his accents,
 May hear, so calm and plain,
 His own "All hail !" and, hearing,
 May raise the victor-strain.

Now let the heavens be joyful,
 Let earth her song begin ;
 Let the round world keep triumph,
 And all that is therein ;
 Invisible and visible,
 Their notes let all things blend ;
 For Christ the Lord hath risen,
 Our Joy that hath no end. AMEN.

Saint John of Damascus. 760. Tr. J. M. Neale

GRANTHAM. C.M. Double.

Sir JOSEPH BARNBY.



284.

"Death is swallowed up in victory."

AWAKE, glad soul ! awake ! awake !
 Thy Lord hath risen long ;
 Go to his grave, and with thee take
 Both tuneful heart and song ;
 Where life is waking all around,
 Where love's sweet voices sing,
 The first bright blossom may be found
 Of an eternal spring.

The shade and gloom of life are fled
 This Resurrection-day ;
 Henceforth in Christ are no more dead,
 The grave hath no more prey :

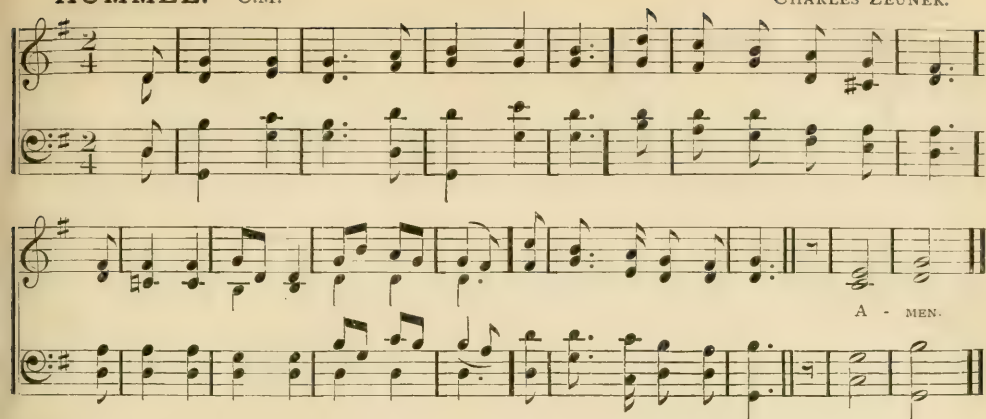
In Christ we live, in Christ we sleep,
 In Christ we wake and rise ;
 And the sad tears death makes us weep,
 He wipes from all our eyes.

Then wake, glad heart ! awake ! awake !
 And seek thy risen Lord ;
 Joy in his resurrection take,
 And comfort in his word ;
 And let thy life, through all its ways,
 One long thanksgiving be,
 Its theme of joy, its song of praise,
 " Christ died, and rose for me."

J. B. S. Monsell.

HUMMEL. C.M.

CHARLES ZEUNER.

285. *Singing the Song of the Redeemed.*

SING we the song of those who stand
Around th' eternal throne,
Of every kindred, clime, and land,
A multitude unknown.

Life's poor distinctions vanish here ;
To-day, the young, the old,
Our Saviour and his flock, appear
One Shepherd and one fold.

Toil, trial, suffering, still await
On earth the pilgrim throng ;
Yet learn we, in our low estate,
The church triumphant's song.

Then hallelujah ! power and praise
To God in Christ be given ;
May all who now this anthem raise
Renew the song in heaven ! AMEN.

James Montgomery.

286. *For Easter Sunday.*

AGAIN the Lord of life and light
Awakes the kindling ray ;
Unseals the eyelids of the morn,
And pours increasing day.

Oh, what a night was that which wrapt
The heathen world in gloom !
Oh, what a sun, which broke this day
Triumphant from the tomb !

This day be grateful homage paid, 155
And loud hosannas sung ;
Let gladness dwell in every heart,
And praise on every tongue.

Ten thousand differing lips shall join
To hail this welcome morn,
Which scatters blessings from its wings
To nations yet unborn.

Anna Lætitia Barbauld.

287. *"The Sun of righteousness shall arise with healing in his wings."*

On eyes that watch through sorrow's night,
On aching hearts and worn,
Rise thou with healing in thy light,
O happy Easter morn !

The dead earth wakes beneath thy rays,
The tender grasses spring ;
The woods put on their robes of praise,
And flowers are blossoming.

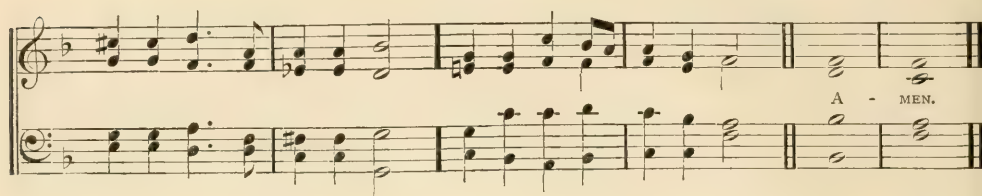
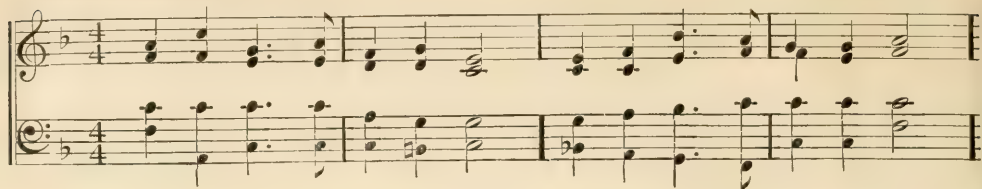
O shine within the spirit's skies,
Till, in thy kindling glow,
From out the buried memories
Immortal hopes shall grow :

Till from the seed oft sown in grief,
And wet with bitter tears,
Our faith shall bind the harvest sheaf
Of the eternal years. AMEN.

Frederick L. Hosmer.

EVERMORE. 7-7 : 7-7.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.

288. *"For even Christ pleased not himself."*

LAMB of God, I look to thee ;
 Thou shalt my example be ;
 Give me, Lord, thy blessing give ;
 Pray for me, and I shall live.

Thou didst live to God alone,
 Thou didst never seek thine own ;
 Thou thyself didst never please,
 God was all thy happiness.

Fain I would be as thou art ;
 Give me thy obedient heart.
 Thou art pitiful and kind ;
 Let me have thy loving mind.

Meek and lowly may I be ;
 Thou art all humility.
 Make me, Saviour, what thou art,
 Live thyself within my heart.

Let me, above all, fulfil
 God my heavenly Father's will ;
 Never his good Spirit grieve,
 Only to his glory live. AMEN.

Charles Wesley.

289. *Jesus our Leader.*

FEEBLE, helpless, how shall I
 Learn to live, and learn to die ?
 Who, O God, my guide shall be ?
 Who shall lead thy child to thee ?

Heavenly Father, gracious One,
 Thou hast sent thy blessèd Son :
 He will give the light I need ;
 He my trembling steps will lead.

Through this world, uncertain, dim,
 Let me ever learn of him ;
 From his precepts wisdom draw,
 Make his life my solemn law.

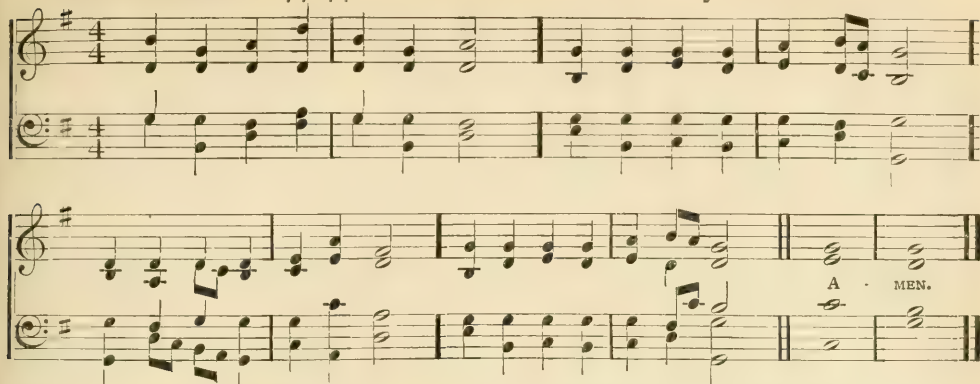
Thus, in deed and thought and word,
 Led by Jesus Christ the Lord,
 In my weakness, thus shall I
 Learn to live, and learn to die ; —

Learn to live in peace and love,
 Like the perfect ones above ;
 Learn to die without a fear,
 Knowing thee, my Father, near.

William Henry Furness.

NUREMBERG. 7:7:7:7.

JOHANN RUDOLF AHLE.



290.

Of one Heart and Mind.

JESUS, Lord, we look to thee ;
Let us in thy name agree ;
Show thyself the Prince of peace ;
Bid our jars forever cease.

By thy reconciling love,
Every stumbling-block remove ;
Each to each unite, endear,
Come, and spread thy banner here.

Make us of one heart and mind,
Courteous, pitiful, and kind,
Lowly, meek, in thought and word,
Altogether like our Lord.

Free from anger and from pride,
Let us thus in thee abide ;
All the depths of love express,
All the heights of holiness. AMEN.

Charles Wesley.

291.

"I can do all things through Christ, who strengtheneth me."

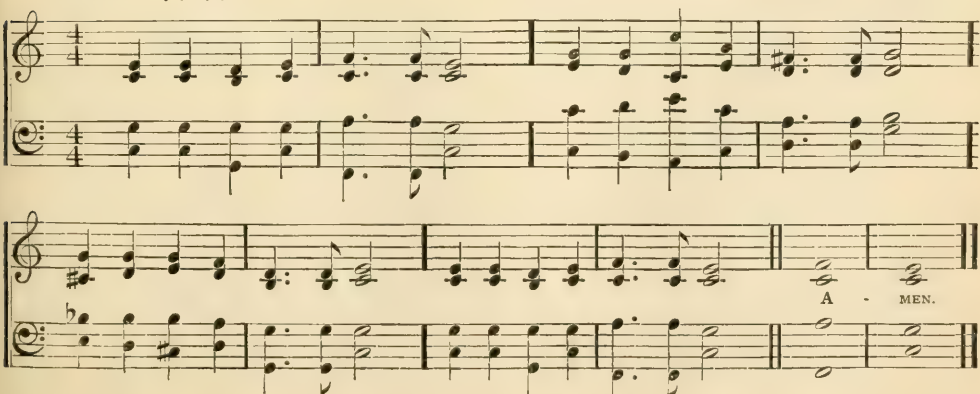
NEVER further than thy cross ;
Never higher than thy feet ;
Here earth's precious things seem dross ;
Here earth's bitter things grow sweet.

Here we learn to serve and give,
And, rejoicing, self deny ;
Here we gather love to live,
Here we gather faith to die.

Elizabeth Charles.

REST. 7:7:7:7.

RICHARD REDHEAD.



VOX DILECTI. C.M. Double.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

Small notes for Organ.

A - MEN.

292.

"He that cometh to me shall never hunger, and he that believeth in me shall never thirst."

I HEARD the voice of Jesus say,
 "Come unto me and rest :
 Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
 Thy head upon my breast."
 I came to Jesus as I was,
 Weary, and worn, and sad ;
 I found in him a resting-place,
 And he has made me glad.
 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "Behold I freely give
 The living water : thirsty one,
 Stoop down, and drink and live !"

I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream ;
 My thirst was quenched, my soul revived,
 And now I live in him.
 I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 "I am this dark world's Light ;
 Look unto me, thy morn shall rise,
 And all thy day be bright !"
 I looked to Jesus, and I found
 In him my Star, my Sun ;
 And in that Light of life I'll walk
 Till travelling days are done.

Horatius Bonar.

AUDITE AUDIENTES ME. C.M. Double.

Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

Voices in Unison.
Organ.
293.
"Come ye yourselves apart into a desert place, and rest a while."

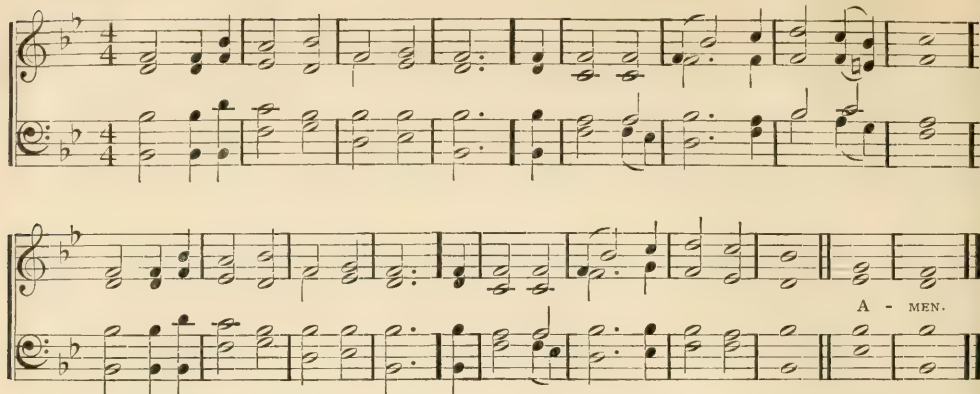
AMID the din of earthly strife,
 Amid the busy crowd,
 The whispers of eternal life
 Are lost in clamors loud;
 When lo! I find a healing balm,
 The world grows dim to me;
 My spirit rests in sudden calm
 With Christ in Galilee.

I linger near him in the throng,
 And listen to his voice;
 I feel my weary soul grow strong,
 My saddened heart rejoice.
 Amid the storms that darkly frown
 I hear his whisper sweet,
 And lay my heavy burden down
 At his belovèd feet. AMEN.

Henry W. Hawkes.

WARD. L.M.

Arranged by LOWELL MASON.



294.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

WHEREVER through the ages rise
The altars of self-sacrifice,
Where love its arms hath opened wide,
Or man for man has calmly died,

We see the same white wings outspread,
That hovered o'er the Master's head;
And in all lands beneath the sun
The heart affirmeth, "Love is one."

Up from undated time they come,
The martyr-souls of heathendom,
And to his cross and passion bring
Their fellowship of suffering.

And the one marvel of their death
To the one order witnesseth, —
Each, in his measure, but a part
Of thine unmeasured loving heart.

J. G. Whittier. †

295.

"And there shall be one fold [or flock], and one Shepherd."

SOON shall the slumbering morn awake,
From wandering stars of error freed,
When Christ the bread of heaven shall break
For saints that own a common creed.

The walls that fence his flocks apart
Shall crack and crumble in decay,
And every tongue and every heart
Shall welcome in the new-born day.

Then shall his glorious Church rejoice
His word of promise to recall, —
One sheltering Fold, one Shepherd's voice,
One God and Father over all!

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

296.

"And other sheep I have, which are not of this fold; them also I must bring, and they shall hear my voice."

THOUGH scattered far the flock may stray,
His own the shepherd still shall claim, —
The saints who never learned to pray, —
The friends who never spoke his name.

Dear Master, while we hear thy voice
That says, "The truth shall make you free,"
Thy servants still by loving choice,
Oh, keep us faithful unto thee! AMEN.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

297.

"Whosoever doth not bear his cross, and come after me, cannot be my disciple."

DARK were the paths our Master trod,
Yet never failed his trust in God;
Cruel and fierce the wrongs he bore,
Yet he but felt for man the more.

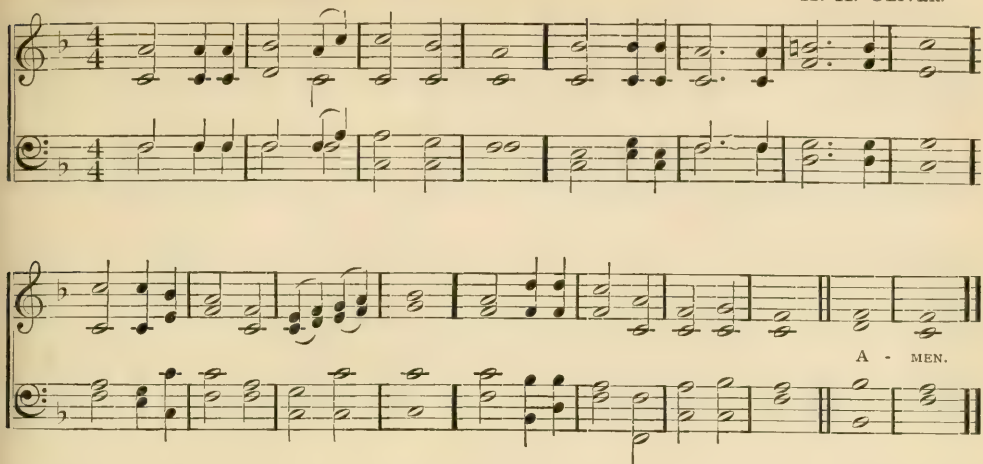
Unto the cross in faith he went,
His Father's willing instrument;
Upon the cross his prayer arose
In pity for his ruthless foes.

Oh, may we all his kindred be,
By holy love and sympathy;
Still loving man through every ill,
And trusting in our Father's will.

William Gaskell.

FEDERAL STREET. L.M.

H. K. OLIVER.



298.

"Abide with us."

JESUS, thou Joy of loving hearts !
Thou Fount of life ! thou Light of men !
From the best bliss that earth imparts,
We turn unfilled to thee again.

Thy truth unchanged hath ever stood ;
Thou savest those that on thee call ;
To them that seek thee, thou art good ;
To them that find thee, all in all.

We taste thee, O thou Living Bread,
And long to feast upon thee still ;
We drink of thee, the Fountain Head,
And thirst our souls from thee to fill.

Our restless spirits yearn for thee,
Where'er our changeful lot is cast ;
Glad, when thy gracious smile we see ;
Blest, when our faith can hold thee fast.

O Jesus, ever with us stay ;
Make all our moments calm and bright ;
Chase the dark night of sin away,
Shed o'er the world thy holy light ! AMEN.

St. Bernard. Tr. by Ray Palmer.

299.

"In the world ye shall have tribulation : but be of good cheer ; I have overcome the world."

O THOU for whom the strife was strong,
Thou who hast sung the conqueror's song ;
Uphold me through the holy war !
Make me a smiling conqueror.

Thy bidding is not vainly sweet ;
Thy cheerful soul my soul doth greet ;
Thou vanquishest — my foes are down,
For me the cross, for me the crown !

I fight upon thy battle-field,
Thy holy arms are mine to wield ;
Against me comes each foe of thine,
Repeat thy victory in mine !

Weak world ! in vain thy powers uprise ;
Thy sorrows vainly melt my eyes ;
This bitter life my Master led,
This world my Saviour vanquishèd !

Dear Conqueror ! thy sweet words I hear,
Mine, mine the fulness of thy cheer !
I too the world may overcome —
I too may win the heavenly home.

Thomas H. Gill.

SAINTS OF GOD. L. M. Six lines.

Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

300.

"By this shall all men know that ye are my disciples, if ye have love one to another."

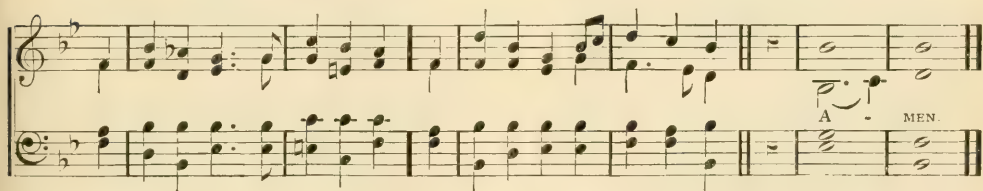
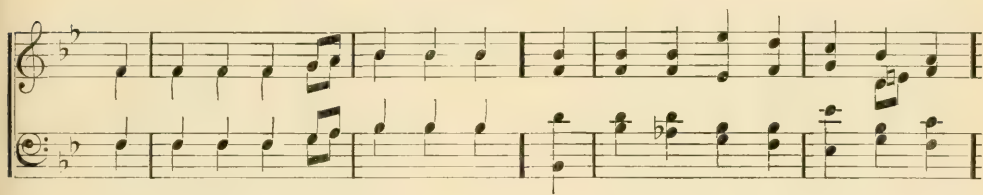
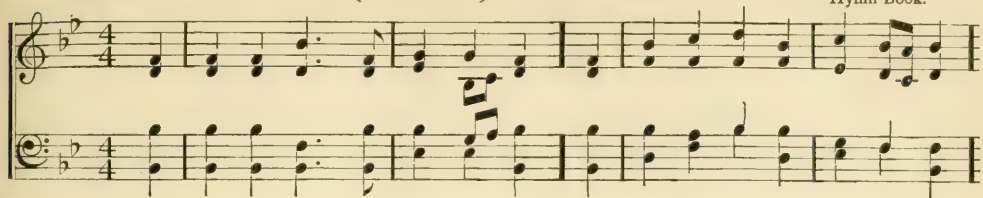
WEARY of all this wordy strife,

These notions, forms, and modes, and names,
To thee the Way, the Truth, the Life,Whose love my simple heart inflames,
Divinely taught, at last I fly,
With thee and thine to live and die.

My brethren, friends, and kinsmen, these,

Who do my heavenly Father's will;
Who aim at perfect holiness,
And all thy counsels to fulfil;
Athirst to be whate'er thou art,
And love their God with all their heart.From these, howe'er in flesh disjoined,
Where'er dispersed o'er earth abroad,Unfeigned, unbounded love I find,
And constant as the life of God;
Fountain of life, from thence it sprung,
As pure, as even, and as strong.

Charles Wesley.

PETERBOROUGH. (ENGLISH.) L.M. Double.From the Church Psalm and
Hymn Book.**301.***"Put on the whole armor of God."*

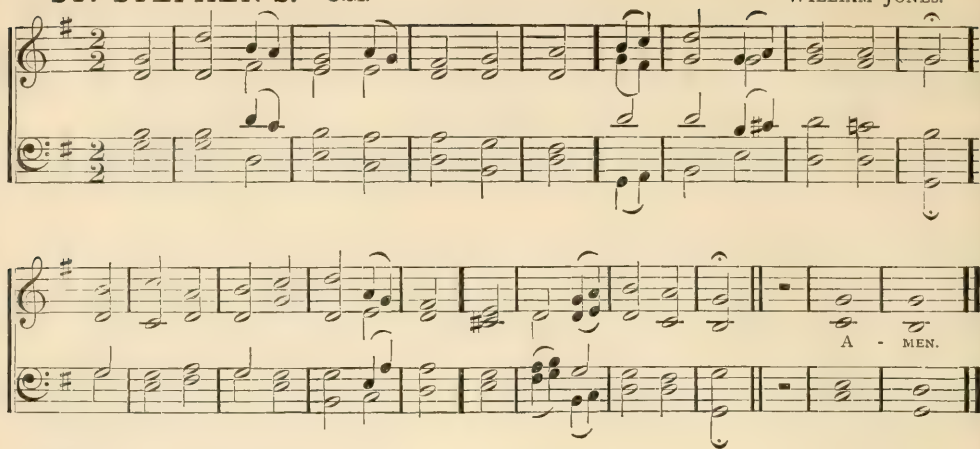
ARM these thy soldiers, mighty Lord,
With shield of faith and Spirit's sword ;
Forth to the battle may they go,
And boldly fight against the foe,
With banner of the cross unfurled,
And by it overcome the world ;
And so at last receive from thee
The palm and crown of victory.

Come, ever-blessed Spirit, come,
And make thy servants' hearts thy home ;
Thus consecrated, Lord, to thee,
May each a living temple be ;
Enrich that temple's holy shrine
With seven-fold gifts of grace divine :
With wisdom, light, and knowledge bless,
Strength, counsel, fear, and godliness. AMEN.

Christopher Wordsworth.

ST. STEPHEN'S. C.M.

WILLIAM JONES.



302.

The City of God.

CITY of God, how broad and far
 Outspread thy walls sublime !
 The true thy chartered freemen are,
 Of every age and clime.

One holy Church, one army strong,
 One steadfast, high intent,
 One working band, one harvest-song,
 One King Omnipotent !

How purely hath thy speech come down
 From man's primeval youth !
 How grandly hath thine empire grown
 Of Freedom, Love, and Truth !

How gleam thy watch-fires through the night,
 With never-fainting ray !
 How rise thy towers, serene and bright,
 To meet the dawning day !

In vain the surge's angry shock,
 In vain the drifting sands ;
 Unharm'd, upon the Eternal Rock,
 The Eternal City stands.

Samuel Johnson.

303.

The Church Universal.

ONE holy Church of God appears
 Through every age and race,
 Unwasted by the lapse of years,
 Unchanged by changing place.

From oldest time, on farthest shores,
 Beneath the pine or palm,
 One Unseen Presence she adores,
 With silence or with psalm.

Her priests are all God's faithful sons,
 To serve the world raised up ;
 The pure in heart her baptized ones ;
 Love, her communion-cup.

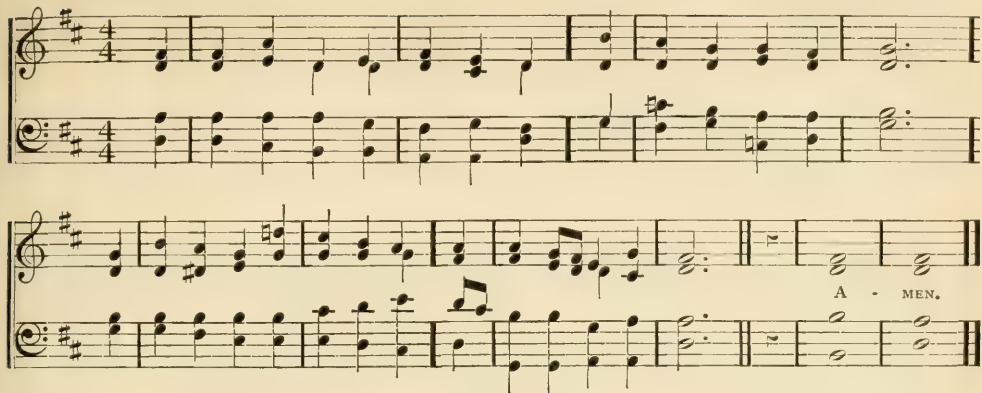
The truth is her prophetic gift,
 The soul her sacred page ;
 And feet on mercy's errands swift
 Do make her pilgrimage.

O living Church ! thine errand speed ;
 Fulfil thy task sublime ;
 With bread of life earth's hunger feed ;
 Redeem the evil time ! AMEN.

Samuel Longfellow.

ILKLEY. C.M.

Sir JOSEPH BARNEY.



304.

Psalm xxvii.

THE Lord of Glory is my light,
And my salvation too ;
God is my strength, nor will I fear
What all my foes can do.

One privilege my heart desires ;
Oh, grant me an abode
Among the churches of thy saints,
The temples of my God.

There shall I offer my requests,
And see thy beauty still ;
Shall hear thy messages of love,
And there inquire thy will.

When troubles rise and storms appear,
There may his children hide ;
God has a strong pavilion, where
He makes my soul abide.

Isaac Watts.

305.

The Church.

O LORD of life and truth and grace,
Ere nature was begun !
Make welcome to our erring race
Thy Spirit and thy Son.

We hail the Church, built high o'er all
The heathen's rage and scoff, —
Thy Providence its fenced wall,
"The Lamb the light thereof."

Thy Christ hath reached his heavenly seat,
Through sorrows and through scars ;
The golden lamps are at his feet,
And in his hand the stars.

Oh, may he walk among us here,
With his rebuke and love ;
A brightness o'er this lower sphere, —
A ray from worlds above.

Nathaniel L. Frothingham.

306.

The Bond of Love.

BENEATH the shadow of the cross,
As earthly hopes remove,
His new commandment Jesus gives, —
His blessed word of love.

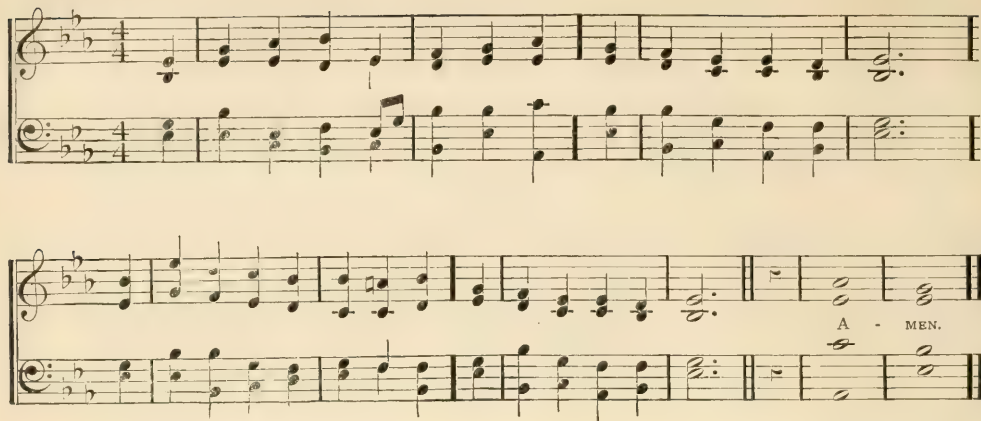
O bond of union, strong and deep !
O bond of perfect peace !
Not even the lifted cross can harm,
If we but hold to this.

Then, Jesus, be thy spirit ours ;
And swift our feet shall move
To deeds of pure self-sacrifice,
And the sweet tasks of love.

Samuel Longfellow.

DUNDEE. C.M.

Scotch Psalter, 1615.



307.

Remembrance of Christ.

ACCORDING to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,—
I will remember thee.

Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be ;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember thee.

Remember thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me !
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember thee.

And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee ;
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,—
Jesus, remember me ! AMEN.

James Montgomery.

308. "Whosoever abideth in him sinneth not."

YE followers of the Prince of Peace,
Who round his table draw !
Remember what his spirit was,
What his peculiar law.

The love which all his bosom filled
Did all his actions guide ;
Inspired by love, he lived and taught ;
Inspired by love, he died.

Let all the sacred law fulfil ;
Like his be every mind ;
Be every temper formed by love,
And every action kind.

Birmingham Collection.

309.

"We know that we have passed from death unto life, because we love the brethren."

A HOLY air is breathing round,—
A fragrance from above ;
Be every soul from sense unbound,
Be every spirit love.

O God, unite us heart to heart,
In sympathy divine,
That we be never drawn apart,
And love not thee nor thine.

But by the cross of Jesus taught,
And by thy gracious word,
Be nearer to each other brought,
And nearer to the Lord ! AMEN.

A. A. Livermore

Arranged from NÄGELI by LOWELL MASON.

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It features a treble and bass staff in 4/4 time, with a key signature of one sharp (F#). The melody is written in the treble staff, and the accompaniment is in the bass staff. The music is in common time (4/4) and features a simple, folk-like melody. The lyrics are written below the bass staff.

A - MEN.

"Know the love of Christ, which passeth knowledge."

Shed in my heart abroad ;

Rooted and fixed in God.

Shall then no longer move ;

And all my heart is love.

Charles Wesley.

"In remembrance of me."

On that forsaken night,

And death was close in sight.

The world remembers yet :

And never can forget.

Or heard the words he said?

In breaking of the bread,

But yet believe him still !

And when they do his will.

We see his light above,

remember when we strive and pray,

Nathaniel L. Frothingham

312. "As I have loved you, even so love one another."

OH, here, if ever, God of love !

Let strife and hatred cease :

Not here, where met to think on him

Whose latest thoughts were ours.

No, gracious Master ! not in vain

Thy life of love hath been :

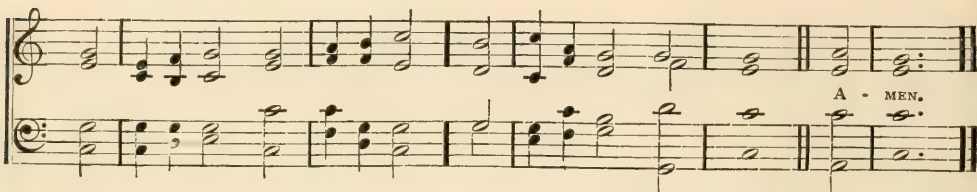
"Thy kingdom come:" we watch, we wait.

To hear thy cheering call,

Emily Taylor.

BOYLSTON. S.M.

LOWELL MASON.



313.

Baptism of a Child.

To thee, O God in heaven !
 This little one we bring ;
 Giving to thee what thou hast given, —
 Our dearest offering.

Into a world of toil
 These little feet will roam,
 Where sin its purity may soil,
 Where care and grief may come.

Oh, then, let thy pure love,
 With influence serene,
 Come down, like water, from above,
 To comfort and make clean ! AMEN.

James Freeman Clarke.

314.

Baptism of Children.

To him who children blessed,
 And suffered them to come, —
 To him who took them to his breast,
 We bring these children home.

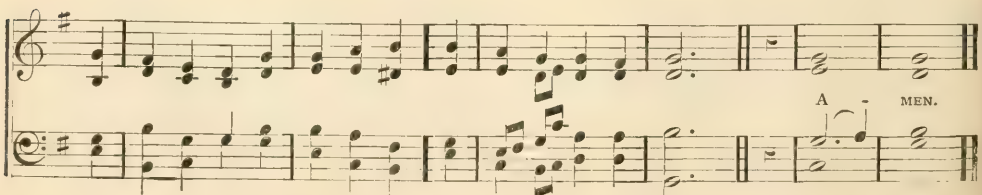
To thee, O God, whose face
 Their spirits still behold,
 We bring them, praying that thy grace
 May keep, thine arms enfold.

And as this water falls
 On each unconscious brow,
 Thy Holy Spirit grant, O Lord,
 To keep them pure as now. AMEN.

James Freeman Clarke.

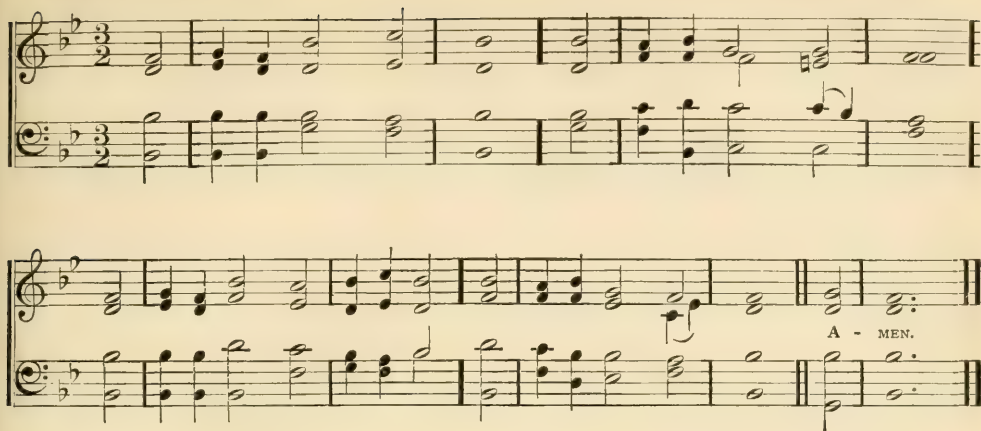
ST. MICHAEL. S.M.

From the Genevan Psalter, 1563.



OLMUTZ. S.M.

Arranged by LOWELL MASON.



315.

"He gave thanks."

THE Son of God gave thanks
Before the bread he broke ;
How high that calm devotion ranks
Among the words he spoke !

Thanks, 'mid those troubled men ;
Thanks, in that dismal hour ;
The world's dark prince advancing then
In all his rage and power.

Thanks, o'er that loaf's dread sign ;
Thanks, o'er that bitter food ;
And o'er the cup, that was not wine,
But sorrow, fear, and blood.

And shall our griefs resent
What God appoints as best,
When he, in all things innocent,
Was yet in all distressed ?

Shall we unthankful be
For all our blessings round,
When in that press of agony
Such room for thanks he found ?

Oh, shame us, Lord, — whate'er
The fortunes of our days, —
If, suffering, we are weak to bear,
If, favored, slow to praise !

Nathaniel L. Frothingham.

316.

Communion with God and Christ.

OUR heavenly Father calls,
And Christ invites us near ;
With both our friendship shall be sweet,
And our communion dear.

God pities all my griefs ;
He pardons every day ;
Almighty to protect my soul,
And wise to guide my way.

Here fix, my roving heart,
Here wait, my warmest love,
Till the communion be complete
In nobler scenes above.

Philip Doddridge.

317.

"He that saith he abideth in him, ought himself also so to walk, even as he walked."

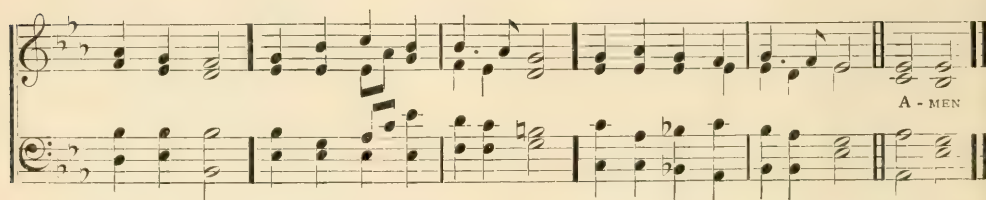
JESUS, I fain would find
Thy zeal for God in me,
Thy yearning pity for mankind,
Thy burning charity.

In me thy Spirit dwell !
In me thy mercy move !
So shall the fervor of my zeal
Be the pure flame of love ! AMEN.

Charles Wesley.

HOLLINGSHIDE. 7. Double.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



318.

"Thou lover of souls."

JESUS, lover of my soul,
 Let me to thy bosom fly,
 While the nearer waters roll,
 While the tempest still is high :
 Hide me, O my Saviour, hide,
 Till the storm of life is past ;
 Safe into the haven guide,
 Oh, receive my soul at last.

Other refuge have I none,
 Hangs my helpless soul on thee ;
 Leave, ah leave me not alone,
 Still support and comfort me :
 All my trust on thee is stayed ;
 All my help from thee I bring ;
 Cover my defenceless head
 With the shadow of thy wing.

Plenteous grace with thee is found,
 Grace to cover all my sin ;
 Let the healing streams abound,
 Make and keep me pure within :
 Thou of life the fountain art ;
 Freely let me take of thee ;
 Spring thou up within my heart,
 Rise to all eternity. AMEN.

Charles Wesley.

MARTYN. 7. Double.

S. B. MARSH.

A - MEN

319.

"This do in remembrance of me."

WHEN the Paschal evening fell
Deep on Kedron's hallowed dell,
When around the festal board
Sate the Apostles with their Lord,
Then his parting word he said,
Blessed the cup and broke the bread —
"This whene'er ye do or see,
Evermore remember me."

When by treason, doubt, unrest,
Sinks the soul, dismayed, oppressed;
When the shadows of the tomb
Close us round with deepening gloom;
Then bethink us at that board
Of the sorrowing, suffering Lord,
Who, when tried and grieved as we,
Dying, said, "Remember me."

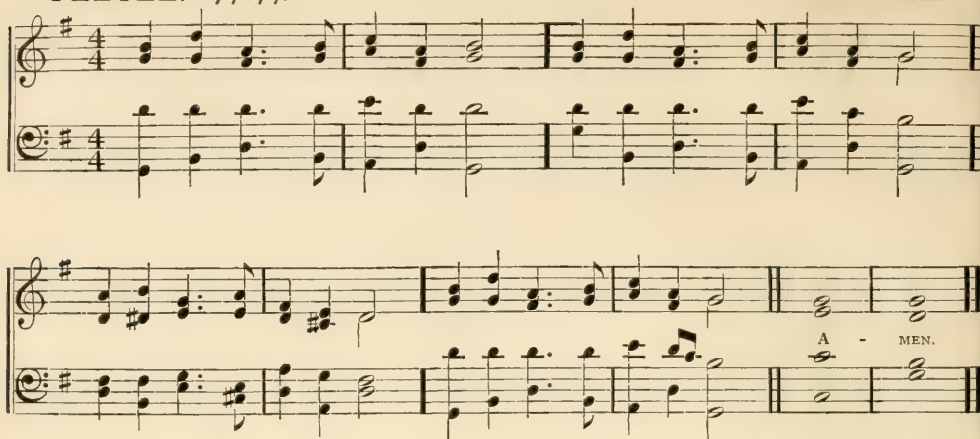
When diverging creeds shall learn
Towards their central Source to turn;
When contending churches tire
Of the earthquake, wind, and fire;
Here let strife and clamor cease
At that still, small voice of peace —
"May they all united be
In the Father and in me."

When in this thanksgiving feast
We would give to God our best,
From the treasures of his might
Seeking life and love and light;
Then, O Friend of humankind,
Make us true and firm of mind,
Pure of heart, in spirit free;
Thus may we remember thee. AMEN.

Arthur P. Stanley.

PLEYEL. 7-7:7-7.

IGNAZ PLEYEL.



320.

*"Where two or three are met together in
my name."*

SANCTIFY us, Lord, and bless ;
Breathe thy spirit, give thy peace ;
Thou thyself within us move ;
Make our feast a feast of love.

Plant in us thy humble mind,
Patient, pitiful, and kind ;
Meek and lowly let us be,—
Full of goodness, full of thee.

Make us all in thee complete ;
Make us all for glory meet,—
Meet to appear before thy sight,
Partners with the saints in light. AMEN.

Charles Wesley.

321.

*"Keep through thine own name those whom
thou hast given me, that they may be one,
as we are."*

To the cross, O Lord, we bear
All the spirit's darker care ;
By the sense of sin oppressed,
In the cross we seek our rest.

There the way of peace appears,
Calm and bright 'mid strife and tears ;
There the spirit's rest we see,
Found alone, O God, in thee.

By the patience of thy Son,
By the prayer, "Thy will be done,"—
By the love, so strong in death,
Blessing with the latest breath ;

Teach us, Lord ; our souls inspire ;
Kindle now the sacred fire !
Melt our hardness, bend our pride,
Make us one with him who died !

Thomas Hincks.

322.

*"Be ye, therefore, followers of God, as dear
children."*

FATHER of eternal grace,
Glorify thyself in me ;
Sweetly beaming in my face
May the world thine image see.

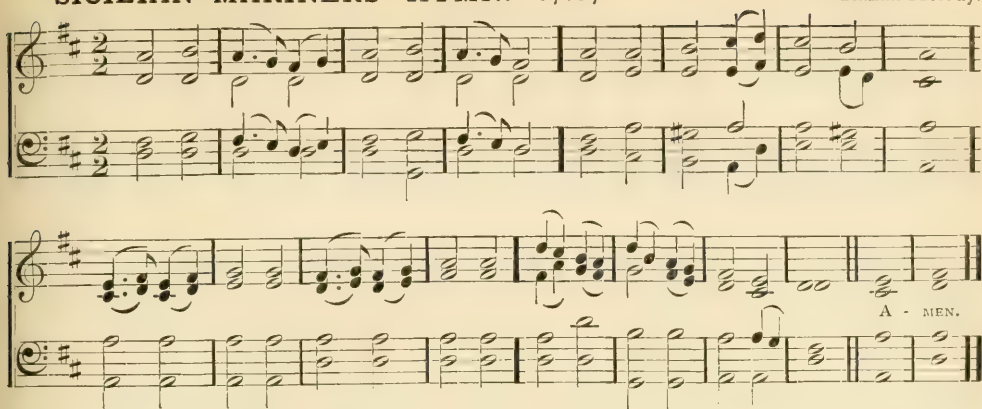
To thy gracious will resigned,
All thy will by me be done ;
Give me, Lord, the perfect mind
Of thy well-belovèd Son.

Counting gain and glory loss,
May I tread the path he trod ;
Die with Jesus on the cross,
Rise with him to live with God. AMEN.

James Montgomery.

SICILIAN MARINERS' HYMN. 8.7 : 8.7.

Italian Melody.



323. *"Now, there are diversities of gifts, but the same Spirit."*

Tune, Keswick.

JOIN us, in one spirit join ;
Let us still receive of thine ;
Still for more on thee we call,
Thou who fillest all in all.

Move, and actuate, and guide,
Divers gifts to each divide ;
Placed according to thy will,
Let us all our work fulfil.

Sweetly may we all agree,
Touched with softest sympathy ;
Kindly for each other care ;
Every member feel its share. **AMEN.**

Charles Wesley.

324.

Close of Communion.

FROM the table now retiring,
Which for us the Lord hath spread,
May our souls, refreshment finding,
Grow in all things like our Head !

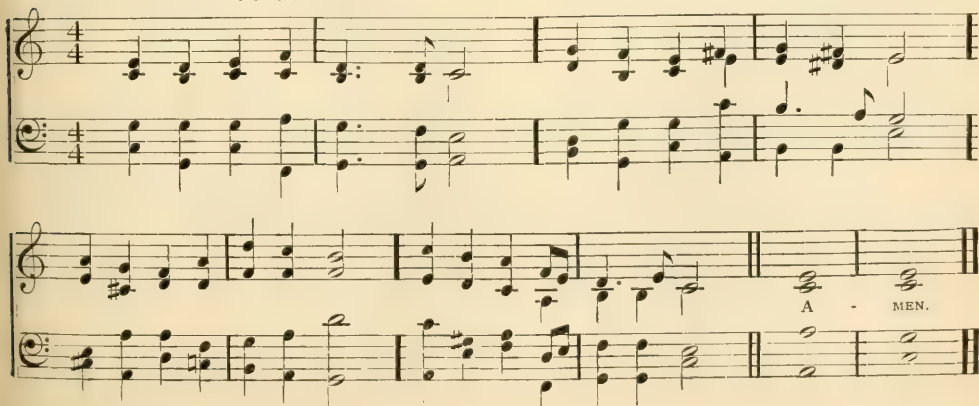
His example by beholding,
May our lives his image bear !
Him our Lord and Master calling,
His commands may we revere !

Love to God and man displaying,
Walking steadfast in his way,
Joy attend us in believing,
Peace from God through endless day.

John Rowe.

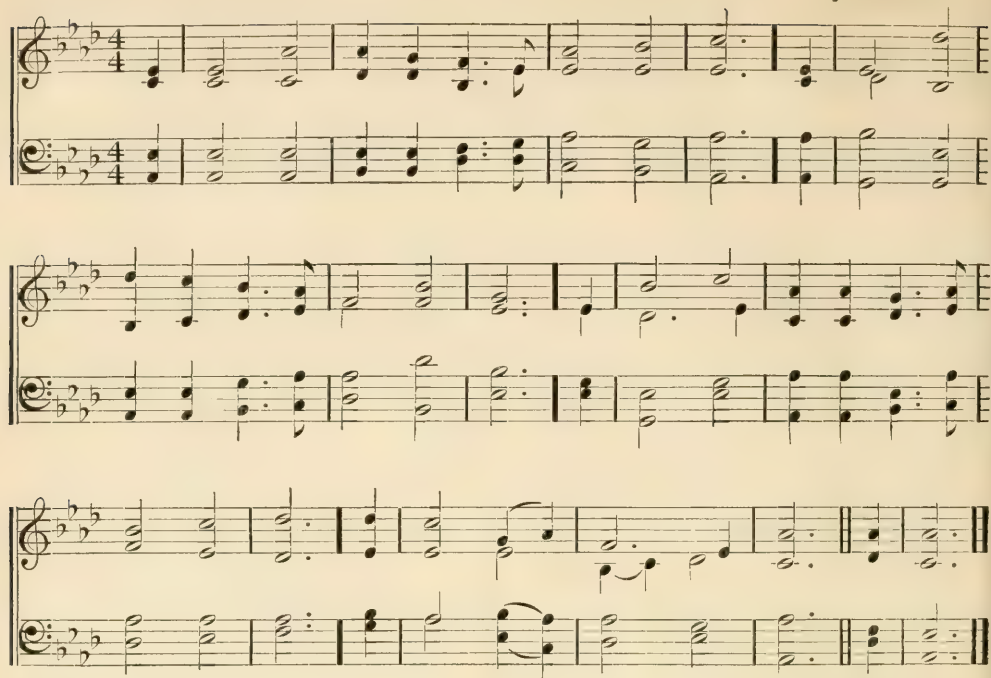
KESWICK. 7.7 : 7.7.

Sir JOSEPH BARNBY.



ARTAVIA. 10.10.10.6.

E. J. HOPKINS.

325. *"Heal my soul; for I have sinned against thee."*

BECAUSE I knew not when my life was good,
And when there was a light upon my path,
But turned my soul perversely to the dark—
O Lord, I do repent.

Because I held upon my selfish road,
And left my brother wounded by the way,
And called ambition duty, and pressed on—
O Lord, I do repent.

Because I spent the strength thou gavest me
In struggle which thou never didst ordain,

And have but dregs of life to offer thee—
O Lord, I do repent.

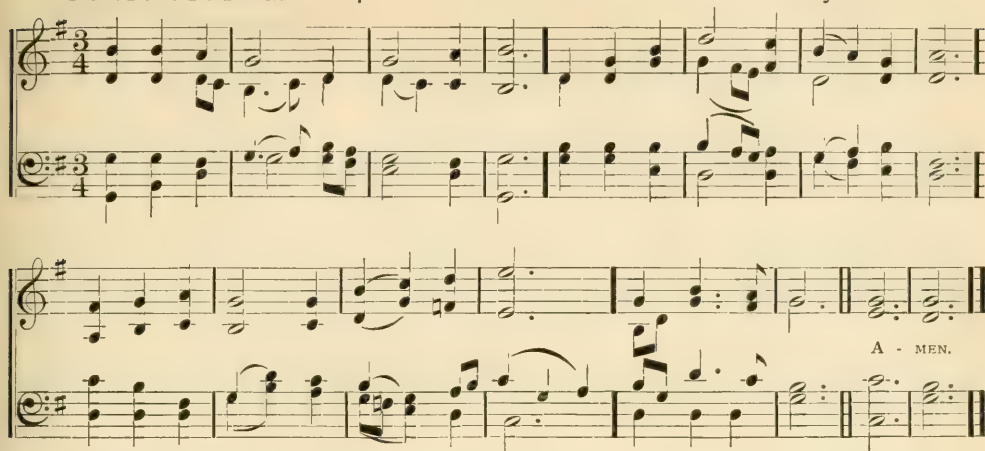
Because I was impatient, would not wait,
But thrust mine impious hands across thy
threads,
And marred the pattern drawn out for my
life—
O Lord, I do repent.

Because thou hast borne with me all this while,
Hast smitten me with love until I weep,
Hast called me, as a mother calls her child—
O Lord, I do repent.

Sarah Williams.

ALMS-GIVING. 8.8.8.4.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



326.

"Purge me with hyssop, and I shall be clean."

ONE thing I of the Lord desire —
 For all my way hath miry been —
 Be it by water or by fire,
 Oh, make me clean !

Erewhile I strove for perfect truth,
 And thought it was a worthy strife ;
 But now I leave that aim of youth
 For perfect life.

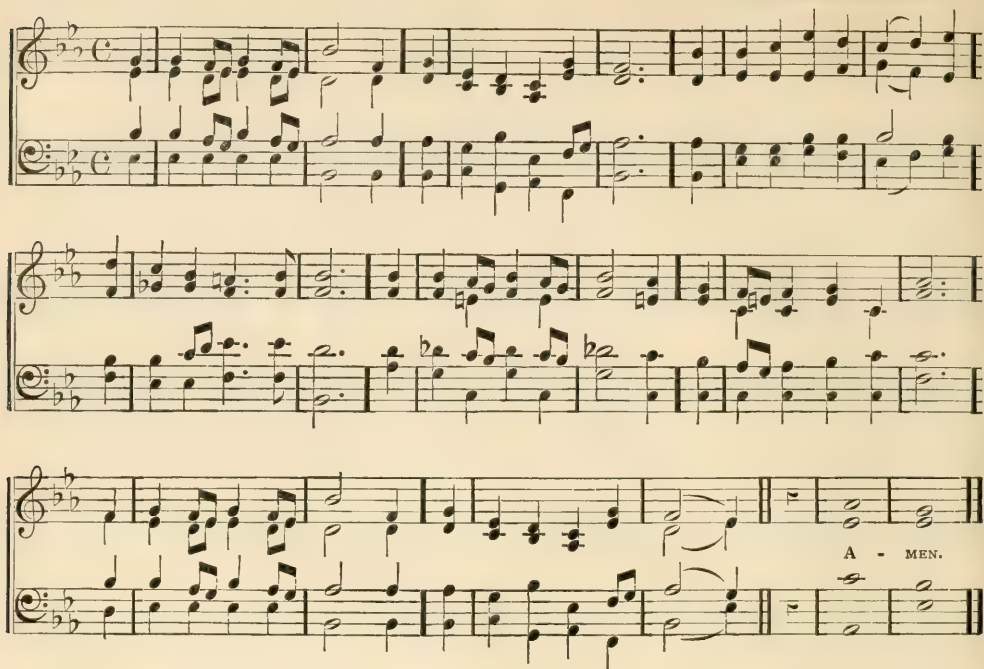
If clearer vision thou impart,
 Grateful and glad my soul shall be ;
 But yet to have a purer heart
 Is more to me.

Yea, only as the heart is clean,
 May larger vision yet be mine,
 For mirrored in its depths are seen
 The things divine.

So, wash thou me without, within ;
 Or purge with fire, if that must be :
 No matter how, if only sin
 Die out in me.

LUX MUNDI. 7.6. Double.

Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



327.

"Come unto me, all ye who labor and are heavy laden."

"COME unto me, ye weary,
And I will give you rest."
O blessed voice of Jesus,
Which comes to hearts oppressed !
It tells of benediction,
Of pardon, grace, and peace,
Of joy that hath no ending,
Of love which cannot cease.

"Come unto me, ye wanderers,
And I will give you light."
O loving voice of Jesus,
Which comes to cheer the night !
Our hearts were filled with sadness,
And we had lost our way,
But he has brought us gladness,
And songs at break of day.

"Come unto me, ye fainting,
And I will give you life."
O cheering voice of Jesus,
Which comes to aid our strife !
The foe is stern and eager,
The fight is fierce and long,
But he has made us mighty,
And stronger than the strong.

"And whosoever cometh
I will not cast him out."
O welcome voice of Jesus
Which drives away our doubt !
Which calls us very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord, to thee.

William Chatterton Dix.

ST. EDITH. 7.6. Double.

J. H. KNECHT

328. "The kingdom of God is righteousness."

LORD, when through sin I wander
So very far from thee,
I think in some far country
Thy sinless home must be ;
But when, with heartfelt sorrow
I pray thee to forgive,
Thy pardon is so perfect,
That in thy heaven I live.

That heaven, Lord, so surrounds me
That, when I do the right,
The saddest path of duty
Is lightened by its light :
I know not what its glories
Before thy throne must be,
But here thy smiling presence
Is heaven on earth to me.

Charles Smith.

329. "To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your hearts."

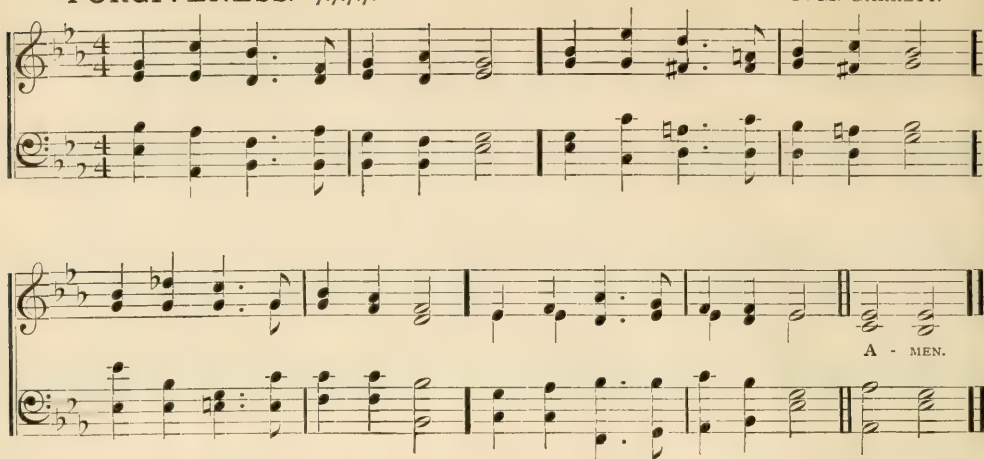
TO-DAY thy gate is open,
And all who enter in
Shall find a Father's welcome,
And pardon for their sin.
The past shall be forgotten,
A present joy be given,
A future grace be promised,
A glorious crown in heaven.

To-day our Father calls us,
His Holy Spirit waits ;
His blessed angels gather
Around the heavenly gates :
No question will be asked us
How often we have come ;
Although we oft have wandered,
It is our Father's home.

Oswald Allen.

FORGIVENESS. 7-7-7-7.

G. M. GARRETT.



A - MEN.

330.

"Forgive us our trespasses."

God of mercy, God of love,
Hear our sad, repentant songs :
Listen to thy suppliant ones,
Thou to whom all grace belongs !

Deep our shame for follies past,
Talents wasted, time misspent ;
Hearts debased by worldly cares,
Thankless for the blessings lent ;

Foolish fears and fond desires,
Vain regrets for things as vain ;
Lips too seldom taught to praise,
Oft to murmur and complain.

These and every secret fault,
Filled with grief and shame, we own ;
Humbled at thy feet we bow,
Seeking strength from thee alone.

God of mercy, God of love,
Hear our sad, repentant songs ;
Oh, restore thy suppliant ones,
Thou to whom all grace belongs ! AMEN.

John Taylor.

331.

"Come unto me, and I will give you rest."

COME, says Jesus' sacred voice, —
Come, and make my paths your choice ;
I will guide you to your home :
Weary pilgrim, hither come.

Thou who, houseless, sole, forlorn,
Long hast borne the proud world's scorn,
Long hast roamed the barren waste,
Weary pilgrim, hither haste.

Ye who, tossed on beds of pain,
Seek for ease, but seek in vain ;
Ye whose swollen and sleepless eyes
Long to see the morning rise ;

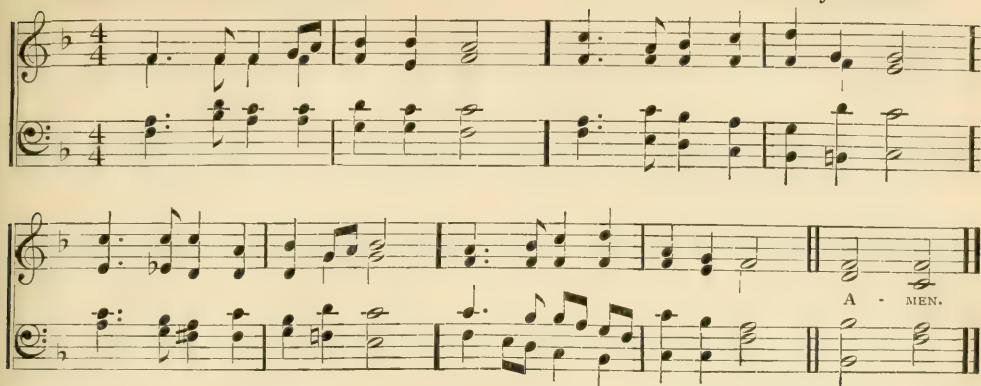
Ye, by fiercer anguish torn,
In remorse for guilt who mourn, —
Here repose your heavy care :
A wounded spirit who can bear ?

Sinner, come ; for here is found
Balm that flows for every wound,
Peace that ever shall endure,
Rest eternal, sacred, sure.

Anna Lætitia Barbauld.

GLEBE FIELD. 7:7:7:7.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



332.

"Father, I have sinned."

LOVE for all ! and can it be ?
Can I hope it is for me ?
I, who strayed so long ago, —
Strayed so far, and fell so low !

I, the disobedient child,
Wayward, passionate, and wild ;
I, who left my Father's home,
In forbidden ways to roam !

To my Father can I go ? —
At his feet myself I'll throw :
In his house there yet may be
Place, a servant's place for me.

See ! my Father waiting stands ;
See ! he reaches out his hands :
God is love ! I know, I see !
There is love for me, — even me !

Samuel Longfellow.

333.

"Forgive us our debts, as we forgive our debtors."

LORD ! forgive me, day by day,
Debts I cannot hope to pay,
Duties I have left undone,
Evils I have failed to shun :

Trespases in word and thought,
Deeds from evil motive wrought ;
Cold ingratitude, distrust ;
Thoughts unhallowed, or unjust :

Pardon, Lord ! and, are there those
Who my debtors are, or foes ?
I, who by forgiveness live,
Here their trespasses forgive.

Much forgiven, may I learn
Love for hatred to return ;
Then assured my heart shall be,
Thou, my God, hast pardoned me. AMEN.

Josiah Conder.

334.

To the Prodigal Son.

BROTHER, hast thou wandered far
From thy Father's happy home,
With thyself and God at war ?
Turn thee, brother : homeward come.

Hast thou wasted all the powers
God for noble uses gave ?
Squandered life's most golden hours ?
Turn thee, brother : God can save.

Is a mighty famine now
In thy heart and in thy soul ?
Discontent upon thy brow ?
Turn thee : God will make thee whole.

Fall before him on the ground,
Pour thy sorrow in his ear,
Seek him while he may be found,
Call upon him, — he is near.

James Freeman Clarke.

CREDO. L.M. Six lines.

Sir JOHN STAINER.

*A little slower.*

ORGAN.

335. *Imploing Forgiveness and Renewal of Heart.*

FORGIVE us, for thy mercy's sake,
 Our multitude of sins forgive !
 And for thy own possession take,
 And bid us to thy glory live :
 Live in thy sight, and gladly prove
 Our faith, by our obedient love.

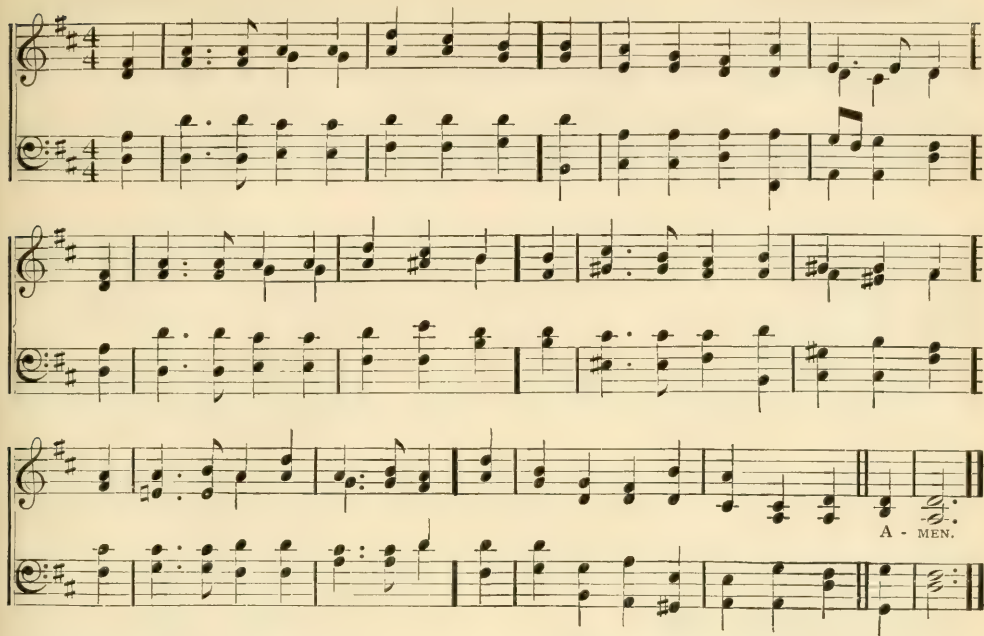
The covenant of forgiveness seal,
 And all thy mighty wonders show !
 Our hidden enemies expel,
 And conquering them to conquer go,
 Till all of pride and wrath be slain,
 And not one evil thought remain !

Oh, put it in our inward parts,
 The living law of perfect love !
 Write the new precept on our hearts ;
 We shall not then from thee remove,
 Who in thy glorious image shine,
 Thy people, and forever thine !

Charles Wesley.

SAINTS OF GOD. L. M. Six lines.

Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



336.

"Oh that I had wings like a dove! then would I fly away, and be at rest."

LOOSED from my God, and far removed,
 Long have I wandered to and fro;
 O'er earth in endless circles roved,
 Nor found whereon to rest below;
 Back to my God at last I fly,
 For, oh, the waters still are high.

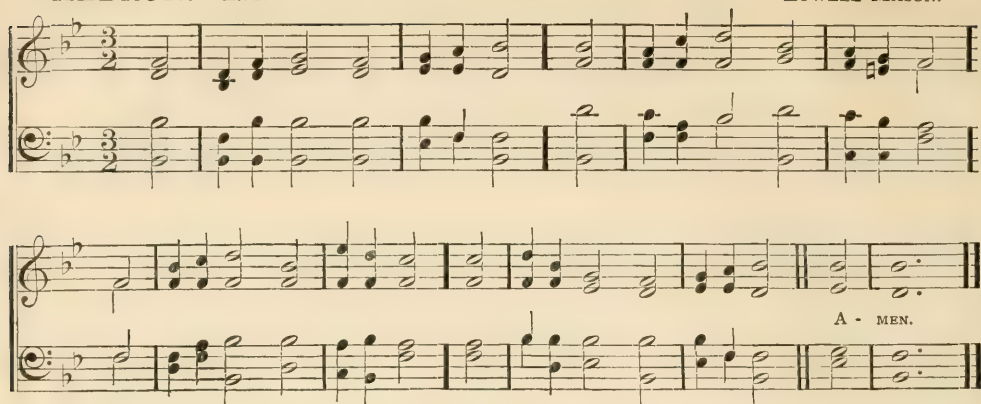
Selfish pursuits and pleasure's maze,
 The things of earth for thee I leave;
 Put forth thy hand, thy hand of grace;
 Into the ark of love receive;
 Take this poor fluttering soul to rest,
 And lodge it, Father, in thy breast.

Fill with inviolable peace;
 'Stablish and keep my settled heart;
 In thee may all my wanderings cease,
 From thee no more may I depart!
 Thy utmost goodness called to prove,
 Loved with an everlasting love! AMEN.

Charles Wesley.

HEBRON. L.M.

LOWELL MASON.



337.

"Return to thy rest, O my soul."

RETURN, my soul, unto thy rest,
From vain pursuits and maddening cares;
From lonely woes that wring thy breast,
The world's allurements, toils, and snares.

Return unto thy rest, my soul,
From all the wanderings of thy thought;
From sickness unto death made whole,
Safe through a thousand perils brought.

Then to thy rest, my soul, return,
From passions every hour at strife;
Sin's works and ways and wages spurn;
Lay hold upon eternal life.

God is thy rest, — with heart inclined
To keep his word, that word believe;
Christ is thy rest, — with lowly mind
His light and easy yoke receive.

James Montgomery.

338.

Living to God.

O THOU who hast at thy command
The hearts of all men in thy hand!
Our wayward, erring hearts incline
To have no other will but thine.

Our wishes, our desires, control;
Mould every purpose of the soul;
O'er all may we victorious be
That stands between ourselves and thee.

Thrice blest will all our blessings be,
When we can look through them to thee;
When each glad heart its tribute pays
Of love and gratitude and praise.

And while we to thy glory live,
May we to thee all glory give;
Until the final summons come,
That calls thy willing servants home.

Mrs. Jane Cotterill.

339.

"I will praise the Lord with my whole heart."

OH, take this heart that I would give
For ever to be all thine own;
I to myself no more would live, —
Come, Lord, be thou my King alone!

What lives by life that is not thine,
I yield it to thy righteous doom;
What yet resists thy power divine,
Oh, let thy fire of love consume!

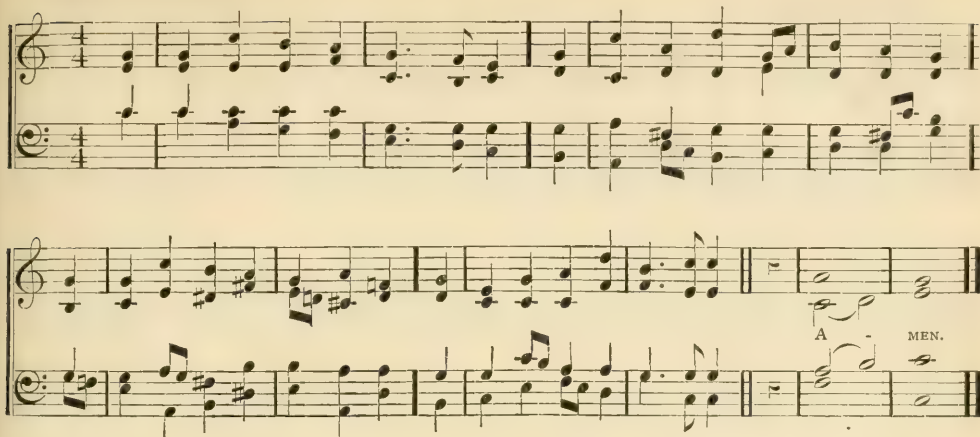
And then, within the heart abide
That thou hast cleansed to be thy throne;
A look from thee shall be my guide,
I watch but till thy will is known.

Yes, make me thine, — though I am weak,
Thy service makes us strong and free;
My Lord and King, thy face I seek;
For ever keep me true to thee. AMEN.

Gerhard Tersteegen.

DEVENTER. L.M.

BERTHOLD TOURS.

340. *"Lord, lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us."*

O LORD, our true and only Light,
 Illumine those who sit in night;
 Those who in paths of danger roam
 Bring to thy fold, their happy home.

Fill with the radiance of thy grace
 The souls now lost in error's maze,
 And all in whom their secret minds
 Some dark delusion hurts and blinds.

Shine on the darkened and the cold,
 Recall the wanderers from thy fold,
 Unite those now who walk apart,
 Confirm the weak and doubting heart.

So they with us may evermore
 Such grace with wondering thanks adore;
 And endless praise to thee be given
 By all thy Church in earth and heaven.

AMEN.

Johann Heermann. 1630.
 Tr. by Catherine Winkworth.†

341. *"Lord, here am I!"*

HERE am I, Lord, thou callest me,
 Thou drawest and I follow thee;
 My heart and soul thou dost demand!
 I lay them gladly in thy hand.

It is my grief to come so late,
 Thy mercy had so long to wait;
 It is my joy that love divine
 Could shine into a heart like mine.

I dare not linger, — duties rise,
 Before unseen, to meet my eyes;
 Contrite, I haste my Lord to meet,
 But, ah, how laggard move these feet!

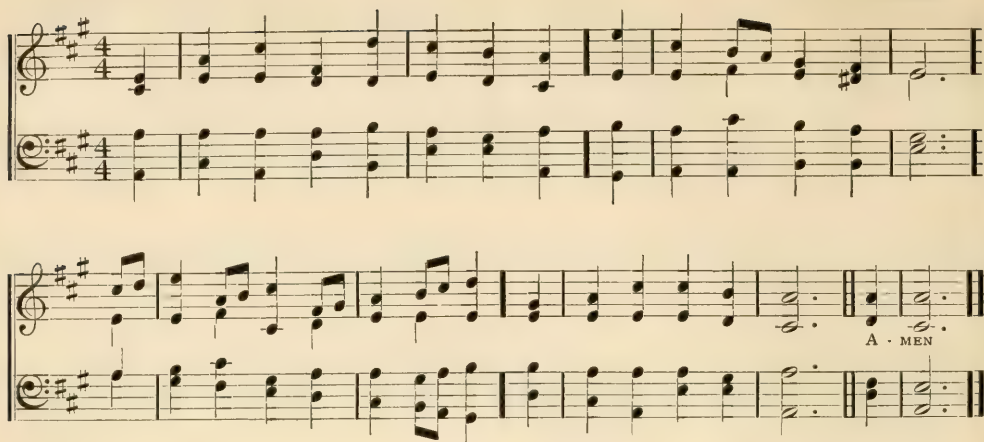
Shed down on me thy mighty power,
 To strengthen for each coming hour;
 And then, through flood, through fire and
 sword,

I'll follow thee, my Lord, my Lord!

Johann Rambach. Tr. by Sarah Findlater.

BRISTOL. C.M.

EDWARD HODGES.

342. *"I will arise, and go to my Father."*

Richly, oh, richly, have I been
 Blest, gracious Lord, by thee ;
 And morning, noon, and night thou hast
 Preserved me tenderly.

And yet the love which thou canst claim
 To idols I have given ;
 And I have bound to earth the hopes
 That know no home but heaven.

Unworthy to be called thy son,
 I come with shame to thee ;
 Father ! oh, more than Father thou
 Hast ever been to me.

Help me to break the heavy chains
 The world has round me thrown,
 And know the glorious liberty
 Of an obedient son.

That I henceforth may heed whate'er
 Thy voice within me saith,
 Fix deeply in my heart of hearts
 A principle of faith.

Faith that, like armor on my soul,
 Shall keep all evil out,
 More mighty than an angel host
 Encampèd round about.

William H. Furness.

343. *"A broken and a contrite heart, O God, thou wilt not despise."*

GOD of all grace, we bring to thee
 A broken, contrite heart ;
 Give what thine eye delights to see, —
 Truth in the inward part.

Give deep humility ; the sense
 Of godly sorrow give ;
 A strong, desiring confidence
 To hear thy voice and live ; —

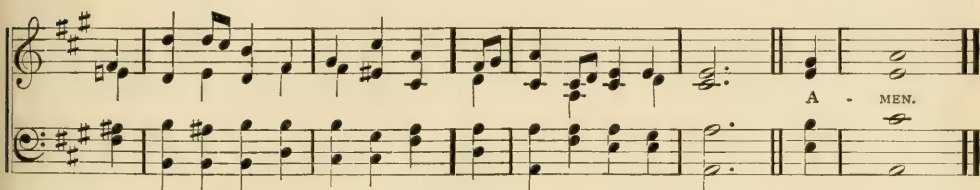
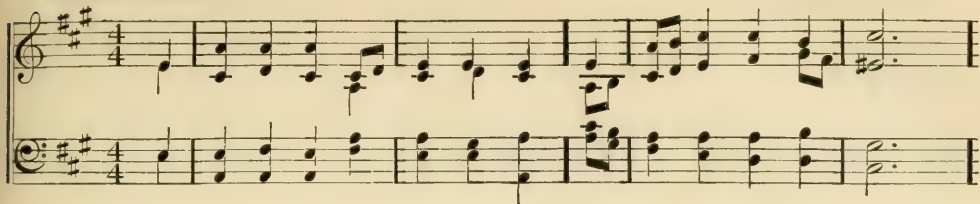
Patience, to watch, and wait, and weep,
 Though mercy long delay ;
 Courage, our fainting souls to keep,
 And trust thee, though thou slay.

Give these, and then thy will be done ;
 Thus, strengthened with all might,
 We, by thy Spirit and thy Son,
 Shall pray, and pray aright.

James Montgomery.

MIRFIELD. C.M.

ARTHUR COTTMAN.



344.

"From whom all goodness flows."

O THOU from whom all goodness flows,
 I lift my soul to thee ;
 In all my sorrows, conflicts, woes,
 Dear Lord, remember me !
 When on my aching, burdened heart,
 My sins lie heavily,
 My pardon speak, new peace impart,
 In love remember me !
 Temptations sore obstruct my way,
 And ills I cannot flee :
 Oh, give me strength, Lord, as my day,
 For good remember me !

Distressed with pain, disease, and grief,
 This feeble body see !
 Grant patience, rest, and kind relief,
 Hear, and remember me !
 When in the solemn hour of death
 I lift my soul to thee,
 Be this the prayer of my last breath, —
 Good Lord, remember me ! AMEN.

Thomas Haweis. †

345.

For Increase of Faith.

LORD, I believe ; thy power I own,
 Thy word I would obey :
 I wander comfortless and lone,
 When from thy truth I stray.

Lord, I believe ; but gloomy fears
 Sometimes bedim my sight :
 I look to thee with prayers and tears,
 And cry for strength and light.
 Lord, I believe ; but thou dost know
 My faith is cold and weak ;
 Pity my frailty, and bestow
 The confidence I seek.
 Yes, I believe ; and only thou
 Canst give my soul relief ;
 Lord, to thy truth my spirit bow !
 Help thou my unbelief ! AMEN.

John Reynell Wreford. 1837.

346.

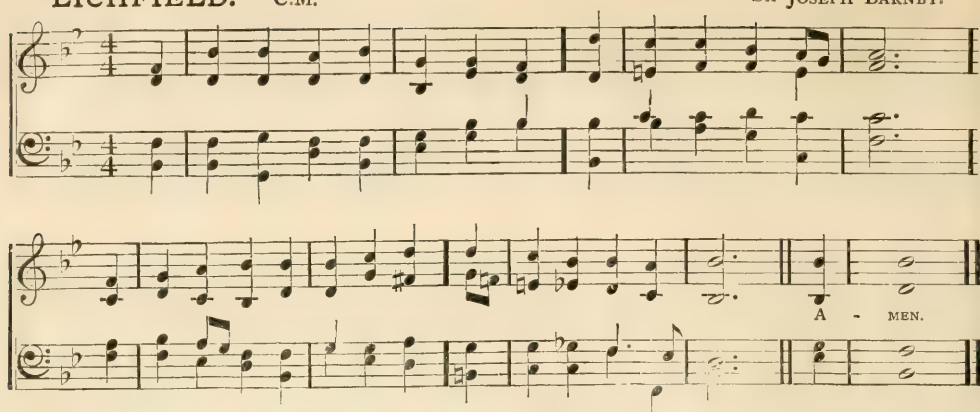
"Father of mercies."

FATHER of all our mercies, thou
 In whom we move and live,
 Hear us in heaven, thy dwelling, now,
 And answer and forgive.
 When, harassed by ten thousand foes,
 Our helplessness we feel,
 Oh, give the weary soul repose,
 The wounded spirit heal !
 When dire temptations gather round,
 And threaten or allure,
 By storm or calm, in thee be found
 A refuge strong and sure. AMEN.

James Montgomery.

LICHFIELD. C.M.

Sir JOSEPH BARNEY.



347.

Praying for Divine Help.

OH, help us, Lord ! each hour of need
 Thy heavenly succor give :
 Help us in thought and word and deed,
 Each hour on earth we live.

Oh, help us when our spirits bleed
 With contrite anguish sore !
 And when our hearts are cold and dead,
 Oh, help us, Lord, the more !

Oh, help us, through the prayer of faith,
 More firmly to believe !
 For still the more the servant hath,
 The more shall he receive.

If strangers to thy fold we call,
 Implying at thy feet
 The crumbs that from thy table fall,
 'T is all we dare entreat.

But be it, Lord of mercy, all,
 So thou wilt grant but this ;
 The crumbs that from thy table fall
 Are light, and life, and bliss.

Oh, help us, Father, from on high !
 We know no help but thee :

Oh, help us so to live and die,
 As thine in heaven to be ! AMEN.

Henry H. Milman.

348.

Watchfulness.

I WANT a principle within
 Of jealous, godly fear ;
 A sensibility of sin,
 A pain to find it near.

I want the first approach to feel
 Of pride, or fond desire ;
 To catch the wanderings of my will,
 And quench the kindling fire.

From thee that I no more may part,
 No more thy goodness grieve,
 The filial awe, the fleshly heart,
 The tender conscience, give.

Quick as the apple of an eye,
 O God ! my conscience make ;
 Awake my soul when sin is nigh,
 And keep it still awake. AMEN.

Charles Wesley.

349.

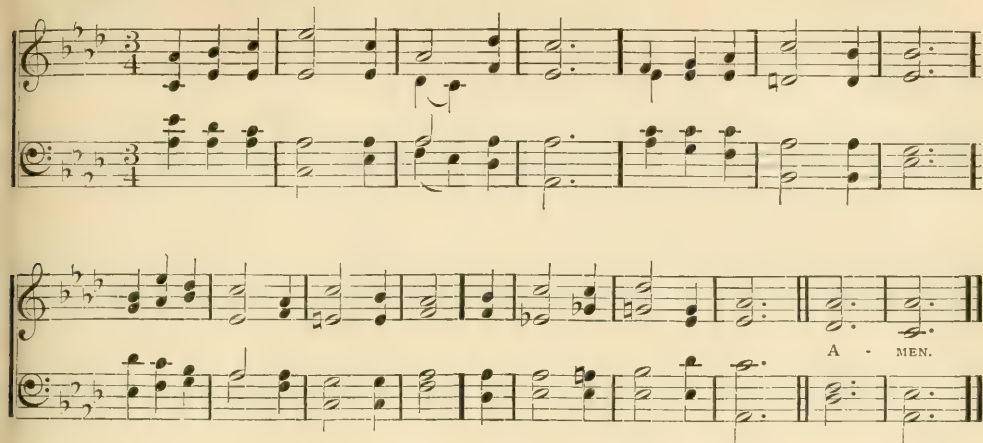
Walking with God.

OH for a closer walk with God,
 A calm and heavenly frame,
 A light to shine upon the road
 That leads me to the Lamb !

What peaceful hours I once enjoyed !
 How sweet their memory still !
 But they have left an aching void
 The world can never fill.

BEATITUDO. C.M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



Return, O holy Dove ! return,
 Sweet messenger of rest ;
 I hate the sins that made thee mourn,
 And drove thee from my breast.

The dearest idol I have known,
 Whate'er that idol be,
 Help me to tear it from thy throne,
 And worship only thee.

So shall my walk be close with God,
 Calm and serene my frame ;
 So purer light shall mark the road
 That leads me to the Lamb.

William Cowper.

350. "Till the Sun of righteousness shall arise."

OUR hopes are weak, our fears are strong,
 Thick darkness blinds our eyes ;
 Cold is the night, and oh, we long
 That thou, our Sun, wouldst rise.

And even now, though dull and gray,
 The east is brightening fast,
 And kindling to the perfect day,
 That never shall be past.

Oh, guide us till our path is done,
 And we have reached the shore
 Where thou, our everlasting Sun,
 Art shining evermore.

We wait in faith, and turn our face
 To where the daylight springs,
 Till thou shalt come our gloom to chase,
 With healing on thy wings.

J. M. Neale.

351. "In thy light may we see light."

ETERNAL Sun of righteousness,
 Display thy beams divine,
 And cause the glories of thy face
 Upon my heart to shine.

Light in thy light, oh, may I see,
 Thy grace and mercy prove ;
 Revived and cheered and blest by thee,
 The God of pardoning love.

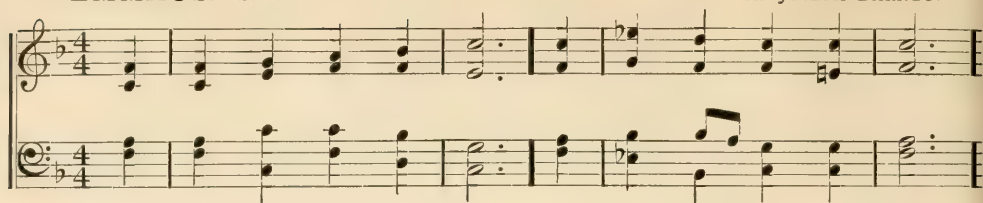
Lift up thy countenance serene,
 And let thy happy child
 Behold, without a cloud between,
 The Father reconciled.

That all-comprising peace bestow
 On me, through grace forgiven :
 The joys of holiness below,
 And then the joys of heaven. AMEN.

Charles Wesley.

EMMAUS. S.M.

Sir JOSEPH BARNEY.

352. *"Not as though I had already attained."*

Nor yet I love my God
With undivided heart ;
Nor yet I tread the heavenly road
With feet that ne'er depart.

Nor yet is all thy will
Sweet to this heart of mine ;
Nor yet I hasten to fulfil
Each dear command of thine.

Nor yet thy wondrous ways
I know as I desire,
Nor yet upon those glories gaze
To which mine eyes aspire.

Nor yet thy tasks divine
Alone my hands employ ;
Nor yet that presence sweet of thine
Maketh mine only joy.

But shall I not one day,
My God, be all thine own,
Rejoicing, all thy will obey
And do thy works alone ?

Will not my joy and love
Be endless and complete,
And all my blessedness above
Flow from thy presence sweet ?

Thomas H. Gill.

353.

The New Life.

How glorious is the hour
When first our souls awake,
And thro' thy Spirit's quickening power
Of the new life partake !

With richer beauty glows
The world, before so fair ;
Her holy light religion throws,
Reflected everywhere.

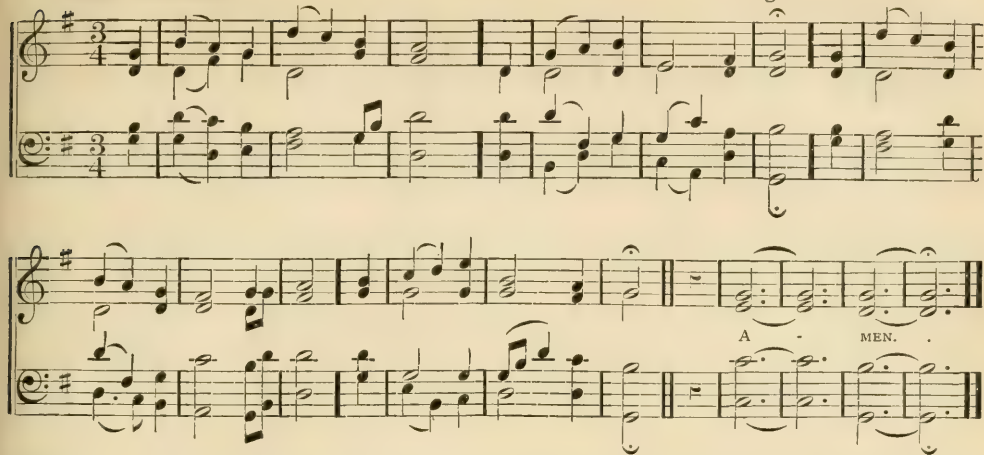
Amid repentant tears,
We feel sweet peace within ;
We know the God of mercy hears,
And pardons every sin.

Born of thy Spirit, Lord,
Thy Spirit may we share !
Deep in our hearts inscribe thy word,
And place thine image there.

Stephen G. Bulfinch.

THATCHER. S.M.

Arranged from HÄNDEL.



354. "Return to thy rest, O my soul."

OH, cease, my wandering soul,
On restless wing to roam!
All the wide world, to either pole,
Has not for thee a home.
Behold the ark of God!
Behold the open door!
Hasten to gain that dear abode,
And rove, my soul, no more!
There, safe thou shalt abide;
There, sweet shall be thy rest;
And every longing satisfied,
With full salvation blest.

W. A. Mühlenberg.

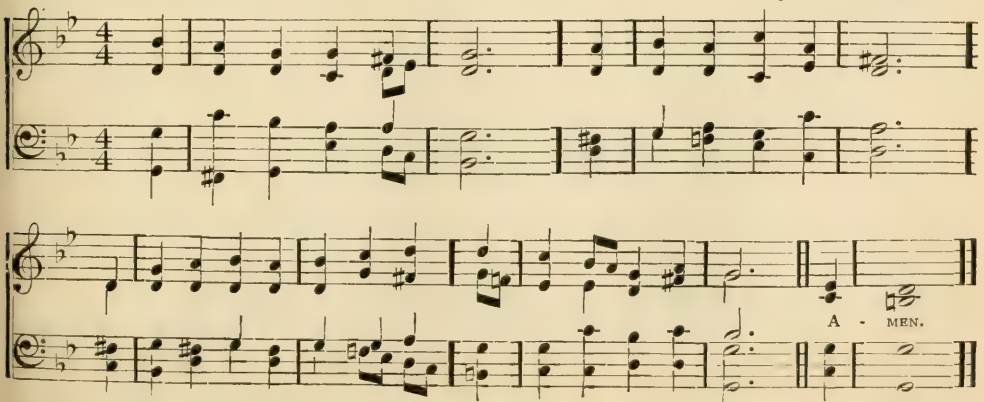
355. "Out of the depths I cry unto thee."

OUT of the depths of woe
To thee, O Lord, I cry;
Darkness surrounds me, but I know
That thou art ever nigh.
Humbly on thee I wait,
Confessing all my sin;
Lord, I am knocking at the gate;
Open, and take me in.
Oh, hearken to my voice,
Give ear to my complaint;
Thou bidd'st the mourning soul rejoice,
Thou comfortest the faint. AMEN.

James Montgomery.

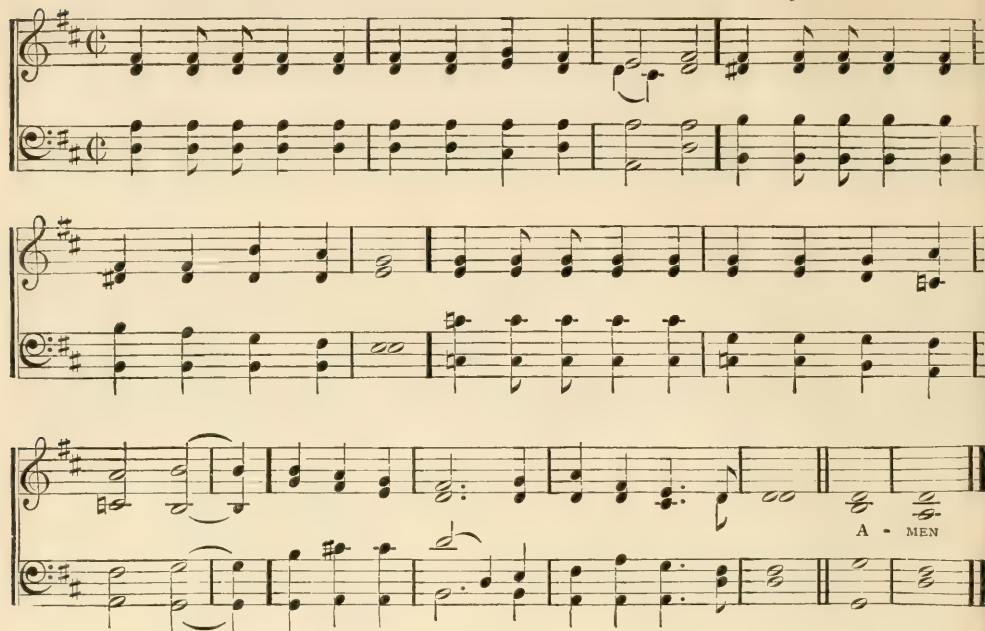
ST. IGNATIUS. S.M.

Sir JOSEPH BARNBY.



NEWNHAM. 11.10: 11.10.

Sir JOSEPH BARNEY.



356.

For Divine Strength.

FATHER, in thy mysterious presence kneeling,
 Fain would our souls feel all thy kindling love ;
 For we are weak, and need some deep revealing
 Of trust and strength and calmness from above.

Lord, we have wandered forth through doubt and sorrow,
 And thou hast made each step an onward one ;
 And we will ever trust each unknown morrow, —
 Thou wilt sustain us till its work is done.

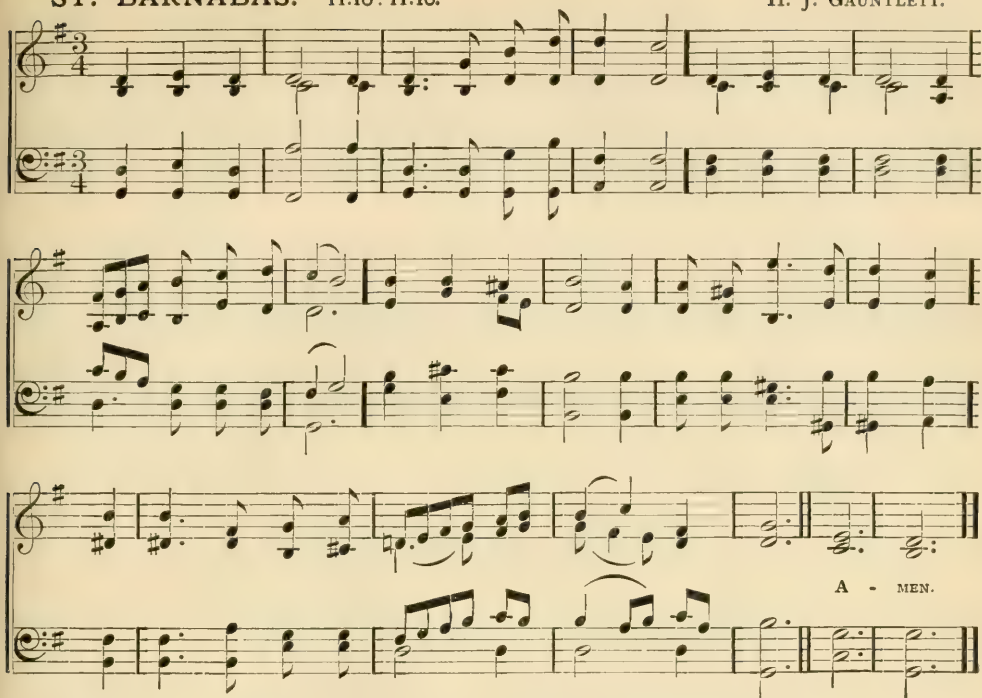
In the heart's depths a peace serene and holy
 Abides ; and when pain seems to have her will,
 Or we despair, oh, may that peace rise slowly,
 Stronger than agony, and we be still !

Now, Father, now, in thy dear presence kneeling,
 Our spirits yearn to feel thy kindling love ;
 Now make us strong, — we need thy deep revealing
 Of trust and strength and calmness from above. AMEN.

Samuel Johnson, 1846.

ST. BARNABAS. 11.10 : 11.10.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



357.

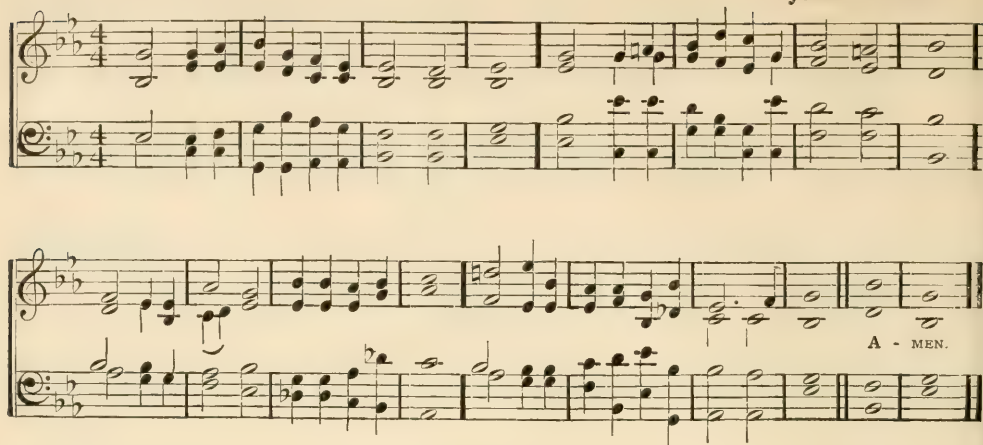
"Whither shall I go from thy spirit, or whither shall I flee from thy presence."

I CANNOT find thee. Still on restless pinion
 My spirit beats the void where thou dost dwell :
 I wander lost through all thy vast dominion,
 And shrink beneath thy light ineffable.
 I cannot find thee. E'en when most adoring
 Before thy throne I bend in lowliest prayer ;
 Beyond these bounds of thought my thought upsoaring
 From farthest quest comes back : thou art not there.
 Yet high above the limits of my seeing,
 And folded far within the inmost heart,
 And deep below the deeps of conscious being,
 Thy splendor shineth : there, O God ! thou art.
 I cannot lose thee. Still in thee abiding,
 The end is clear, how wide soe'er I roam :
 The hand that holds the worlds my steps is guiding,
 And I must rest at last in thee, my home. AMEN.

Eliza Scudder.

BETHSAIDA. 10.10:10.10.

Sir JOSEPH BARNEY.



358.

Psalm xlii.

As pants the wearied hart for cooling springs,
 That sinks exhausted in the summer's chase,
 So pants my soul for thee, great King of kings,
 So thirsts to reach thy sacred dwelling-place.

Lord, thy sure mercies, ever in my sight,
 My heart shall gladden through the tedious day;
 And midst the dark and gloomy shades of night,
 To thee, my God, I'll tune the grateful lay.

Why faint, my soul? why doubt Jehovah's aid?
 Thy God the God of mercy still shall prove;
 Within his courts thy thanks shall yet be paid —
 Unquestioned be his faithfulness and love!

Robert Lowth.

359.

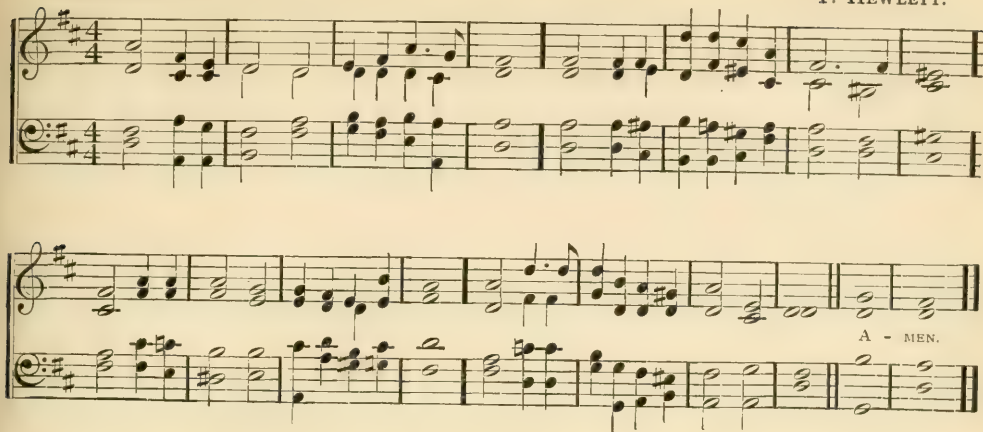
"Teach me to do thy will."

TEACH me to do the thing that pleaseth thee;
 Thou art my God, in thee I live and move;
 Oh, let thy loving Spirit lead me forth
 Into the land of righteousness and love.

Thy love the law and impulse of my soul,
 Thy righteousness its fitness and its plea,
 Thy loving Spirit mercy's sweet control
 To make me liker, draw me nearer thee.

DALKEITH. 10.10 : 10.10.

T. HEWLETT.



My highest hope to be, where, Lord, thou art,
 To lose myself in thee my richest gain,
 To do thy will the habit of my heart,
 To grieve the Spirit my severest pain.

Thy smile my sunshine, all my peace from thence,
 From self alone what could that peace destroy?
 Thy joy my sorrow at the least offence,
 My sorrow that I am not more thy joy.

J. B. S. Monsell.

360.

"Lift thou up the light of thy countenance upon us."

FATHER, there is no change to live with thee,
 Save that in Christ I grow from day to day ;
 In each new word I hear, each thing I see,
 I but rejoicing hasten on my way.

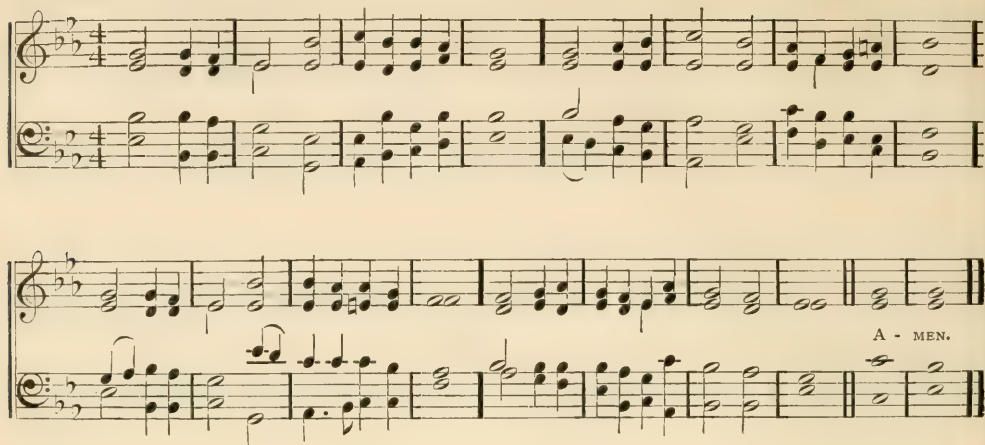
The morning comes, with blushes overspread,
 And I, new-wakened, find a morn within ;
 And in its modest dawn around me shed,
 Thou hear'st the prayer and the ascending hymn.

Hour follows hour, the lengthening shades descend ;
 Yet they could never reach as far as me,
 Did not thy love its kind protection lend,
 That I, thy child, might sleep in peace with thee.

Jones Very.

EVENTIDE. 10.10 : 10.10.

W. H. MONK.



361.

"Abide with us."

ABIDE with me ! fast falls the eventide ;
 The darkness deepens : Lord, with me abide !
 When other helpers fail, and comforts flee,
 Help of the helpless, oh, abide with me !

Swift to its close ebbs out life's little day ;
 Earth's joys grow dim, its glories pass away ;
 Change and decay in all around I see :
 O thou who changest not, abide with me !

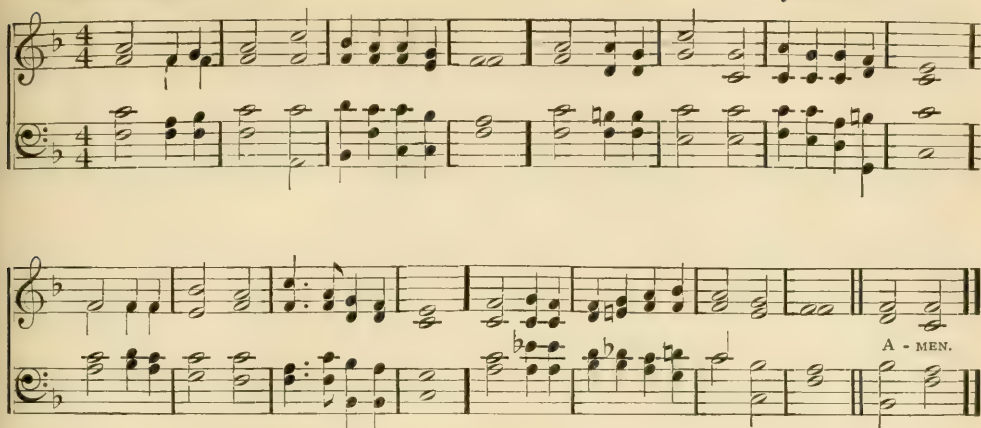
I need thy presence every passing hour :
 What but thy grace can foil the tempter's power ?
 Who like thyself my guide and stay can be ?
 Through cloud and sunshine, oh, abide with me !

I fear no foe, with thee at hand to bless :
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bitterness :
 Where is death's sting ? where, grave, thy victory ?
 I triumph still, if thou abide with me !

Hold, then, the cross before my closing eyes !
 Shine through the gloom, and point me to the skies !
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's vain shadows flee ;
 In life and death, O Lord, abide with me ! AMEN.

LANGRAN. 10.10 : 10.10.

JAMES LANGRAN.



362.

"Abide in me and I in you."

Abide in me ; o'ershadow by thy love
 Each half-formed purpose and dark thought of sin ;
 Quench, ere it rise, each selfish, low desire,
 And keep my soul as thine, calm and divine.

As some rare perfume in a vase of clay
 Pervades it with a fragrance not its own,
 So when thou dwellest in a mortal soul,
 All heaven's own sweetness seems around it thrown.

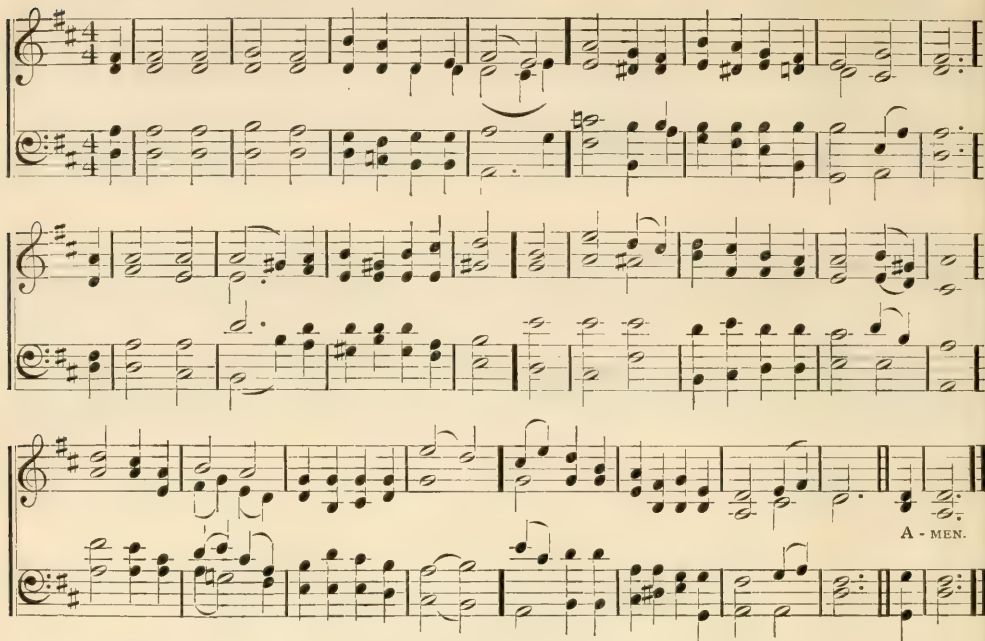
Abide in me ; there have been moments blest,
 When I have heard thy voice and felt thy power ;
 Then evil lost its grasp, and passion, hushed,
 Owned the divine enchantment of the hour.

These were but seasons beautiful and rare ;
 Abide in me, and they shall ever be ;
 Fulfil at once thy precept and my prayer, —
 Come and abide in me, and I in thee. AMEN.

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

CARMEL. 10.10.10.10.10.10.

HENRY SMART.



363.

"That they may be one, even as we are one."

ETERNAL RULER of the ceaseless round

Of circling planets singing on their way ;

Guide of the nations from the night profound

Into the glory of the perfect day ;

Rule in our hearts, that we may ever be

Guided, and strengthened, and upheld, by thee.

We are of thee, the children of thy love,

The brothers of thy well-belovèd Son.

Descend, O Holy Spirit ! like a dove,

Into our hearts, that we may be as one, —

As one with thee, to whom we ever tend ;

As one with him, our brother and our friend.

We would be one in hatred of all wrong,

One in our love of all things sweet and fair,

One with the joy that breaketh into song,

One with the grief that trembles into prayer,

One in the power that makes thy children free

To follow truth, and thus to follow thee.

Oh! clothe us with thy heavenly armor, Lord, —
 Thy trusty shield, thy sword of love divine;
 Our inspiration be thy constant word;
 We ask no victories that are not thine;
 Give or withhold, let pain or pleasure be,
 Enough to know that we are serving thee. AMEN.

John W. Chadwick.

364.

"God is our God for ever and ever: he will be our guide even unto death."

O KING of mercy, from thy throne on high,
 Look down in love, and hear our humble cry!

Thou art the mourner's stay, the sinner's Friend,
 Sweet fount of joy and blessings without end.

Oh, come and cheer us with thy heavenly grace,
 Reveal the brightness of thy glorious face.

In cooling cloud by day, in fire by night,
 Be near our steps, and make our darkness light.

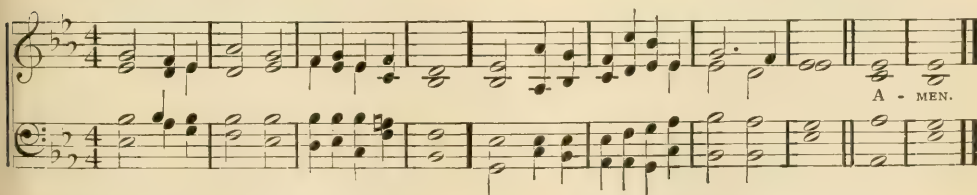
Go where we go, abide where we abide,
 In life, in death, our comfort, strength, and Guide.

Oh, lead us daily with thine eye of love,
 And bring us safely to our home above. AMEN.

Thomas R. Birks.

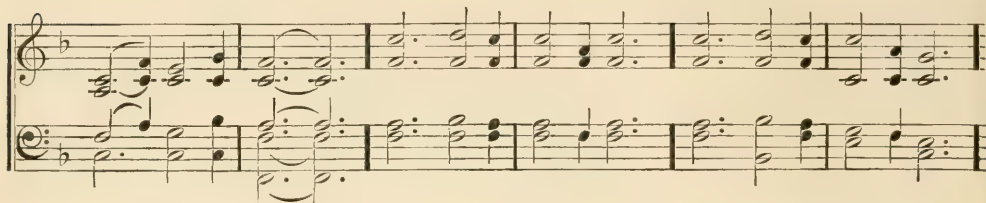
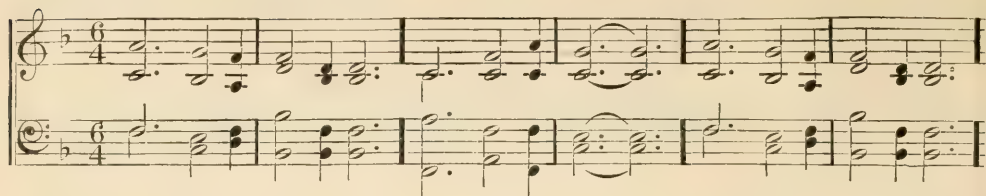
CÆNA DOMINI. 10.10.

Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



BETHANY. 6.4.6.4:6.6.6.4.

Arranged by LOWELL MASON.



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365.

"Nearer to Thee."

NEARER, my God, to thee,
 Nearer to thee :
 E'en though it be a cross
 That raiseth me,
 Still all my song would be,
 Nearer, my God, to thee, —
 Nearer to thee !

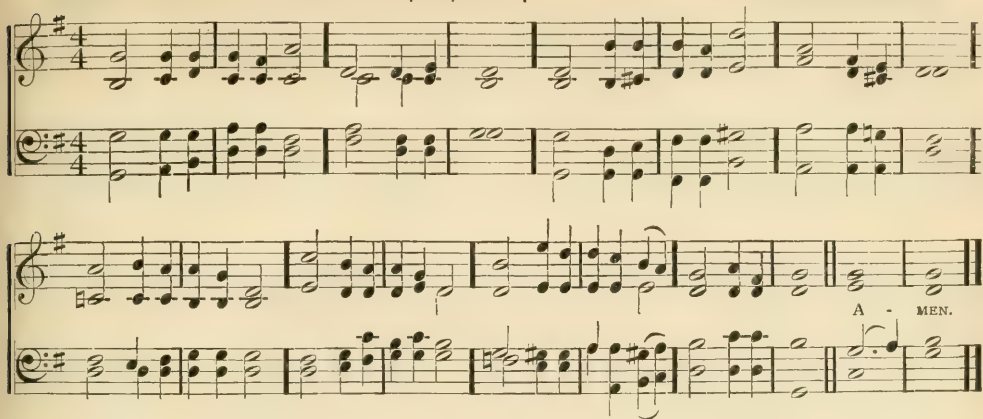
Though, like the wanderer,
 The sun gone down,
 Darkness be over me,
 My rest a stone,
 Yet in my dreams I'd be
 Nearer, my God, to thee, —
 Nearer to thee !

There let the way appear
 Steps unto heaven ;
 All that thou sendest me
 In mercy given ;
 Angels to beckon me
 Nearer, my God, to thee, —
 Nearer to thee !

Then with my waking thoughts,
 Bright with thy praise,
 Out of my stony griefs,
 Bethel I'll raise ;
 So by my woes to be
 Nearer, my God, to thee, —
 Nearer to thee !

NEARER TO THEE. 6.4:6.4:6.6.6.4.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.

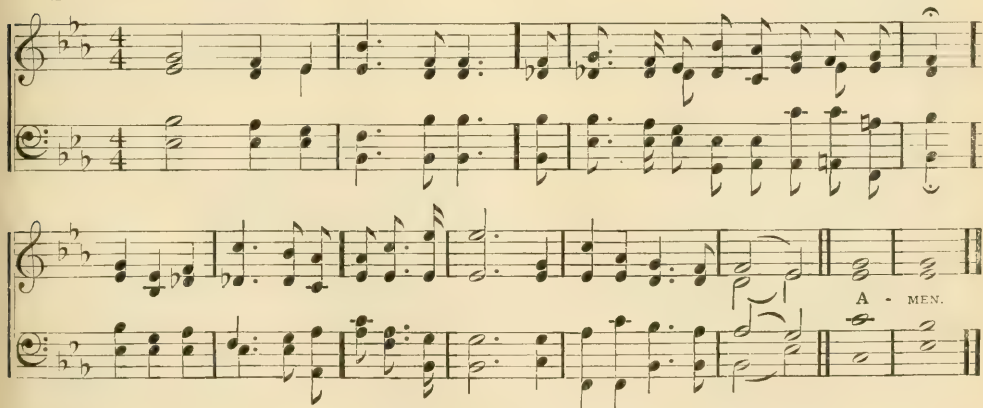


Or if on joyful wing,
Cleaving the sky,
Sun, moon, and stars forgot,
Upward I fly ;

Still all my song shall be,
Nearer, my God, to thee, —
Nearer to thee ! AMEN.

Sarah F. Adams. 1848.

SALEM. 6.10:6.10.



366.

Desires for God's Presence.

Wilt thou not visit me?
The plant beside me feels thy gentle dew ;
Each blade of grass I see
From thy deep earth its quickening moisture
drew.

Wilt thou not visit me?
Thy morning calls on me with cheering tone,
And every hill and tree
Lends but one voice, the voice of thee alone.

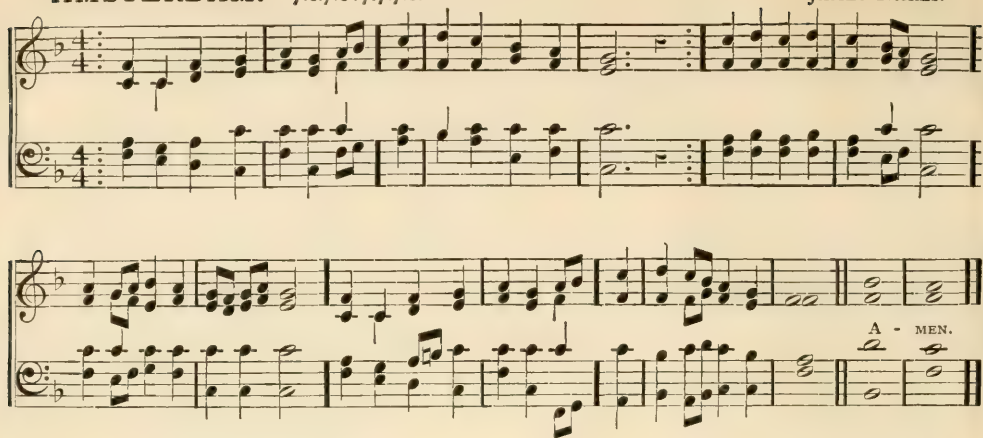
Come ! for I need thy love
More than the flower the dew, or grass the
rain ;
Come, like thy holy dove,
And let me in thy sight rejoice to live again.

Yes ! thou wilt visit me ;
Nor plant nor tree thine eye delights so well,
As when, from sin set free,
My spirit loves with thine in peace to dwell.

Jones Very.

AMSTERDAM. 7.6.7.6:7.7.6.

JAMES NARES.



367.

The Soul aspiring to Heaven.

Rise, my soul, and stretch thy wings,
 Thy better portion trace ;
 Rise, from transitory things,
 Toward heaven, thy native place :
 Sun and moon and stars decay,
 Time shall soon this earth remove ;
 Rise, my soul, and haste away
 To seats prepared above.

Rivers to the ocean run,
 Nor stay in all their course ;
 Fire, ascending, seeks the sun ;
 Both speed them to their source :
 So a soul that's born of God
 Pants to view his glorious face ;
 Upward tends to his abode,
 To rest in his embrace.

Robert Seagrave.

368.

The Still, Small Voice

OPEN, Lord, my inward ear,
 And bid my heart rejoice ;
 Bid my quiet spirit hear
 Thy comfortable voice ;
 Never in the whirlwind found,
 Or where earthquakes rock the place ;
 Still and silent is the sound,
 The whisper of thy grace !

From the world of sin and noise
 And hurry, I withdraw ;
 For the small and inward voice
 I wait with humble awe :
 Silent am I now and still ;
 Dare not in thy presence move ;
 To my waiting soul reveal
 The secret of thy love ! AMEN.

Charles Wesley. 1742.

369.

"The Lord is thy Keeper."

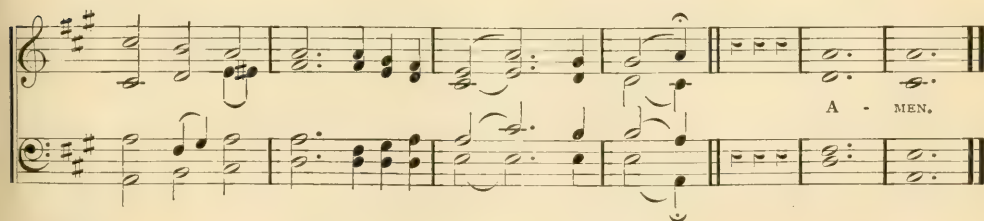
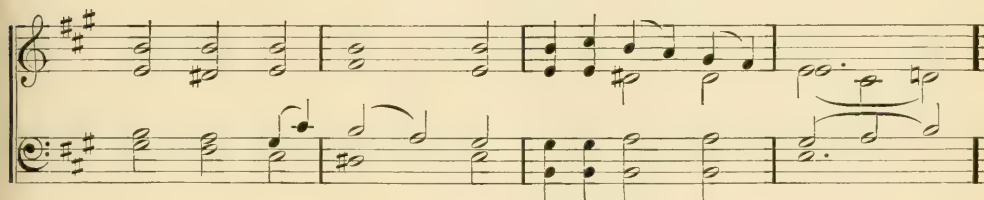
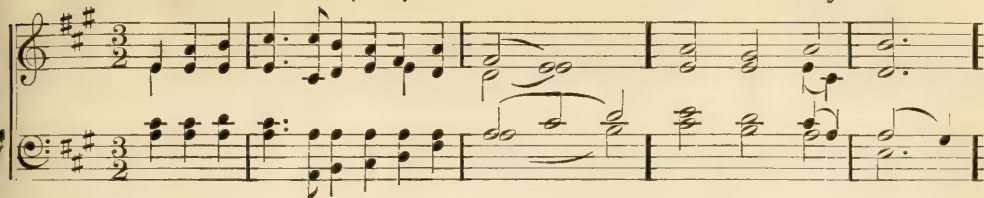
SEE the Lord, thy Keeper, stand,
 Omnipotently near ;
 Lo ! he holds thee by the hand,
 And banishes thy fear ;
 Shadows with his wings thy head ;
 Guards from all impending harms ;
 Round thee and beneath are spread
 The everlasting arms.

God shall bless thy going out,
 Shall bless thy coming in ;
 Kindly compass thee about,
 And guard from every sin.
 He is still our sure defence,
 We his ceaseless care shall prove,
 Kept by watchful providence
 And ever-waking love.

Charles Wesley. †

LUX BENIGNA. 10.4 : 10.4 : 10.10.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



370.

The Pillar of the Cloud.

LEAD, kindly Light, amid the encircling gloom,

Lead thou me on !

The night is dark, and I am far from home, —

Lead thou me on !

Keep thou my feet ; I do not ask to see

The distant scene, — one step enough for me.

I was not ever thus, nor prayed that thou

Shouldst lead me on ;

I loved to choose and see my path ; but now

Lead thou me on !

I loved the garish day, and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will ; remember not past
years.

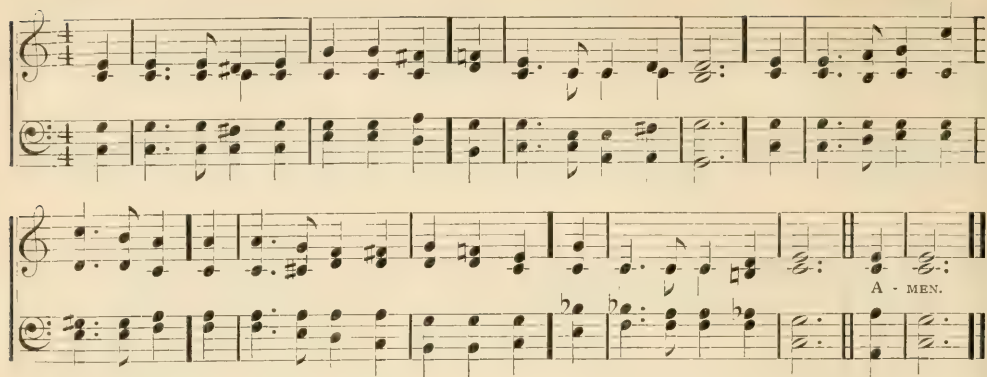
So long thy power hath blest me, sure it still
Will lead me on,

O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
The night is gone ;

And with the morn those angel faces smile
Which I have loved long since, and lost
awhile !

WHITTIER. 8.6:8.8.6.

F. C. MAKER.



371. *"I will hear what God the Lord will speak; for he will speak peace unto his people."*

DEAR Lord and Father of mankind!

Forgive our foolish ways!

Reclothe us in our rightful mind,

In purer lives thy service find,

In deeper reverence, praise.

In simple trust like theirs who heard,

Beside the Syrian sea,

The gracious calling of the Lord,

Let us, like them, without a word,

Rise up and follow thee.

O Sabbath rest by Galilee!

O calm of hills above,

Where Jesus knelt to share with thee

The silence of eternity

Interpreted by love!

With that deep hush subduing all

Our words and works that drown

The tender whisper of thy call,

As noiseless let thy blessing fall

As fell thy manna down.

Drop thy still dews of quietness,

Till all our strivings cease;

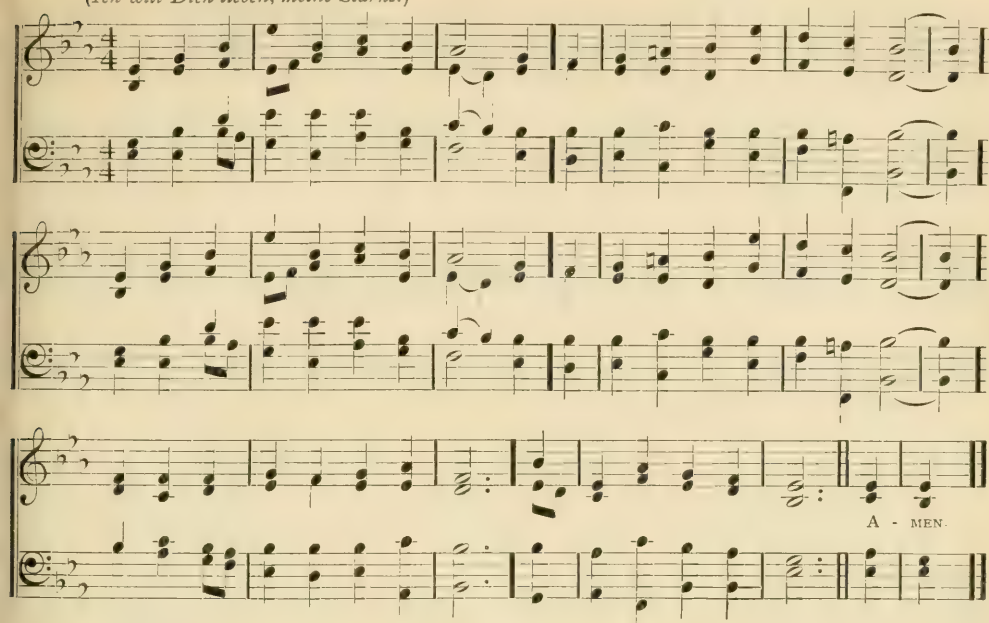
Take from our souls the strain and stress,

And let our ordered lives confess

The beauty of thy peace. AMEN.

SCHEFFLER. 9.8:9.8 8.6.
(*Ich will Dich lieben, meine Stärke.*)

HARMONISCHER LIEDERSCHATZ, 1738.



372.

"I will love thee, O Lord, my Strength."

THEE will I love, my Strength, my Tower,
Thee will I love, my Hope, my Joy,
Thee in thy works, with all my power,
With ardor time shall ne'er destroy.
Thee will I love, O Light Divine,
So long as life is mine !

Oh, keep me watchful, then, and humble,
And suffer me no more to stray ;
Uphold me when my feet would stumble,
Nor let me loiter by the way ;
Fill all my nature with thy light,
O Radiance strong and bright !

Thee will I love, my Crown of gladness,
Thee will I love, my God and Lord,
Amid the darkest depths of sadness,
Not for the hope of high reward,
For thine own sake, O Light Divine,
So long as life is mine. AMEN.

Johann Scheffler (Angelus Silesius.)
Tr. by Catherine Winkworth.

DESSLER. 8.8.8.8: 9.8.8.9.

(Mein Jesu, dem die Seraphinen.)

GEISTREICHES GESANGBUCH. 1698.

373.

"Oh, send out thy light and thy truth; let them lead me."

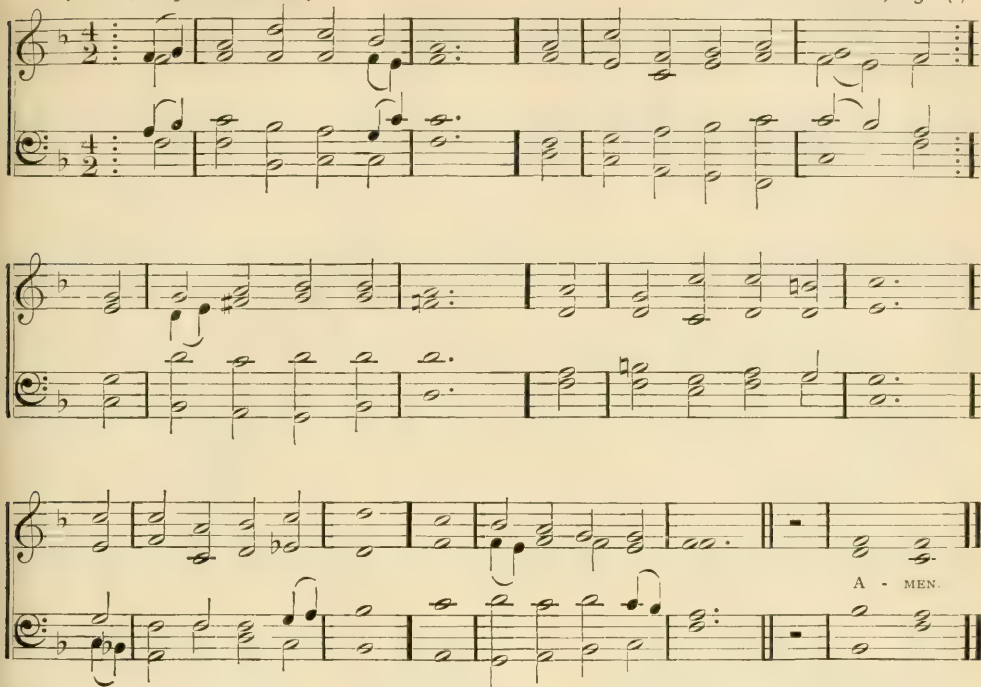
OH, let thy wisdom be my guide,
 Nor take thy light from me away;
 Thy grace be ever at my side,
 That from thy path I may not stray;
 But feeling that thy hand is o'er me,
 In steadfast faith my course fulfil,
 And keep thy word, and do thy will,
 Thy love within, thy heaven before me!

To thee I rise in faith on high,
 Oh, bend thou down in love to me!
 Let nothing rob me of this joy,
 That all my soul is filled with thee;
 As long as here I live, yea, longer,
 Thee will I honor, fear, and love,
 For when this heart hath ceased to move,
 Than Death itself thy love is stronger. AMEN.

Wolfgang Christoph Dessler, 1692.
 Tr. by Catherine Winkworth.

HEERMANN. 6.7.6.7:6.6.6.6.*(O Gott, Du frommer Gott.)*

From the German, 1630. (?)

**374.** *"Whatsoever ye do, do it heartily, as to the Lord."*

O God, thou faithful God,
 Thou Fountain ever flowing,
 Without whom nothing is,
 All perfect gifts bestowing;
 A pure and healthy frame
 Oh, give me, and within
 A conscience pure from blame,
 A soul unhurt by sin.

And grant me, Lord, to do
 With ready heart and willing,
 Whate'er thou shalt command,
 My calling here fulfilling;
 And do it when I ought,
 With all my strength; and bless
 The work I thus have wrought,
 For thou must give success. **AMEN.**

Johann Heermann. 1630.
 Tr. by Catherine Winkworth.

375. *"One generation shall praise thy works to another."*

OH, praise the Lord our God,
 In clouds and darkness dwelling,
 Yet Fount of shadeless light,
 All light of earth excelling!
 He guides us on to age
 Through sunlit paths of youth;
 He glads our longing eyes
 With full unveiled truth.

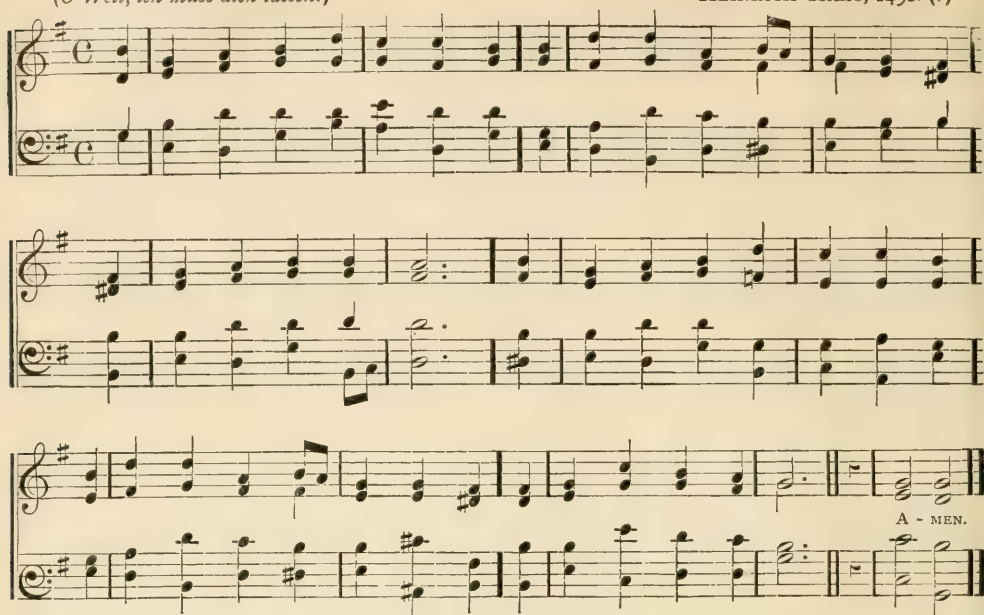
That truth, O Lord, we seek,
 In spirit meek and lowly;
 To all who learn or teach
 Give wisdom pure and holy.
 In solemn awe we bend,
 All wondering round thy throne,
 And thee, our Lord, our Life,
 Our Joy, our Gladness own. **AMEN.**

Edward H. Plumptre.

INNSBRÜCK. 8.8.6:8.8.6. (C.P.M.)

(O Welt, ich muss dich lassen.)

HEINRICH ISAAC, 1490. (?)



376.

"Cast your care on Him."

O LORD, how happy should we be
 If we could cast our care on thee,
 If we from self could rest,
 And feel at heart that One above,
 In perfect wisdom, perfect love,
 Is working for the best.

Could we but kneel and cast our load,
 E'en while we pray, upon our God,
 Then rise with lightened cheer,
 Sure that the Father, who is nigh
 To still the famished raven's cry,
 Will hear, in that we fear!

Lord, make these faithless hearts of ours
 Such lesson learn from birds and flowers;
 Make them from self to cease;
 Leave all things to a Father's will,
 And taste, before him lying still,
 E'en in affliction, peace. AMEN.

Joseph Anstice. 1836.

377.

*"Now abideth faith, hope, charity, these three;
 but the greatest of these is charity."*

GREAT Mover of all hearts, whose hand
 Doth all the secret springs command
 Of human thought and will;
 Thou, since the world was made, dost bless
 Thy saints with fruits of holiness
 In ceaseless order still.

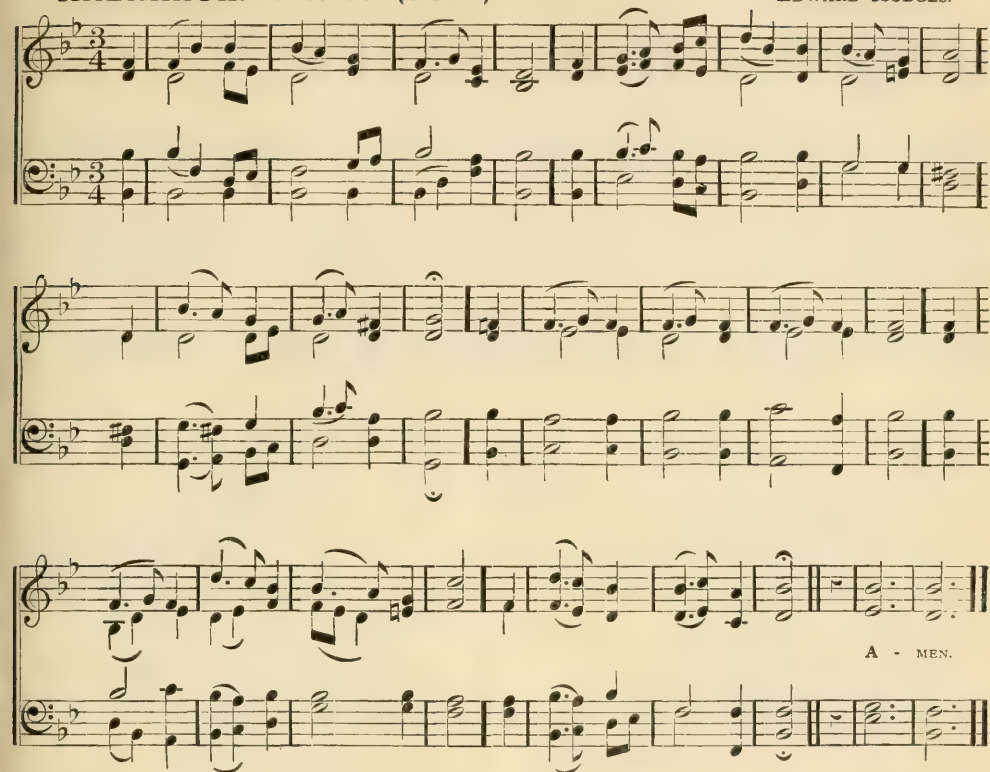
Faith, hope, and love here weave one chain;
 But love alone shall then remain,
 When this short day is gone;
 O Love, O Truth, O endless Light,
 When shall we see thy Sabbath bright,
 With all our labors done?

We sow 'mid perils here, and tears;
 There the glad hand the harvest bears,
 Which here in grief hath sown:
 Eternal God, the increase give;
 Thy gifts of grace, by which we live,
 With heavenly glory crown. AMEN.

Latin Hymn. Tr. by Isaac Williams. †

HABAKKUK. 8.8.6:8.8.6. (C. P. M.)

EDWARD HODGES.



A - MEN.

378.

"The love of God, which passeth knowledge."

O LOVE Divine, how sweet thou art !
 When shall I find my willing heart
 All taken up by thee ?
 I thirst, I faint, I die to prove
 The greatness of redeeming love, —
 The love of God to me.

Stronger his love than death or hell ;
 Its riches are unsearchable ;
 The first-born sons of light
 Desire in vain its depths to see ;
 They cannot reach the mystery,
 The length, and breadth, and height.

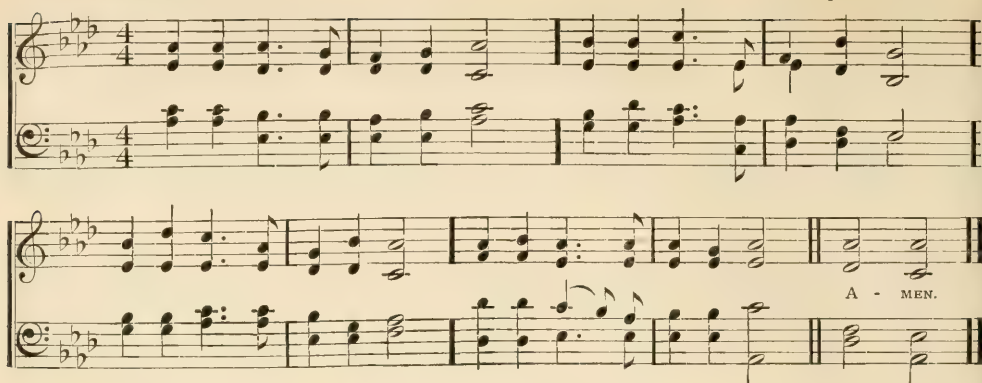
God only knows the love of God ;
 Oh that it now were shed abroad
 In this poor stony heart !
 For love I sigh, for love I pine :
 This only portion, Lord, be mine,
 Be mine this better part !

Thy only love do I require ;
 Nothing in earth beneath desire,
 Nothing in heaven above ;
 Let earth, and heaven, and all things go ;
 Give me thy only love to know,
 Give me thy only love. AMEN.

Charles Wesley. 1749.

ST. BEES. 7-7:7-7.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



379.

The Supreme Good.

LORD, it is not life to live,
If thy presence thou deny:
Lord, if thou thy presence give,
'T is no longer death to die.

Source and Giver of repose!
Singly from thy smile it flows;
Peace and happiness are thine;
Mine they are, if thou art mine. AMEN.

Augustus M. Toplady. 1774.

380.

"For this God is our God, for ever and for ever."

THINE forever; God of love,
Hear us from thy throne above;
Thine forever may we be,
Here and in eternity.

Thine forever; oh, how blest
They who find in thee their rest!
Father, guardian, heavenly friend,
Oh, defend us to the end!

Thine forever; Father, keep
These thy frail and trembling sheep;
Safe alone beneath thy care,
Let us all thy goodness share.

Thine forever; thou our guide,
All our wants by thee supplied,
All our sins by thee forgiven,
Lead us, Lord, from earth to heaven. AMEN.

Mary Fawler Maude. 1848.

381. *"The earth is the Lord's, and the fulness thereof; the world, and they that dwell therein."*

LIFE of Ages, richly poured,
Love of God, unspent and free,
Flowing in the prophet's word
And the people's liberty.

Never was to chosen race
That unstinted tide confined;
Thine is every time and place,
Fountain sweet of heart and mind!

Breathing in the thinker's creed,
Pulsing in the hero's blood,
Nerving simplest thought and deed,
Freshening time with truth and good,

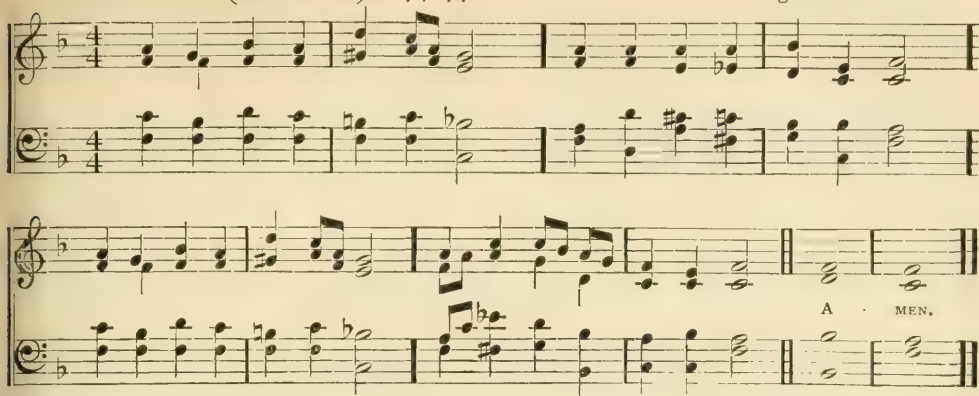
Consecrating art and song,
Holy book and pilgrim track,
Hurling floods of tyrant wrong
From the sacred limits back, —

Life of Ages, richly poured,
Love of God, unspent and free,
Flow still in the prophet's word
And the people's liberty! AMEN.

Samuel Johnson.

CHATHAM (SEYMOUR). 7:7:7:7.

Arranged from WEBER.



382.

Our Daily Bread.

DAY by day the manna fell :
 Oh, to learn this lesson well !
 Still by constant mercy fed,
 Give me, Lord, my daily bread.

"Day by day," the promise reads ;
 Daily strength for daily needs :
 Cast foreboding fears away ;
 Take the manna of to-day.

Lord, my times are in thy hand :
 All my sanguine hopes have planned
 To thy wisdom I resign,
 And would make thy purpose mine.

Thou my daily task shalt give ;
 Day by day to thee I live :
 So shall added years fulfil,
 Not my own, my Father's will.

Oh, to live exempt from care,
 By the energy of prayer ;
 Strong in faith, with mind subdued,
 Yet elate with gratitude !

Josiah Conder. 1836.

383.

A Life hidden in God.

LET my life be hid in thee,
 Life of life and Light of light !
 Love's illimitable sea !
 Depth of peace, of power the height !

Let my life be hid in thee
 From vexation and annoy ;
 Calm in thy tranquillity,
 All my mourning turned to joy.

Let my life be hid in thee
 When alarms are gathering round,
 Covered with thy panoply,
 Safe within thy holy ground.

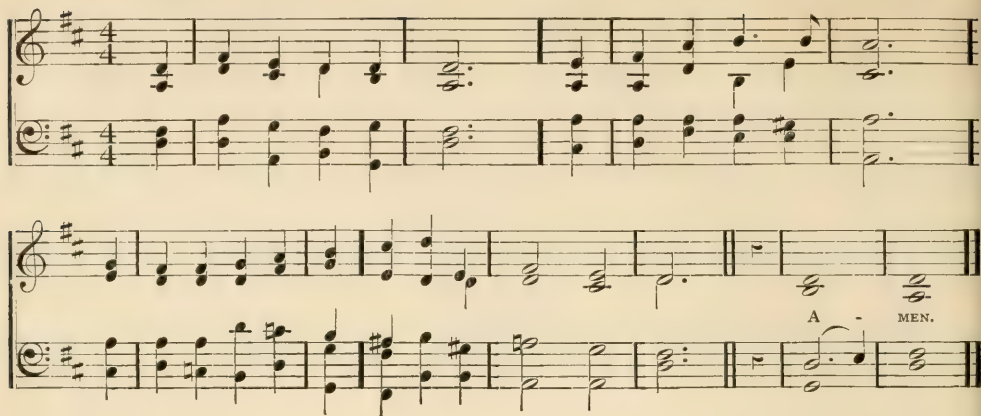
Let my life be hid in thee
 When my strength and health shall fail ;
 Let thine immortality
 In my dying hour prevail.

Let my life be hid in thee,
 In the world and yet above ;
 Hid in thine eternity,
 In the ocean of thy love. AMEN.

John Bull. †

VIA PACIS. 6.6:6.6.

Sir JOSEPH BARNEY.



384.

"My soul longeth for thee."

My spirit longs for thee
Within my troubled breast,
Though I unworthy be
Of so divine a guest :

Of so divine a guest
Unworthy though I be,
Yet has my heart no rest,
Unless it come from thee :

Unless it come from thee,
In vain I look around :
In all that I can see
No rest is to be found :

No rest is to be found,
But in thy blessed love :
Oh, let my wish be crowned,
And send it from above ! AMEN.

John Byrom 1691-1763.

385.

"Blessed are they which do hunger and thirst after righteousness."

I FEEL within a want
Forever burning there :
What I so thirst for, grant,
O thou who hearest prayer !

This is the thing I crave, —
A likeness to thy Son ;
This would I rather have
Than call the world my own.

'T is my most fervent prayer ;
Be it more fervent still :
Be it my highest care,
Be it my settled will. AMEN.

William H. Furness.

386.

"Perfect love casteth out fear."

O LOVE that casts out fear,
O Love that casts out sin,
Tarry no more without,
But come and dwell within.

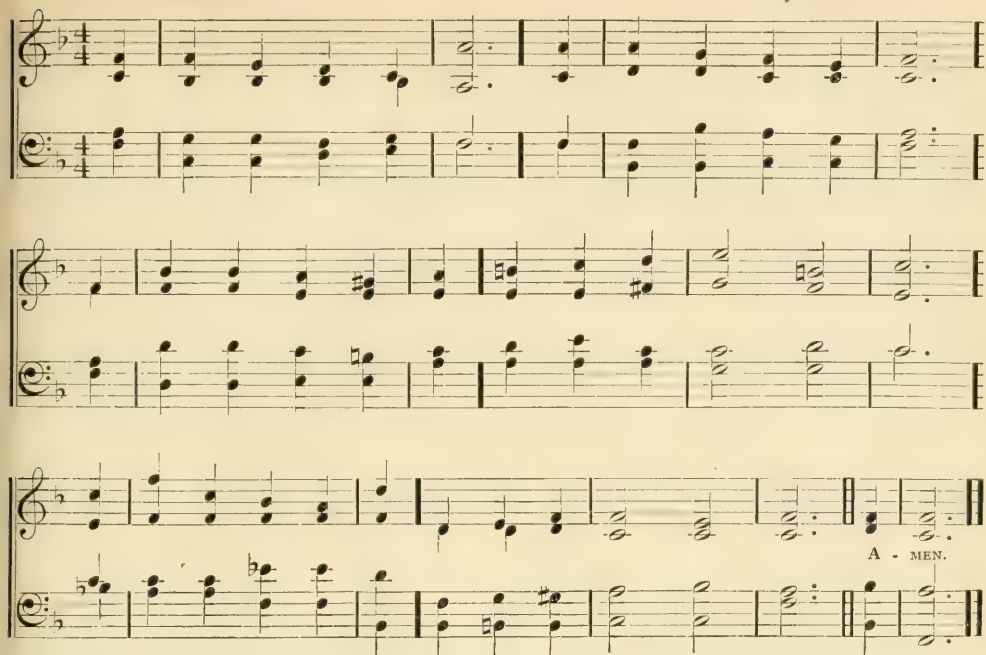
True sunlight of the soul,
Surround me as I go ;
So shall my way be safe,
My feet no straying know.

Great Love of God, come in ;
Well-spring of heavenly peace,
Thou Living Water, come,
Spring up, and never cease. AMEN.

Horatius Bonar.

ST. OLAVE. 6.6:6.6:6.6.

Sir JOSEPH BARNEY.



387.

"The kingdom of God is within you."

O THOU not made with hands,
 Not throned above the skies,
 Nor walled with shining walls,
 Nor framed with stones of price,
 More bright than gold or gem,
 God's own Jerusalem !

Where'er the gentle heart
 Finds courage from above ;
 Where'er the heart forsook
 Warms with the breath of love ;
 Where faith bids fear depart,
 City of God ! thou art.

Thou art where'er the proud
 In humbleness melts down ;
 Where self itself yields up ;

Where martyrs win their crown ;
 Where faithful souls possess
 Themselves in perfect peace.

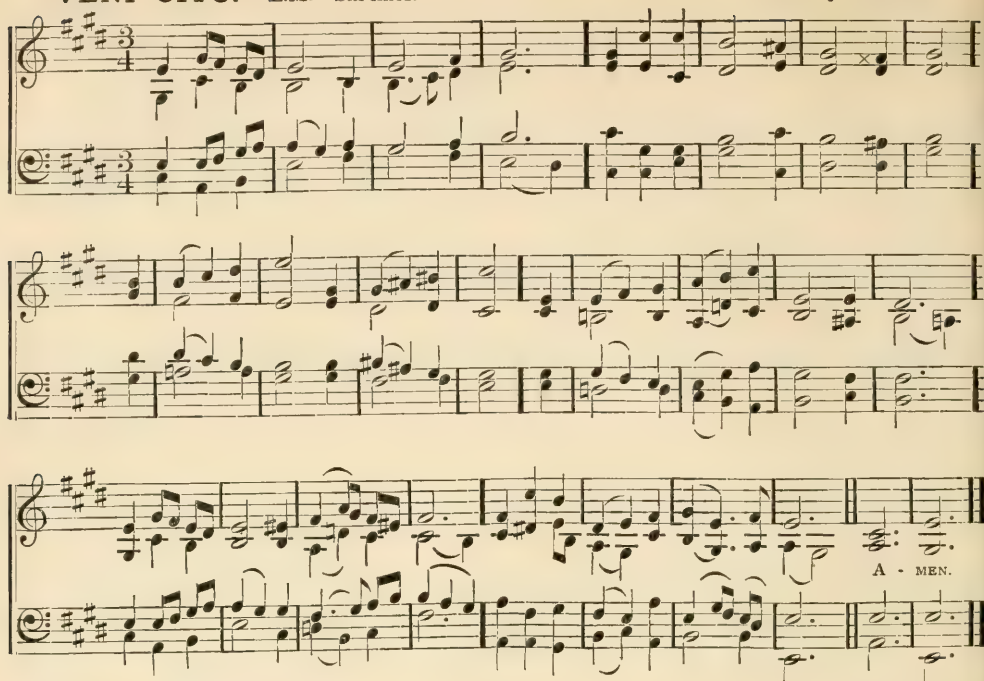
Where in life's common ways
 With cheerful feet we go ;
 When in his steps we tread
 Who trod the way of woe ;
 Where he is in the heart,
 City of God ! thou art.

Not throned above the skies,
 Nor golden-walled afar,
 But where Christ's two or three
 In his name gathered are,
 Be in the midst of them,
 God's own Jerusalem !

Francis Turner Palgrave.

VENI CITO. L.M. Six lines.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



388.

"I give myself to thee."

O LOVE, who formedst me to wear
The image of thy Godhead here ;
Who soughtest me with tender care
Through all my wanderings wild and drear ;
O Love, I give myself to thee,
Thine ever, only thine to be.

O Love, who soon shalt bid me rise
From out this dying life of ours ;
O Love, who soon o'er yonder skies
Shalt set me in the fadeless bowers ;
O Love, I give myself to thee,
Thine ever, only thine to be. AMEN.

Johann Scheffler.

389.

"As the hart panteth."

As, panting in the sultry beam,
The hart desires the cooling stream,
So to thy presence, Lord, I flee,
So longs my soul, O God, for thee ;
Athirst to taste thy living grace,
And see thy glory, face to face.

Ah, why, by passing clouds oppressed,
Should vexing thoughts distract thy breast ?
Turn, turn to him, in every pain,
Whom suppliants never sought in vain ;
Thy strength in joy's ecstatic day,
Thy hope when joy has passed away.

John Bowdler. 1783-1815.

390.

Living to God.

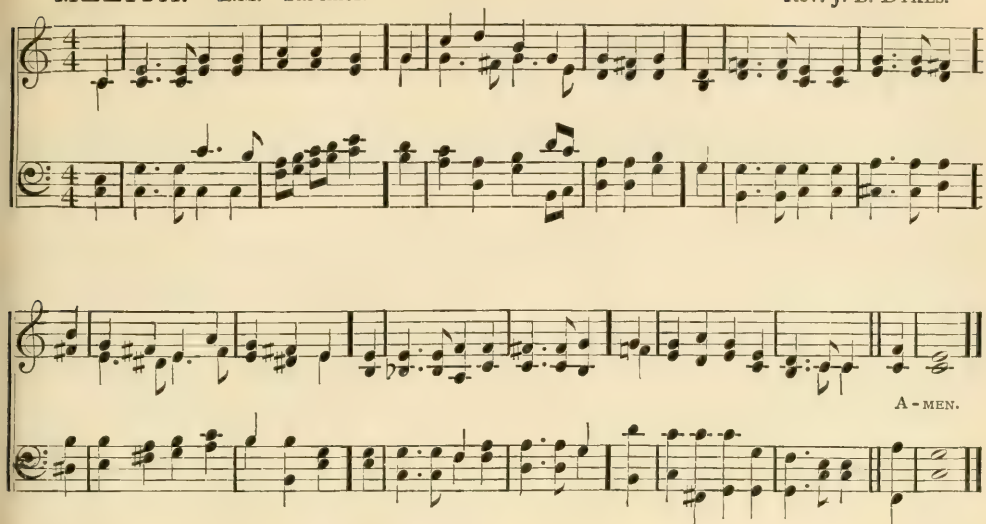
OH, draw me, Father, after thee !
So shall I run and never tire ;
With gracious words still comfort me ;
Be thou my hope, my sole desire :
Free me from every weight ; nor fear
Nor sin can come, if thou art here.

From all eternity, with love
Unchangeable thou hast me viewed ;
Ere knew this beating heart to move,
Thy tender mercies me pursued :
Ever with me may they abide,
And close me in on every side ! AMEN.

Paul Gerhardt. Tr. by J. Wesley.†

MELITA. L.M. Six lines.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



A - MEN.

391.*God a Refuge.*

FORTH from the dark and stormy sky,
 Lord, to thine altar's shade we fly ;
 Forth from the world, its hope and fear,
 Father, we seek thy shelter here :
 Weary and weak, thy grace we pray ;
 Turn not, O Lord ! thy guests away.

Long have we roamed in want and pain,
 Long have we sought thy rest in vain ;
 Wildered in doubt, in darkness lost,
 Long have our souls been tempest-tost :
 Low at thy feet our sins we lay ;
 Turn not, O Lord ! thy guests away. AMEN.

Reginald Heber.

392.*For Union with God.*

O LOVE ! how cheering is thy ray !
 All pain before thy presence flies ;
 Care, anguish, sorrow, melt away,
 Where'er thy healing beams arise.
 O Father ! nothing may I see,
 And nought desire or seek, but thee !

Unwearied may I this pursue,
 Undaunted to this prize aspire ;
 Each hour within my soul renew
 This holy flame, this heavenly fire ;
 And day and night be all my care
 To guard the sacred treasure there. AMEN.

Paul Gerhardt. Tr. by J. Wesley.†

393.*God our Guide.*

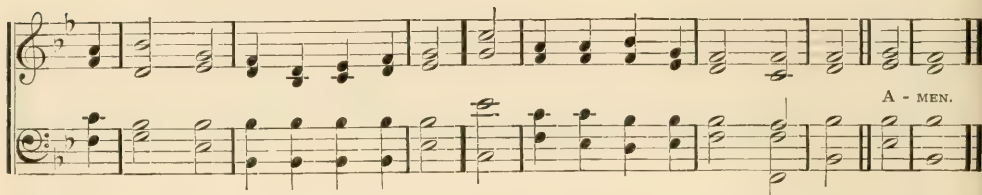
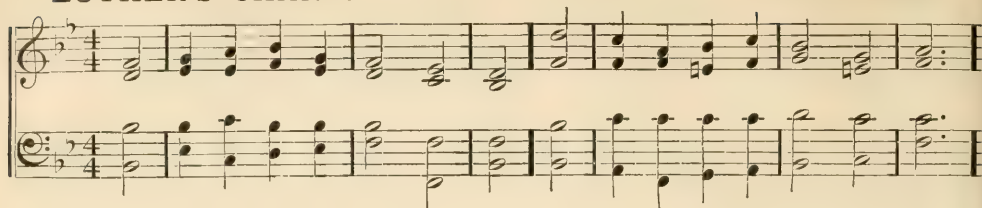
LEADER of Israel's host, and guide
 Of all who seek the land above,
 Beneath thy shadow we abide,
 The cloud of thy protecting love, —
 Our strength thy grace, our rule thy word,
 Our end the glory of the Lord.

By thy unerring Spirit led,
 We shall not in the desert stray,
 We shall not full direction need,
 Nor miss our providential way ;
 As far from danger as from fear,
 While love, Almighty love, is near.

Charles Wesley.

LUTHER'S CHANT. L.M.

CHARLES ZEUNER.



394

Psalm lxxiii.

O GOD, thou art my God alone ;
Early to thee my soul shall cry,
A pilgrim in a land unknown,
A thirsty land, whose springs are dry.

Yet, through this rough and thorny maze,
I follow hard on thee, my God :
Thine hand unseen upholds my ways ;
I lean upon thy staff and rod.

Thee, in the watches of the night,
When I remember, on my bed,
Thy presence makes the darkness light ;
Thy guardian wings are round my head.

Better than life itself thy love,
Dearer than all beside to me ;
For whom have I in heaven above,
Or what on earth, compared with thee ?

Praise with my heart, my mind, my voice,
For all thy mercy, I will give ;
My soul shall still in God rejoice ;
My tongue shall bless thee while I live. AMEN.

James Montgomery.

395.

The Bread of Life.

FATHER, supply my every need ;
Sustain the life thyself hast given ;
Oh, grant the never-failing bread,
The manna that comes down from heaven !

The gracious fruits of righteousness,
Thy blessings' unexhausted store,
In me abundantly increase,
Nor ever let me hunger more. AMEN.

Charles Wesley

396.

Love Divine.

O LOVE Divine, whose constant beam
Shines on the eyes that will not see,
And waits to bless us while we dream
Thou leav'st us when we turn from thee !

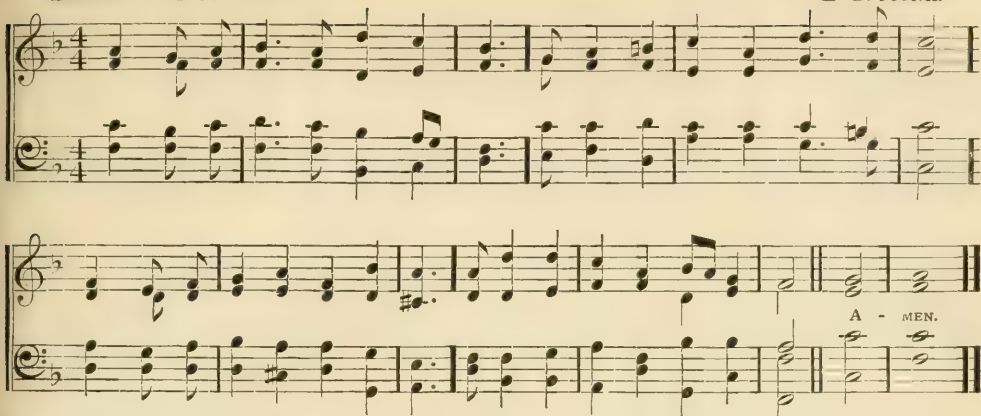
All souls that struggle and aspire,
All hearts of prayer, by thee are lit ;
And, dim or clear, thy tongues of fire
On dusky tribes and centuries sit.

Nor bounds, nor clime, nor creed thou know'st :
Wide as our need, thy favors fall ;
The white wings of the Holy Ghost
Stoop, seen or unseen, over all.

John G. Whittier.

SERVITUS. L.M

E. G. MONK.



397. "The fire shall ever be burning."

O THOU who deignest from above
The pure, celestial fire to impart !
Kindle a flame of sacred love
Upon the altar of my heart.

There let it for thy glory burn,
With inextinguishable blaze ;
And trembling to its source return
In humble prayer, and fervent praise.

O Lord, confirm my heart's desire
To work, and speak, and think, for thee ;
Still let me guard the sacred fire,
And still stir up thy gift in me ;

Ready for all thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat ;
Till death thy endless mercies seal,
And make the sacrifice complete. AMEN.

Charles Wesley. †

398. *Retirement and Meditation.*

My God ! permit me not to be
A stranger to myself and thee :
Amidst a thousand thoughts I rove,
Forgetful of my highest love.

Why should my passions mix with earth,
And thus debase my heavenly birth ?
Why should I cleave to things below,
And let my God, my Saviour, go ?

Call me away from flesh and sense,
One sovereign word can draw me thence.
I would obey the voice divine,
And all inferior joys resign.

Be earth, with all her scenes, withdrawn ;
Let noise and vanity be gone ;
In secret silence of the mind,
My heaven, and there my God, I find.

Isaac Watts.

399.

God's Law and Love

O THOU, in whom we live and move,
Whose love is law, whose law is love,
Whose present spirit waits to fill
The soul that comes to do thy will !

Unto our waiting spirits teach
Thy love, beyond the powers of speech ;
And bid us feel, with joyful awe,
The omnipresence of thy law.

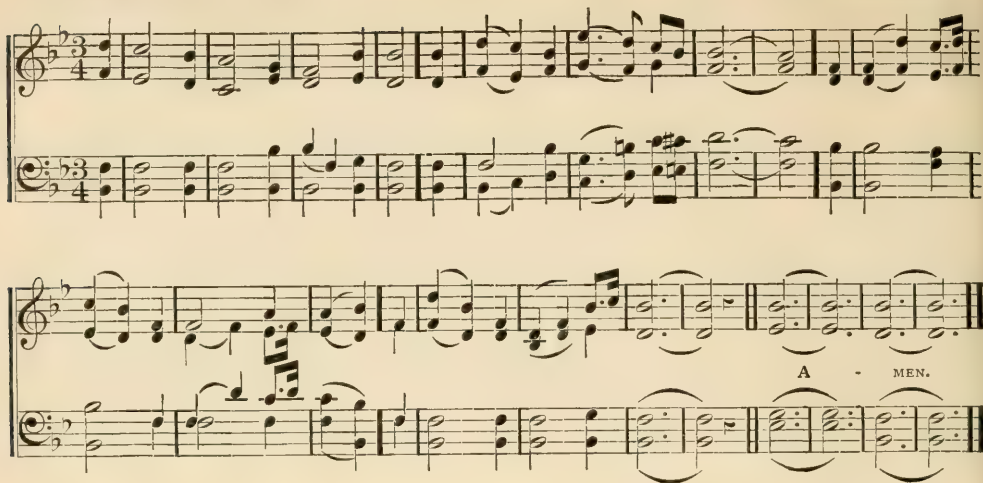
Its patient working doth fulfil
Man's hope, and God's all-perfect will,
Nor suffers one true word or thought,
Or deed of love, to come to naught.

Such faith, O God ! our souls sustain,
Free, true, and calm, in joy and pain,
That even by our fidelity
Thy kingdom may the nearer be ! AMEN.

Samuel Longfellow.

BEMERTON. C.M.

H. W. GREATOREX.



400.

Imploing Divine Guidance.

FATHER of light, conduct my feet
Through life's dark, dangerous road ;
Let each advancing step still bring
Me nearer to my God.

Let heaven-eyed prudence be my guide ;
And, when I go astray,
Recall my feet from folly's path,
To wisdom's better way.

Teach me in every various scene
To keep my end in sight ;
And, while I tread life's mazy track,
Let wisdom guide me right.

That heavenly wisdom from above
Abundantly impart ;
And let it guard, and guide, and warm,
And penetrate my heart,

Till it shall lead me to thyself,
Fountain of bliss and love ;
And all my darkness be dispersed
In endless light above. AMEN.

Christopher Smart.

401.

"All my springs are in Thee."

My heart is resting, O my God !
I will give thanks and sing ;
My heart is at the secret source
Of every precious thing.

I thirst for springs of heavenly life,
And here all day they rise ;
I seek the treasure of thy love,
And close at hand it lies.

Glory to thee for strength withheld,
For want and weakness known, —
The fear that sends me to thy breast
For what is most mine own.

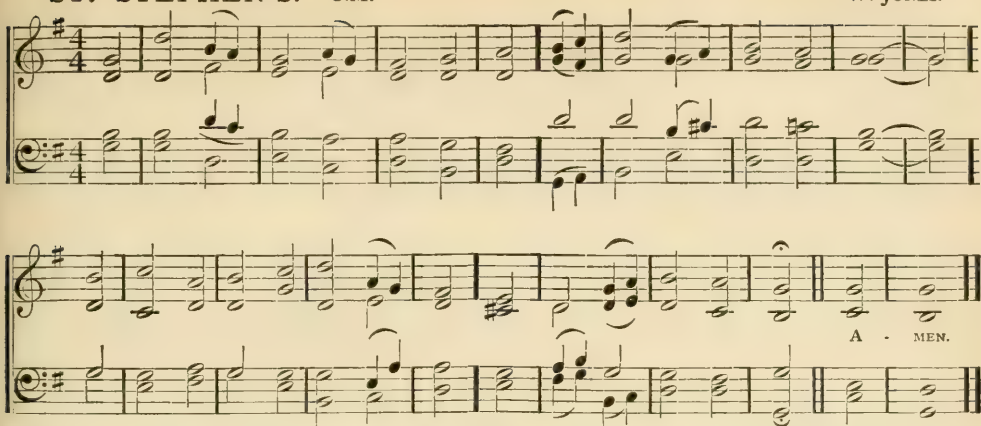
Mine be the reverent, listening love
That waits all day on thee ;
The service of a watchful heart
Which no one else can see ;

The faith that, in a hidden way
No other eye may know,
Finds all its daily work prepared,
And loves to have it so.

Anna L. Waring.

ST. STEPHEN'S. C.M.

W. JONES.

402. *"There remaineth a rest unto the people of God."*

LORD, I believe a rest remains,
 To all thy people known ;
 A rest where pure enjoyment reigns,
 And thou art loved alone ;
 A rest, where all our soul's desire
 Is fixed on things above, —
 Where doubt, and pain, and fear expire,
 Cast out by perfect love.

Oh that I now the rest might know,
 Believe, and enter in !
 Now, Father, now the power bestow,
 And let me cease from sin.

Remove this hardness from my heart,
 This unbelief remove ;
 To me the rest of faith impart,
 The sabbath of thy love. AMEN.

Charles Wesley.

403. *Prayer.*

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
 Uttered or unexpressed ;
 The motion of a hidden fire,
 That trembles in the breast.
 Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
 The falling of a tear ;
 The upward glancing of an eye,
 When none but God is near.

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
 The Christian's native air ;
 His watchword at the gates of death :
 He enters heaven with prayer.

O Thou by whom we come to God, —
 The Life, the Truth, the Way !
 The path of prayer thyself hast trod ;
 Lord, teach us how to pray. AMEN.

James Montgomery. 1819.

404. *"Shepherd of Israel."*

SHEPHERD of Israel, hear my prayer,
 And to my cry give heed ;
 Shepherd of Israel, lead me where
 Thy flocks in safety feed.

Whether upon the barren hills,
 Or in the desert bare,
 Strike but thy rod, the purest rills
 And greenest herbs are there.

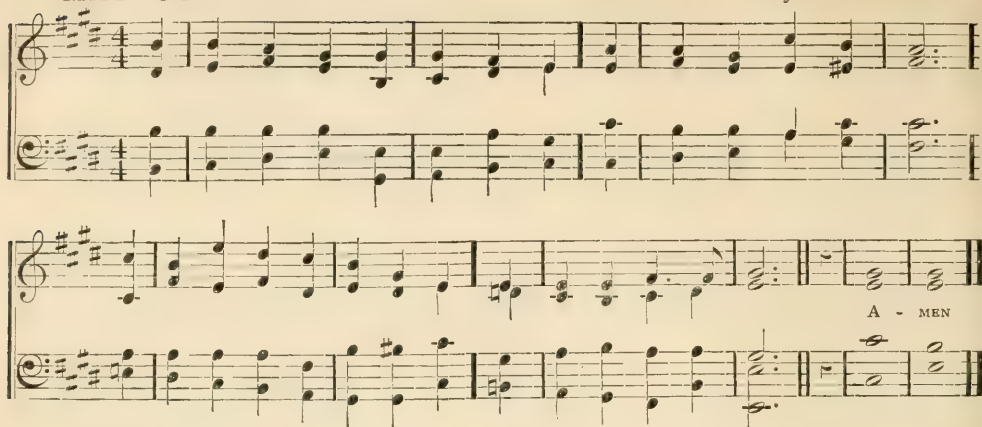
The shadow of a mighty rock
 Is in that weary land ;
 And heavenly dews fall on the flock,
 Protected by thy hand.

Lead me, oh, lead me to thy fold ;
 Earth has no rest beside :
 Shepherd of Israel, known of old,
 Be thou my only guide. AMEN.

Sarah Ellis. 1833.

MATLOCK. C. M.

Sir JOSEPH BARNEY.

405. *"In whom we live, and move, and have
our being."*

IN thee I live, and move, and am ;
Thou deal'st me out my days ;
As thou renew'st my being, Lord,
Let me renew thy praise.

From thee I am, through thee I am,
And for thee I must be ;
'T is better for me not to live,
Than not to live to thee.

My God, thou art my glorious Sun,
By whose bright beams I shine :
As thou, Lord, ever art with me,
Let me be ever thine.

Thou art my living Fountain, Lord,
Whose streams on me do flow ;
Myself I render unto thee,
To whom myself I owe.

As thou, Lord, an immortal soul
Hast breathed into me,
So let my soul be breathing forth
Immortal thanks to thee. AMEN.

John Mason. 1683.

406. *Seeking the Knowledge of God.*

SHINE forth, eternal Source of light,
And make thy glories known ;
Fill our enlarged, adoring sight
With lustre all thy own.

Vain are the charms, and faint the rays,
The brightest creatures boast ;
And all their grandeur and their praise
Is in thy presence lost.

To know the Author of our frame
Is our sublimest skill ;
True science is to read thy name,
True life, to obey thy will.

For this I long, for this I pray,
And, following on, pursue,
Till visions of eternal day
Fix and complete the view.

Philip Doddridge.

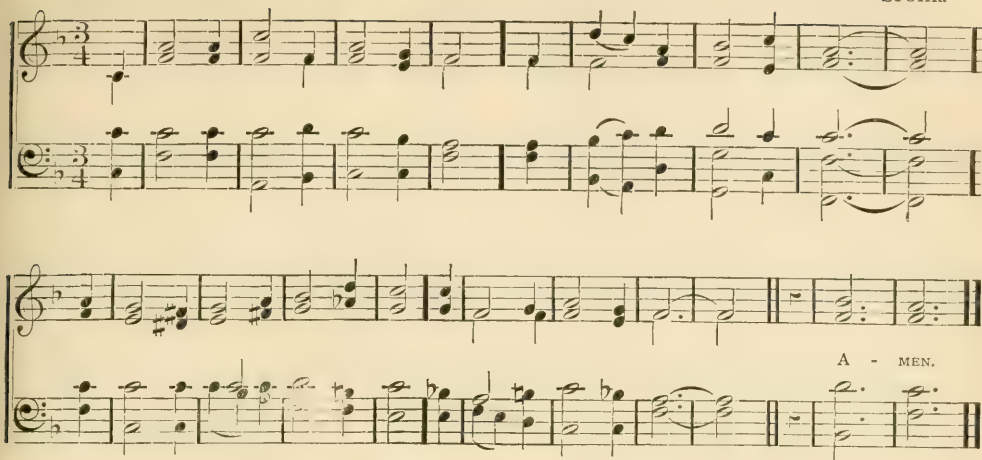
407. *The Inner Calm.*

CALM me, my God, and keep me calm,
While these hot breezes blow ;
Be like the night-dews' cooling balm
Upon earth's fevered brow.

Yes, keep me calm, though loud and rude
The sounds my ear that greet,—
Calm in the closet's solitude,
Calm in the bustling street ;

SPOHR. C.M.

SPOHR.



Calm in the hour of buoyant health,
 Calm in my hour of pain ;
 Calm in my poverty or wealth,
 Calm in my loss or gain ;

Calm as the ray of sun or star,
 Which storms assail in vain ;
 Moving unruffled through earth's war,
 The eternal calm to gain.

Horatius Bonar.

408.

"As pants the hart."

As pants the hart for cooling streams
 When heated in the chase,
 So longs my soul, O God, for thee,
 And thy refreshing grace.

For thee, my God, the living God,
 My thirsting soul doth pine ;
 Oh, when shall I behold thy face,
 Thou Majesty Divine !

Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?
 Trust God, who will employ
 His aid for thee, and change these sighs
 To thankful hymns of joy.

Why restless, why cast down, my soul ?
 Hope still, and thou shalt sing
 The praise of him who is thy God,
 Thy health's eternal spring.

Tate and Brady.

409.

"Thy kingdom come."

FATHER of me and all mankind,
 And all the hosts above,
 Let every understanding mind
 Unite to praise thy love.

Thy kingdom come, with power and grace,
 To every heart of man ;
 Thy peace and joy and righteousness
 In all our bosoms reign, —

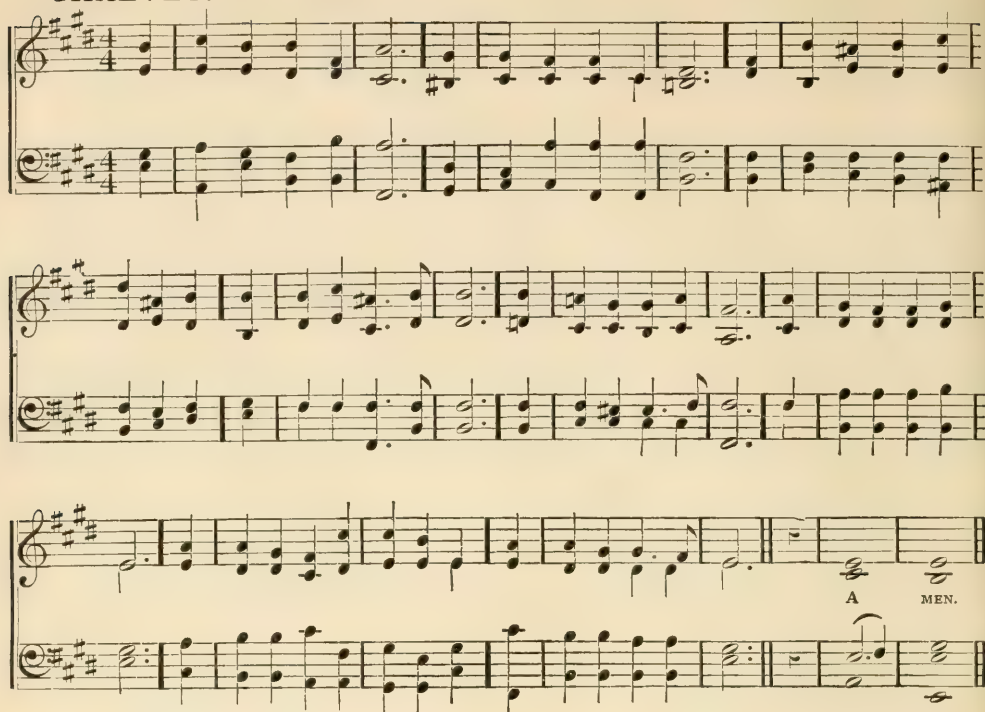
The righteousness that never ends,
 But makes an end of sin ;
 The joy that human thought transcends,
 Into our souls bring in ;

The kingdom of established peace,
 Which can no more remove ;
 The perfect powers of godliness,
 The omnipotence of love. AMEN.

Charles Wesley.

CHALVEY. S.M. Double.

Rev. L. G. HAYNE.



410.

"Pray without ceasing."

My God, my strength, my hope,
 On thee I cast my care,
 With humble confidence look up,
 And know thou hear'st my prayer.
 Give me on thee to wait,
 Till I can all things do, —
 On thee, almighty to create,
 Almighty to renew.

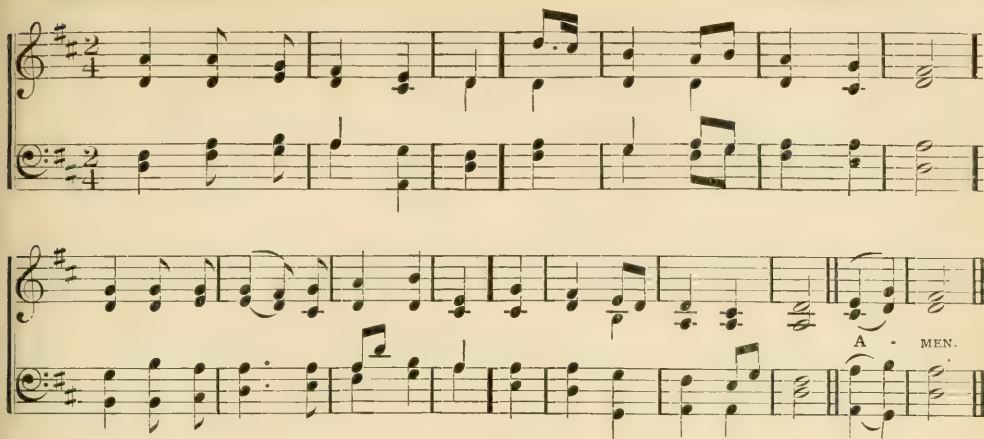
I want a sober mind,
 A self-renouncing will,
 That tramples down and casts behind
 The baits of pleasing ill ;
 A soul inured to pain,
 To hardship, grief, and loss ;
 Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
 The consecrated cross.

I want a godly fear,
 A quick-discerning eye,
 That looks to thee when sin is near,
 And sees the tempter fly ;
 A spirit still prepared,
 And armed with jealous care,
 Forever standing on its guard,
 And watching unto prayer.

I want a heart to pray,
 To pray and never cease,
 Never to murmur at thy stay,
 Or wish my sufferings less :
 This blessing above all,
 Always to pray, I want ;
 Out of the deep on thee to call,
 And never, never faint.

MORNINGTON. S.M.

LORD MORNINGTON.



I rest upon thy word ;
 The promise is for me :
 My succor and salvation, Lord,
 Shall surely come from thee.
 But let me still abide,
 Nor from my hope remove,
 Till thou my patient spirit guide
 Into thy perfect love.

Charles Wesley. 1742.

Long as my trials last,
 Long as the cross I bear,
 Oh, let my soul on thee be cast
 In confidence and prayer !

Conduct me to the shore
 Of everlasting peace,
 Where storm and tempest rise no more,
 Where sin and sorrow cease. AMEN.

Charles Wesley.

411.

For a Holy Heart.

GREAT Source of life and light,
 Thy heavenly grace impart,
 And by thy Holy Spirit write
 Thy law upon my heart :
 My soul would cleave to thee ;
 Let nought my purpose move ;
 Oh, let my faith more steadfast be,
 And more intense my love !
 Imbue my constant mind
 With deep humility,
 And let an ardent zeal be joined
 With perfect charity ;
 That grace to me impart,
 With meekness to reprove,
 To hate the sin with all my heart,
 And still the sinner love.

412. *"Continue in prayer, and watch in the same."*

THE praying spirit breathe !
 The watching power impart !
 From all entanglements beneath
 Call off my anxious heart :

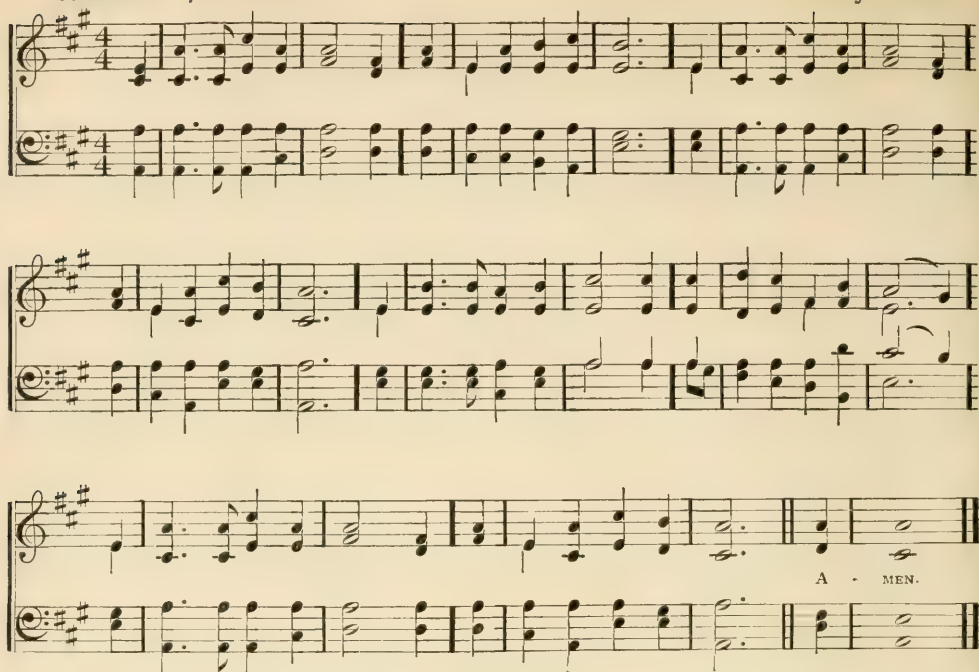
My feeble mind sustain,
 By worldly thoughts oppressed :
 Appear, and bid me turn again
 To my eternal rest.

Swift to my rescue come !
 Thine own this moment seize ;
 Gather my wandering spirit home,
 And keep in perfect peace. AMEN.

Charles Wesley. 1749.

WEBB. 7.6. Double.

G. J. WEBB.

413. *"He shall have domain from sea to sea."*

HAIL to the Lord's anointed,—
 Great David's greater Son !
 Hail, in the time appointed,
 His reign on earth begun !
 He comes to break oppression,
 To set the captive free,
 To take away transgression,
 And rule in equity.

He shall come down like showers
 Upon the fruitful earth ;
 And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
 Spring in his path to birth.
 Before him on the mountains
 Shall peace, the herald, go ;
 And righteousness, in fountains,
 From hill to valley flow.

James Montgomery.

414. *Arise, shine ; for thy light is come, and the glory of the Lord is risen upon thee.*

THE morning light is breaking ;
 The darkness disappears ;
 The sons of earth are waking
 To penitential tears :
 Each breeze that sweeps the ocean
 Brings tidings from afar,
 Of nations in commotion,
 Prepared for Zion's war.

Rich dews of grace come o'er us,
 In many a gentle shower,
 And brighter scenes before us
 Are opening every hour :
 Each cry, to heaven going,
 Abundant answer brings,
 And heavenly gales are blowing,
 With peace upon their wings.

Samuel F. Smith.

MAGDALENA. 7.6. Double.

Sir JOHN STAINER.

A - MEN.

415.

"And there shall be one fold and one shepherd."

Now is the time approaching,
 By prophets long foretold,
 When all shall dwell together,
 One shepherd and one fold.
 Let all that now divides us
 Remove and pass away,
 Like shadows of the morning
 Before the blaze of day.

Let all that now unites us
 More sweet and lasting prove,
 A closer bond of union,
 In a blest land of love.

Let war be learned no longer,
 Let strife and tumult cease,
 All earth his blessed kingdom,
 The Lord and Prince of Peace.

O long-expected dawning,
 Come with thy cheering ray !
 When shall the morning brighten,
 The shadows flee away ?
 O sweet anticipation !
 It cheers the watchers on,
 To pray, and hope, and labor,
 Till the dark night be gone.

Jane Borthwick.

416 HERRNHUT. S.9.S:8.9.S:6.6.4:8.S.

PHILIPP NICOLAI, 1598.

(Wachet auf! ruft uns die Stimme.)

1. { Wake, a - wake, for night is fly - ing, The watch - men on the
Mid - night hears the wel - come voi - ces, And at the thrill - ing

heights are cry - ing, A - wake, Je - ru - sa - lem, at last!
cry re - joi - ces: Come forth, ye vir - gins, [*Omit. . . .*]

night is past! The Bridegroom comes, a - wake, Your lamps with glad - ness

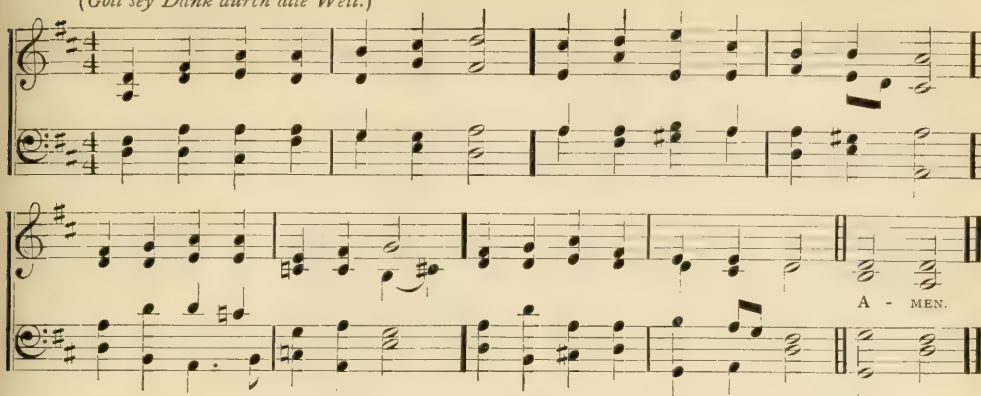
take! Al - le - lu - ia! A - wake! the king - dom is at hand;

Go forth, go forth in joy - ous band! A - MEN.

LÜBECK. 7-7-7-7.

(Gott sey Dank durch alle Welt.)

J. A. FREYLINGHAUSEN, 1704.



417.

"Thy kingdom come."

FATHER, let thy kingdom come, —
 Let it come with living power ;
 Speak at length the final word,
 Usher in the triumph hour.

As it came in days of old,
 In the deepest hearts of men,
 When thy martyrs died for thee,
 Let it come, O God, again.

Break, triumphant day of God !
 Break at last, our hearts to cheer ;
 Throbbing souls and holy songs
 Wait to hail thy dawning here !
 Empires, temples, sceptres, thrones,
 May they all for God be won !
 And, in every human heart,
 Father, let thy kingdom come ! AMEN.

John Page Hopps

418.

"The harvest truly is plenteous, but the laborers are few."

SPREAD, oh, spread, thou mighty Word,
 Spread the kingdom of the Lord,
 Whereso'er his breath has given
 Life to beings meant for heaven !

Word of Life ! most pure and strong,
 Lo ! for thee the nations long ;
 Spread, till, from its dreary night,
 All the world awakes to light.

Up, the ripening fields ye see, —
 Mighty shall the harvest be ;
 But the reapers still are few,
 Great the work they have to do.

Lord of harvest, let there be
 Joy and strength to work for thee ;
 Let the nations far and near
 See thy light, and learn thy fear. AMEN.

Jonathan F. Bahnmaier.
 Tr. by C. Winkworth.

419.

"Hallelujah ! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."

HARK ! the song of jubilee,
 Loud as mighty thunder's roar,
 Or the fulness of the sea,
 When it breaks upon the shore ;

Hallelujah ! for the Lord
 God omnipotent shall reign ;
 Hallelujah ! let the word
 Echo round the earth and main.

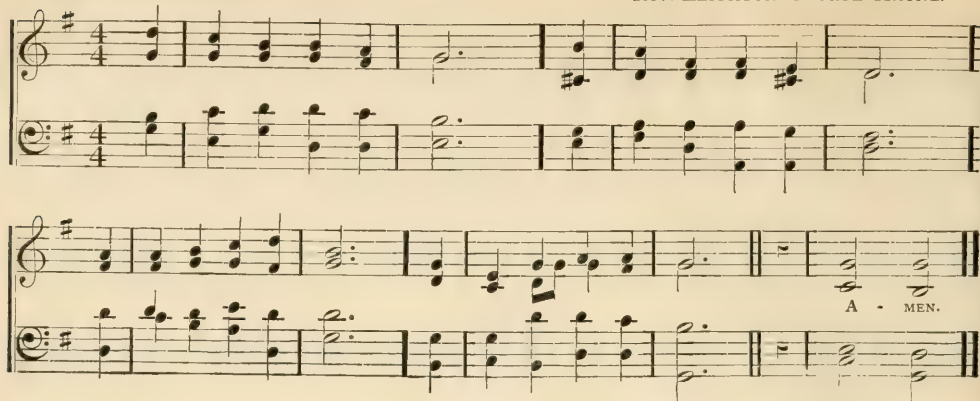
Hallelujah ! hark ! the sound,
 From the centre to the skies,
 Wakes above, beneath, around,
 All creation's harmonies.

He shall reign from pole to pole,
 With illimitable sway ;
 He shall reign, when like a scroll
 Yonder heavens have passed away. AMEN.

James Montgomery,

ST. CÆCILIA. 6.6:6.6.

Rev. LEIGHTON GEORGE HAYNE.

**420.** *"Thy kingdom come, on earth as in heaven."*

THY kingdom come, O God !
 Thy rule, O Lord, begin ;
 Break with thy righteous rod
 The tyrannies of sin.

Where is thy reign of peace,
 And purity, and love ?
 When shall all hatred cease
 As in the realms above ?

When comes the promised time
 That war shall be no more,
 Oppression, lust, and crime
 Shall flee thy face before ?
 We pray thee, Lord, arise,
 And come in thy great might ;
 Revive our longing eyes,
 Which languish for thy sight. AMEN.
 Lewis Hensley.

421. *"Let not any iniquity have dominion over me."*

O LIGHT of light, shine in !
 Cast out this night of sin,
 Create true day within ;
 O Light of light, shine in !

O Joy of joys, come in !
 End thou this grief of sin,
 Create calm peace within :
 O Joy of joys, come in !

O Life of life, pour in !
 Expel this death of sin,
 Awake true life within :
 O Life of life, pour in !

O Love of love, flow in !
 This hateful root of sin
 Pluck up, destroy within :
 O Love of love, flow in ! AMEN.

Horatius Bonar.

422. *"Repair the house of your God from year to year."*

Joy ! joy ! a year is born ;
 A year to man is given,
 For hope and peace, and love,
 For faith, and truth, and heaven.

Though earth be dark with care,
 With death and sorrow rife,
 Yet toil, and pain, and care,
 Lead to our higher life.

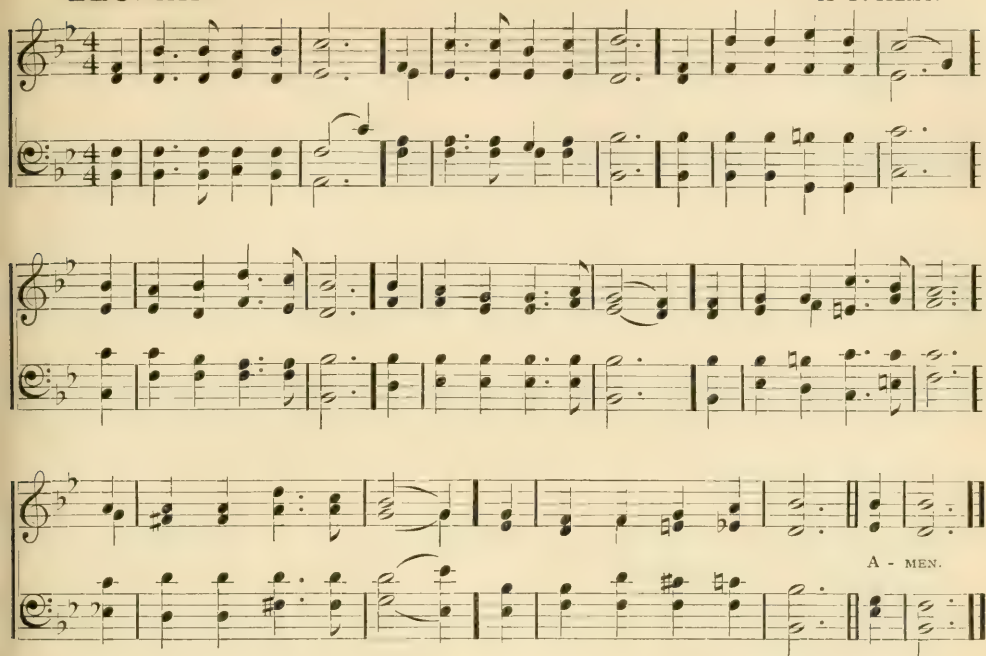
Behold, the fields are white !
 No longer idly stand ;
 Go forth in love and might ;
 Man needs thy helping hand.

Thus may each day and year
 To prayer and toil be given,
 Till man to God draw near,
 And earth become like heaven.

Hymns of the Spirit.

BEULAH. 6s. Double.

H. F. HEMY.



A - MEN.

423.

"Lift up your heads, for your redemption draweth nigh."

LIFT up your heads, rejoice,
 Redemption draweth nigh;
 Now breathes a softer air,
 Now shines a milder sky;
 The early trees put forth
 Their new and tender leaf;
 Hushed is the moaning wind
 That told of winter's grief.

Lift up your heads, rejoice,
 Redemption draweth nigh;
 Now mount the laden clouds,
 Now flames the darkening sky;
 The early scattered drops
 Descend with heavy fall,
 And to the waiting earth
 The hidden thunders call.

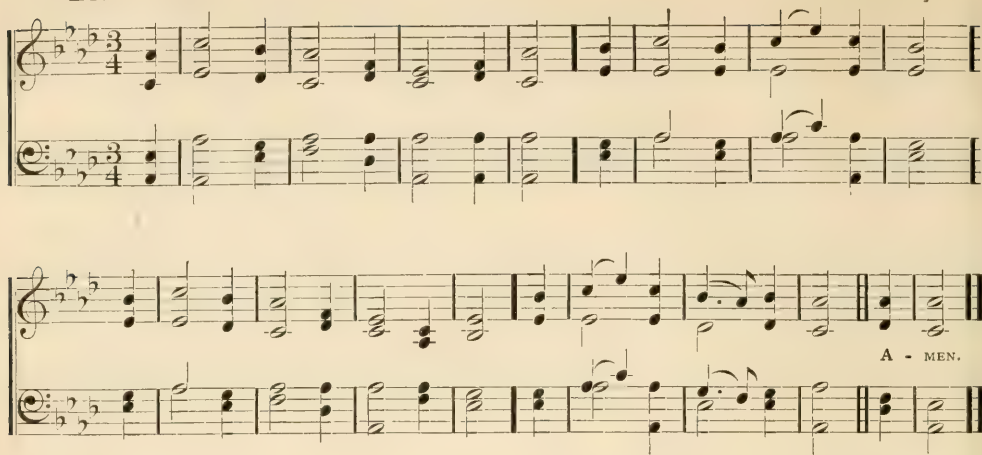
Lift up your heads, rejoice,
 Redemption draweth nigh;
 Oh, note the varying signs
 Of earth and air and sky:
 The Lord of glory comes
 In gentleness and might,
 To comfort and alarm,
 To succor and to smite.

He comes, the wide world's King,
 He comes, the true heart's Friend,
 New gladness to begin,
 And ancient wrong to end;
 He comes to fill with light
 The weary, waiting eye;
 Lift up your heads, rejoice,
 Redemption draweth nigh.

Thomas T. Lynch.

BALERMA. C.M.

A Scotch Melody.



424.

One Law, one Life, one Love.

O PROPHET souls of all the years,
 Bend o'er us from above ;
 Your far-off vision, toils, and tears
 Now to fulfilment move !

From tropic clime and zones of frost
 They come, of every name, —
 This, this our day of Pentecost,
 The Spirit's tongue of flame.

One Life together we confess,
 One all-indwelling Word,
 One holy Call to righteousness
 Within the silence heard :

One Law that guides the shining spheres
 As on through space they roll,
 And speaks in flaming characters
 On Sinais of the soul :

One Love, unfathomed, measureless,
 An ever-flowing sea,
 That holds within its vast embrace
 Time and eternity.

Frederick L. Hosmer.

425.

"Brightening unto the perfect day"

GONE is the hollow, murky night,
 With all its shadows dun ;
 Oh, shine upon us, heavenly Light,
 As on the earth the sun !

Pour on our hearts thy heavenly beam,
 In radiance sublime ;
 Retire before that ray supreme,
 Ye sins of elder time.

Lo ! on the morn that now is here
 No night shall ever fall ;
 But faith shall burn, undimmed and clear,
 Till God be all in all.

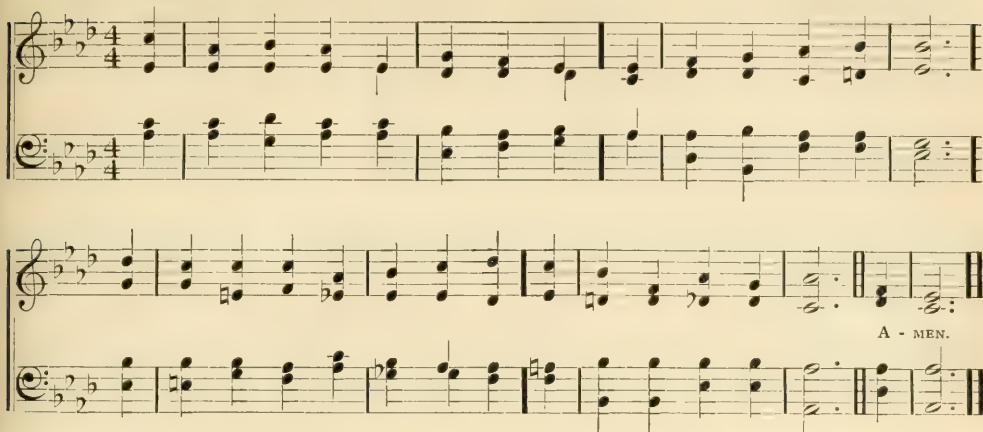
This is the dawn of infant faith :
 The day will follow soon,
 When hope shall breathe with freer breath,
 And morn be lost in noon.

For to the seed that's sown to-day
 A harvest-time is given,
 When charity, with faith to stay,
 Shall make on earth a heaven.

Breviary.

ST. MARGUERITE. C.M.

Rev. E. C. WALKER.



A - MEN.

426.

The Day of God.

THY kingdom come, — on bended knee
 The passing ages pray ;
 And faithful souls have yearned to see
 On earth that kingdom's day.

But the slow watches of the night
 Not less to God belong,
 And for the everlasting Right
 The silent stars are strong.

And lo ! already on the hills
 The flags of dawn appear ;
 Gird up your loins, ye prophet souls,
 Proclaim the day is near !

The day in whose clear-shining light
 All wrong shall stand revealed ;
 When justice shall be throned in might,
 And every hurt be healed :

When knowledge hand in hand with peace
 Shall walk the earth abroad, —
 The day of perfect righteousness,
 The promised day of God !

Frederick L. Hosmer.

427.

*"Strive for the truth to the death, and the
 Lord shall fight for thee."
 "Thou desirest truth in the inward parts."*

O GOD of Truth, whose living Word
 Upholds whate'er hath breath,
 Look down on thy creation, Lord,
 Enslaved by sin and death.

Set up thy standard, Lord, that we,
 Who claim a heavenly birth,
 May march with thee to smite the lies
 That vex thy groaning earth.

Ah ! would we join that blest array,
 And follow in the might
 Of him, the Faithful and the True,
 In raiment clean and white ?

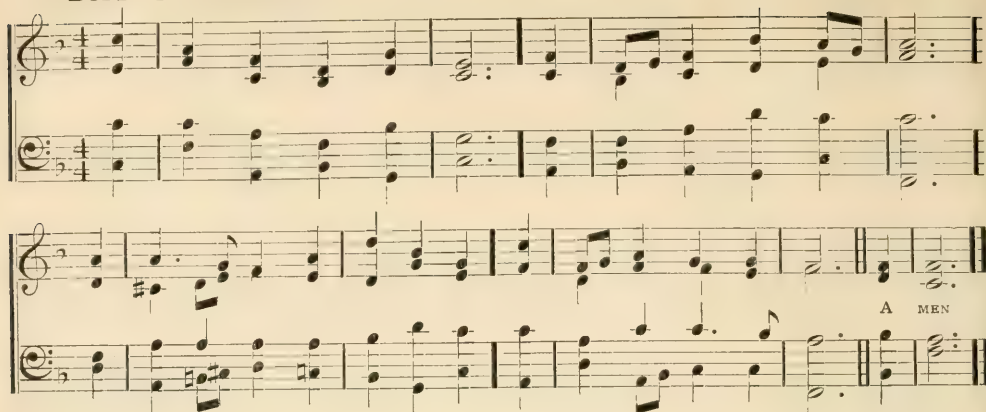
Then, God of Truth, for whom we long,
 Thou who wilt hear our prayer,
 Do thine own battle in our hearts,
 And slay the falsehood there.

Yea, come ! then, tried as in the fire,
 From every lie set free,
 Thy perfect truth shall dwell in us,
 And we shall live in thee.

Thomas Hughes.

DAY OF PRAISE. S.M.

C. STEGGALL.

428. *"Alleluia! for the Lord God omnipotent reigneth."*

COME, kingdom of our God,
Sweet reign of peace and love!
Shed peace, and hope, and joy abroad,
And wisdom from above.

Over our spirits first
Extend thy healing reign;
There raise and quench the sacred thirst,
That never pains again.

Come, kingdom of our God!
And make the broad earth thine;
Stretch o'er her lands and isles the rod
That flowers with grace divine.

Soon may all tribes be blest
With fruit from life's glad tree;
And in its shade like brothers rest,
Sons of one family.

Come, kingdom of our God!
And raise thy glorious throne
In worlds by the undying trod,
Where God shall bless his own. AMEN.

John Johns.

429. *"The breath of the Almighty hath given me life."*

BREATHE on me, Breath of God,
Fill me with life anew,

That I may love what thou dost love,
And do what thou wouldst do.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Until my heart is pure,
Until with thee I will one will
To do or to endure.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
Till I am wholly thine,
Till all this earthly part of me
Glows with thy fire divine.

Breathe on me, Breath of God,
So shall I never die,
But live with thee the perfect life
Of thine eternity. AMEN.

Edwin Hatch.

430. *"Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity."*

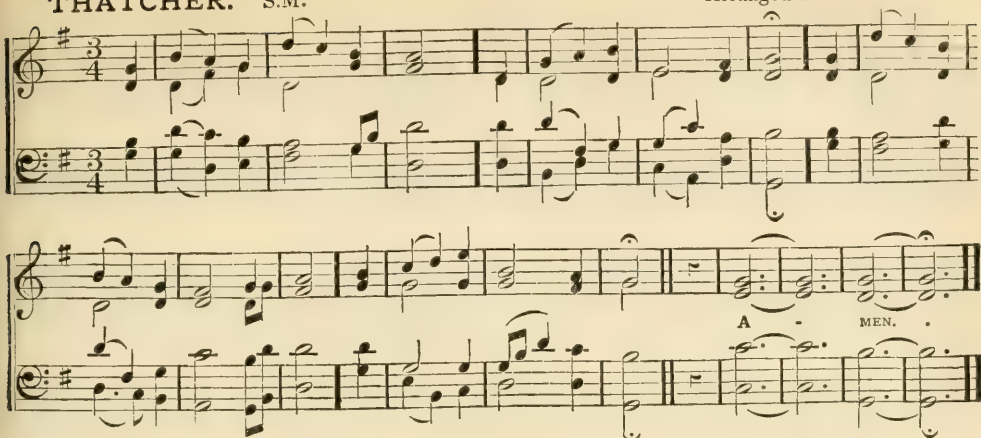
BLEST are the sons of peace,
Whose hearts and hopes are one,
Whose kind designs to serve and please
Through all their actions run.

Thus, on the heavenly hills,
The saints are blest above,
Where joy like morning dew distils,
And all the air is love.

Isaac Watts.

THATCHER. S.M.

Arranged from HÄNDEL.



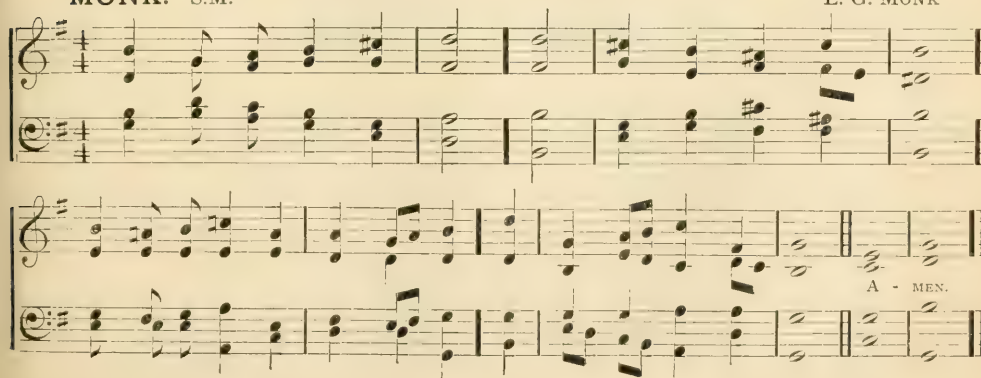
431. "The field is the world."

God of the prophets' power !
 God of the gospel's sound !
 Move glorious on, — send out thy voice
 To all the nations round.

Oh, may we treasure well
 The counsels that we hear,
 Till righteousness and solemn joy
 In all our hearts appear.

Water the sacred seed
 And give it large increase ;
 May neither fowls, nor rocks, nor thorns,
 Prevent the fruits of peace.

MONK. S.M.



And, though we sow in tears,
 Our souls at last shall come,
 And gather in our sheaves with joy,
 At heaven's great harvest-home. AMEN.
 Book of Hymns. 1848.

432. "The pure in heart shall see God."

BLEST are the pure in heart,
 For they shall see our God :
 The secret of the Lord is theirs,
 Their soul is Christ's abode.

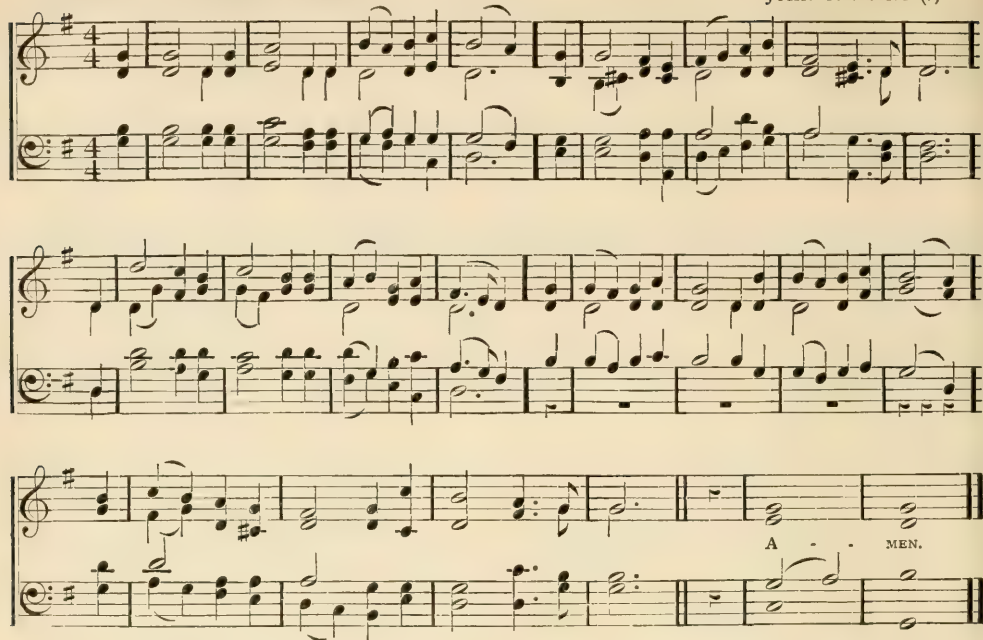
Still to the lowly soul
 He doth himself impart,
 And for his temple and his throne
 Chooseth the pure in heart.

John Keble. 1827.

E. G. MONK

PORTUGUESE HYMN. II.II:II.II.

JOHN READING (?)



433.

"The Lord is my Shepherd."

THE Lord is my Shepherd, no want shall I know ;
 I feed in green pastures, safe folded I rest :
 He leadeth my soul where the still waters flow,
 Restores me when wandering, redeems when oppressed.

Through the valley and shadow of death though I stray,
 Since thou art my guardian, no evil I fear ;
 Thy rod shall defend me, thy staff be my stay ;
 No harm can befall, with my Comforter near.

In the midst of affliction, my table is spread ;
 With blessings unmeasured my cup runneth o'er ;
 With perfume and oil thou anointest my head :
 Oh, what shall I ask of thy providence more ?

Let goodness and mercy, my bountiful God,
 Still follow my steps, till I meet thee above ;
 I seek, by the path which my forefathers trod
 Through the land of their sojourn, thy kingdom of love.

James Montgomery.

STERNBERG. 11.11 : 10.10.

HAVERGAL'S "Old Church Psalmody."

A · MEN.

434.

"We give thee thanks, O Lord God Almighty, which art, and wast, and art to come."

SING with our might and uplift our glad voices;
 Sing, while the heart with thanksgiving rejoices;
 Sing of all saints spreading goodness abroad,
 Prophets and holy ones, sons of the Lord.

Thanks to the Lord for his prophets and sages,
 Thanks for the saints he hath raised in all ages;
 Hark to their voices;—they utter one Name;
 One Lord, one Brotherhood, one Hope proclaim.

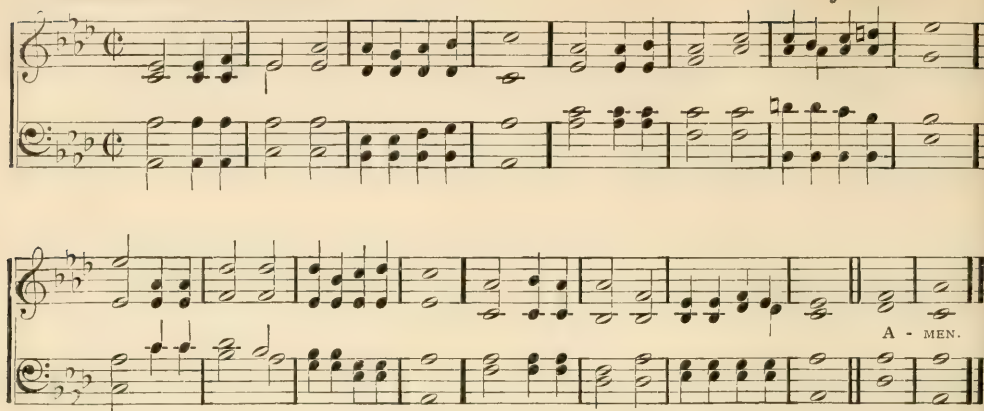
Often forsaken and outcast and friendless,
 Wounded and dying in sufferings endless,
 Bear they their witness or raise their high song,
 Fervent in faithfulness, patient and strong.

From age to age the glad tidings are spoken;
 Shore calls to shore that the line is unbroken;
 One holy army, one glorious cry,—
 On earth be peacefulness, praises on high. AMEN.

James Vila Blake

ELLERS. 10.10:10.10.

E. J. HOPKINS.



435.

"When He giveth quietness, who then can make trouble?"

QUIET from God ! how beautiful to keep
 This treasure, the All-merciful hath given ;
 To feel, when we awake and when we sleep,
 Its incense round us, like a breath from heaven !

To sojourn in the world, and yet apart ;
 To dwell with God, yet still with man to feel ;
 To bear about forever in the heart
 The gladness which his Spirit doth reveal !

Who shall make trouble ? Not the evil minds
 Which like a shadow o'er creation lower ;
 The soul which peace hath thus attuned finds
 How strong within doth reign the Calmer's power.

What shall make trouble ? Not the holy thought
 Of the departed ; that will be a part
 Of those undying things His peace hath wrought
 Into a world of beauty in the heart.

What shall make trouble ? Not slow-wasting pain,
 Not the impending, certain stroke of death ;
 These do but wear away, then snap the chain
 Which bound the spirit down to things beneath.

Sarah J. Williams.

436.

"In him we live, and move, and have our being."

FATHER, thy wonders do not singly stand,
 Nor far removed where feet have seldom strayed :
 Around us ever lies the enchanted land,
 In marvels rich to thine own sons displayed.

In finding thee are all things round us found ;
 In losing thee are all things lost beside ;
 Ears have we, but in vain sweet voices sound,
 And to our eyes the vision is denied.

Open our eyes that we that world may see,
 Open our ears that we thy voice may hear,
 And in the spirit-land may ever be,
 And feel thy presence with us always near. AMEN.

Jones Very.

437.

"We have known and believed the love that God hath to us."

Nor what I am, O Lord, but what thou art !
 That, that alone can be my soul's true rest ;
 Thy love, not mine, bids fear and doubt depart,
 And stills the tempest of my tossing breast.

Girt with the love of God, on every side,
 Breathing that love as heaven's own healing air,
 I work or wait, still following my Guide,
 Braving each foe, escaping every snare.

'Tis what I know of thee, my Lord and God,
 That fills my soul with peace, my lips with song ;
 Thou art my health, my joy, my staff, my rod,
 Leaning on thee, in weakness I am strong.

Horatius Bonar.

438.

Psalms lxxxiv.

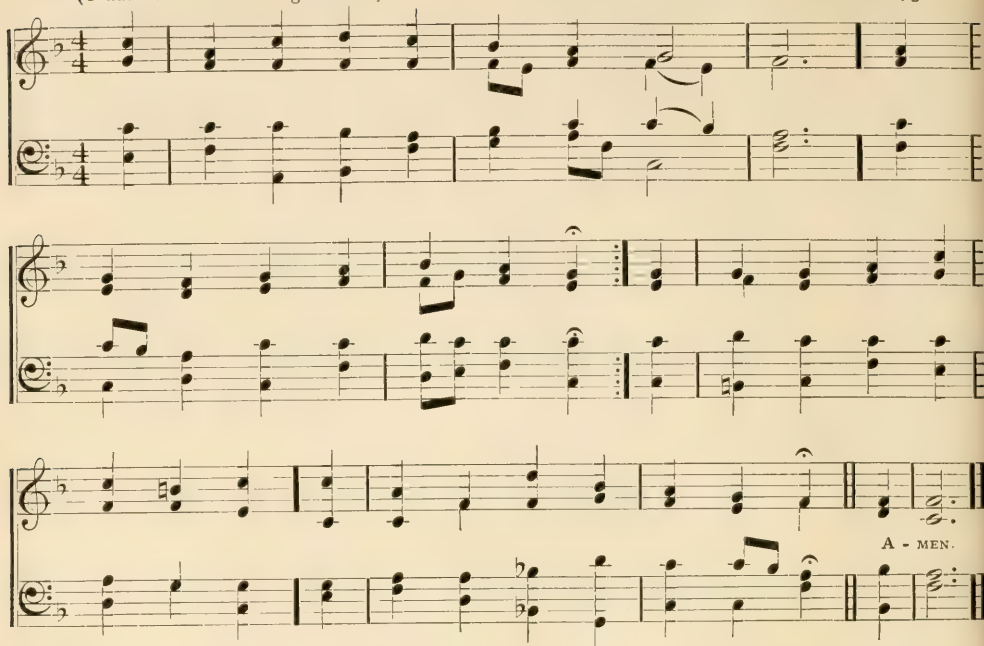
How lovely, how beloved is thine abode,
 Lord of the hosts of heaven, thou King of saints !
 My heart cries out for thee, the living God,
 And for thy courts my spirit longs and faints.

In dark and danger sun and shield art thou.
 And grace and glory spring from thee alone ;
 The Refuge of thy pilgrim people now,
 Their Home forever gathered round thy throne. AMEN.

E. H. Bickersteth.

ELBE. 9.8:9.8:8.8.*(O dass ich tausend Zungen hätte.)*

"Deutscher Liederschatz." Frankfort, 1738.

**439.** *"I will sing unto the Lord as long as I live ; I will sing praise to my God while I have my being."*

OH, would, my God, that I could praise thee
 With thousand tongues by day and night !
 How many a song my lips should raise thee,
 Who orderest all things here aright ;
 My thankful heart would ever be
 Telling what God hath done for me !

O all ye powers that he implanted,
 Arise, keep silence thus no more,
 Put forth the strength that he hath granted,
 Your noblest work is to adore ;
 O soul and body, make ye meet
 With heartfelt praise your Lord to greet.

O all things that have breath and motion,
 That throng with life, earth, sea, and sky,
 Now join me in my heart's devotion,

Help me to raise his praises high.
 My utmost powers can ne'er aright
 Declare the wonders of his might.

But I will tell, while I am living,
 His goodness forth with every breath,
 And greet each morning with thanksgiving,
 Until my heart is still in death.
 Nay, when at last my lips grow cold,
 His praise shall in my sighs be told.

O Father, deign thou, I beseech thee,
 To listen to my earthly lays ;
 A nobler strain in heaven shall reach thee,
 When I with angels hymn thy praise,
 And learn amid their choirs to sing
 Loud Alleluias to my King. AMEN.

GRAUMANN. 7.8:7.8:7.6:7.6:7.6:7.6.

J. KUGELMANN, 1540 (?)

(Nun lob', mein' Seel', den Herren.)

A - MEN.

440. "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not
all his benefits."

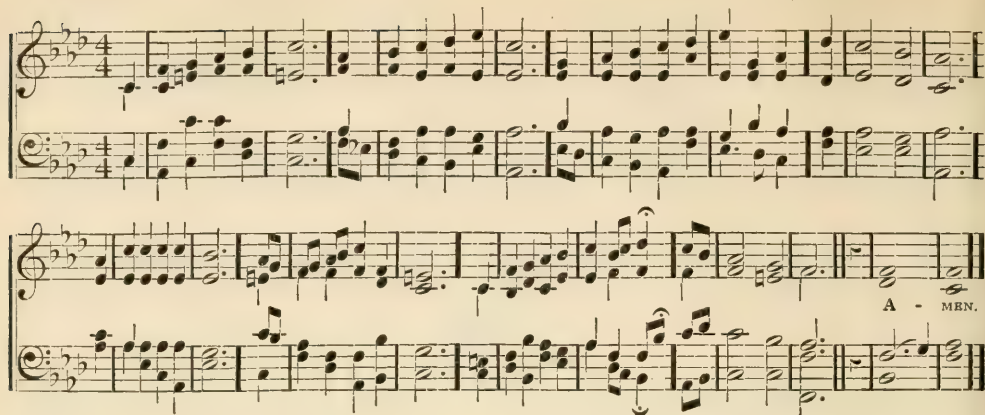
My soul, now praise thy Maker !
 Let all within me bless his name,
 Who maketh thee partaker
 Of mercies more than thou darest claim !
 Forget him not whose meekness
 Still bears with all thy sin,
 Who healeth all thy weakness,
 Renews thy life within ;
 Whose grace and care are endless,
 And saved thee through the past ;
 Who leaves no sufferer friendless,
 But rights the wronged at last !
 For as a tender Father
 Hath pity on his children here,
 He in his arms will gather
 All who are his in childlike fear ;
 He knows how frail our powers,
 Who but from dust are made,

We flourish as the flowers,
 And even so we fade ;
 A storm-wind o'er them passes,
 And all their bloom is o'er, —
 We wither like the grasses,
 Our place knows us no more.
 His grace alone endureth,
 And children's children yet shall prove
 How God with strength assureth
 The hearts of all who seek his love.
 In heaven is fixed his dwelling,
 His rule is over all,
 Angels in might excelling,
 Bright hosts, before him fall !
 Praise him who ever reigneth,
 All ye who hear his word ;
 Nor our poor hymns disdaineth, —
 My soul, oh, praise the Lord. AMEN.

Johann Graumann. 1525
 Tr. by Catherine Winkworth.

LEONI. 6.6.8.4:6.6.8.4

Arranged by RABBI LEONI.



441.

"He restoreth my soul."

My Shepherd's mighty aid,
His dear redeeming love,
His all-protecting power displayed,
I joy to prove.

Led onward by my Guide,
I view the verdant scene,
Where limpid waters gently glide
Through pastures green.

In error's maze my soul
Shall wander now no more ;
His Spirit shall, with sweet control,
The lost restore ;

My willing steps shall lead
In paths of righteousness ;
His power defend ; his bounty feed ;
His mercy bless.

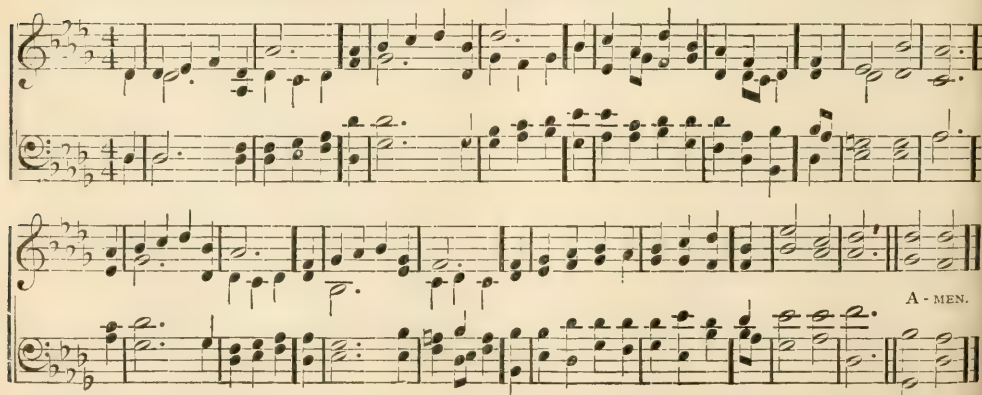
His goodness ever nigh,
His mercy ever free,
Shall while I live, shall when I die,
Still follow me ;

Forever shall my soul
His boundless blessings prove ;
And, while eternal ages roll,
Adore and love. AMEN.

Thomas Roberts.

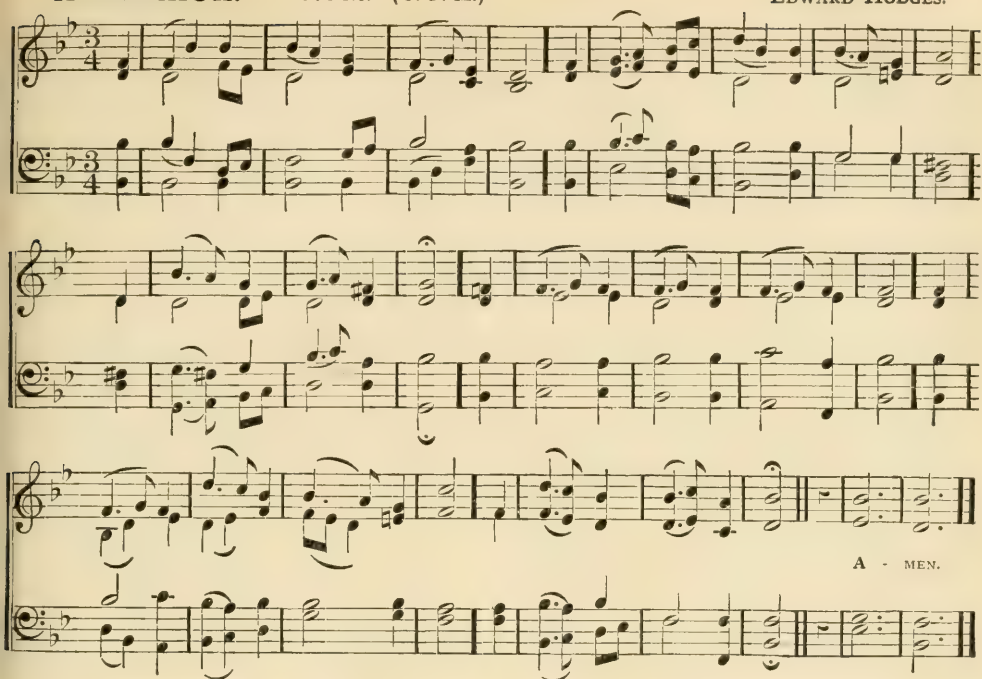
WITH GLADSOME FEET. 6.6.8.4:6.6.8.4.

Sir G. A. MACFARREN.



HABAKKUK. 8.8.6:8.8.6. (C. P. M.)

EDWARD HODGES.



A - MEN.

442. "Trust in the living God, who giveth us richly
all things to enjoy."

Not, Lord, thine ancient works alone,
Thy wonders to past ages shown,
Make our glad spirits glow !
Our eyes behold thy works of might ;
On us full beam thy wonders bright ;
The Living God we know.

Thou settest us each task divine ;
We bless that helping hand of thine,
That strength by thee bestowed.
Thou minglest in the glorious fight,
Thine own the cause ! thine own the might !
We serve the Living God.

Oh, more than satisfy our need !
Our most divine desires exceed,
Our daily Quickener be !
Thou Living God, possess us still !
Thy wondrous life in us fulfil,
Our blessed life in thee ! AMEN.

Thomas H. Gill.

443. "I am the Lord ; I change not."

ANCIENT OF DAYS ! we dwell in thee ;
Out of thine own eternity
Our peace and joy are wrought ;
We rest in our Eternal God,
And make secure and sweet abode
With thee who changest not.

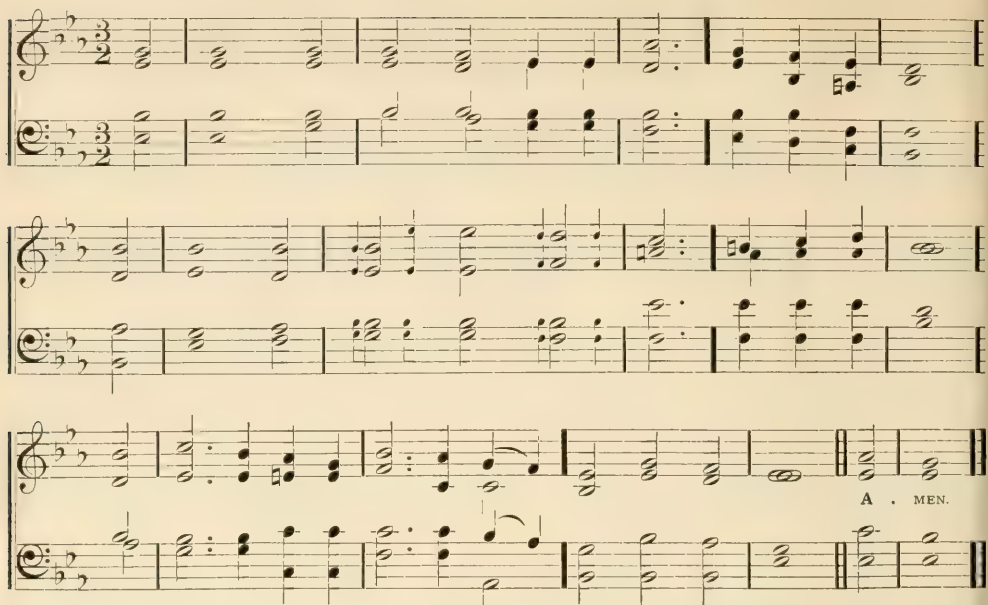
Darkness and dread we leave behind ;
New light, new glory still we find,
New realms divine possess.
New births of grace new raptures bring ;
Triumphant the new song we sing,
The great Renewer bless.

To thee we rise, in thee we rest ;
We stay at home, we go in quest ;
Still thou art our abode ;
The rapture swells, the wonder grows,
As full on us new life still flows
From our unchanging God.

Thomas H. Gill.

CARROW. 8.4:8.4:8.4.

Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



444.

"Rejoice evermore. In everything give thanks."

My God, I thank thee who hast made
 The earth so bright ;
 So full of splendor and of joy,
 Beauty and light ;
 So many glorious things are here,
 Noble and right !

I thank thee, too, that thou hast made
 Joy to abound ;
 So many gentle words and deeds
 Circling us round,
 That in the darkest spot of earth
 Some love is found.

I thank thee more that all our joy
 Is touched with pain ;
 That shadows fall on brightest hours ;
 That thorns remain ;
 So that earth's bliss may be our guide,
 And not our chain.

For thou who knowest, Lord, how soon
 Our weak heart clings,
 Hast given us joys, tender and true,
 Yet all with wings,
 So that we see, gleaming on high,
 Diviner things !

I thank thee, Lord, that thou hast kept
 The best in store ;
 We have enough, yet not too much
 To long for more :
 A yearning for a deeper peace,
 Not known before.

I thank thee, Lord, that here our souls,
 Though amply blest,
 Can never find, although they seek,
 A perfect rest, —
 Nor ever shall, until they lean
 Upon thy breast.

Adelaide A. Procter.

HOMBURG. 8.7.8.7:7.7.7.*(Jesu, meines Lebens Leben.)*

German. 17th Century.

445.*"My heart trusted in him, and I am helped; therefore my heart greatly rejoiceth."*

SWEETEST Fount of holy gladness,
 Fairest light was ever shed,
 Who alike in joy and sadness
 Leavest none unvisited;
 Spirit of the Highest God,
 Lord, from whom is life bestowed,
 Who upholdest everything,
 Hear me, hear me while I sing!

Thou art ever true and holy,
 Sin and falsehood thou dost hate;
 But thou comest where the lowly
 And the pure thy presence wait;
 Wash me, then, O Well of grace,
 Every stain and spot efface;
 Let me flee what thou dost flee,
 Grant me what thou lov'st to see.

Well content am I if only
 Thou wilt deign to dwell with me;
 With thee I am never lonely,
 Never comfortless with thee.
 Thine for ever make me now,
 And, to thee, my Lord, I vow
 Here and yonder to employ
 Every power for thee with joy. AMEN.

Paul Gerhardt. 1648.

EIN FESTE BURG IST UNSER GOTT.

MARTIN LUTHER. 1527.

8.7.8.7 : 6.6.6.6 : 7.

(From the Choralbuch of August Haupt.)

446. "Praise ye the Lord. Praise, O ye servants of the Lord, praise the name of the Lord."

REJOICE to-day with one accord,
Sing out with exultation ;
Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,
Whose arm hath brought salvation ;
His works of love proclaim
The greatness of his name ;
For he is God alone,
Who hath his mercy shown ;
Let all his saints adore him.

When in distress to him we cried,
He heard our sad complaining ;
O trust in him, whate'er betide,
His love is all-sustaining ;

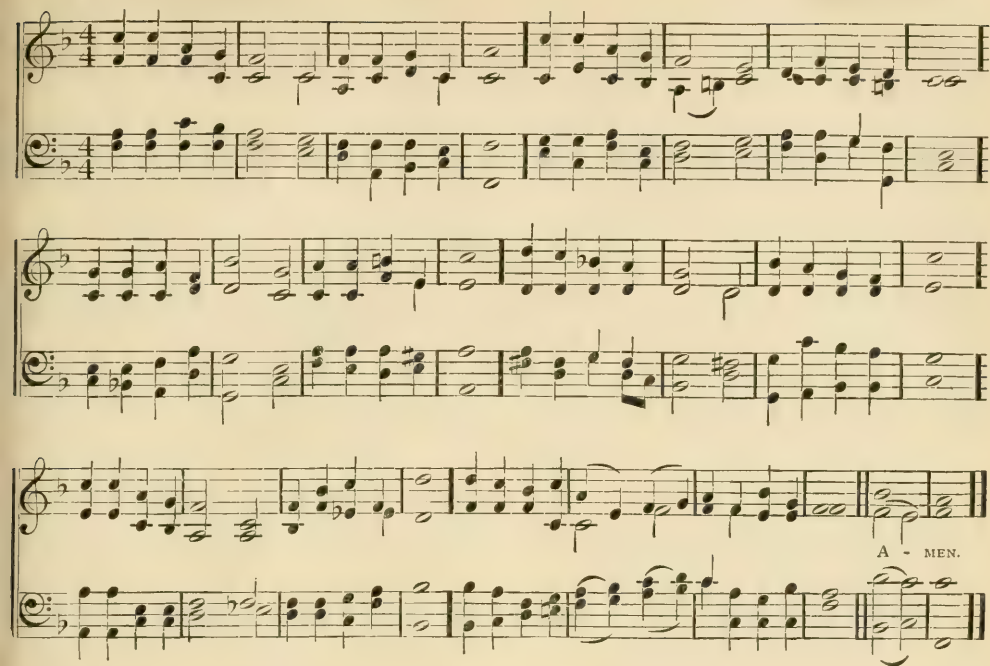
Triumphant songs of praise
To him our hearts shall raise,
Now every voice shall say,
"O praise our God alway ;"
Let all his saints adore him.

Rejoice to-day with one accord,
Sing out with exultation ;
Rejoice and praise our mighty Lord,
Whose arm hath brought salvation ;
His works of love proclaim
The greatness of his name ;
For he is God alone,
Who hath his mercy shown ;
Let all his saints adore him. AMEN.

Sir Henry W. Baker.

ST. BOTOLPH. II. Six lines.

HENRY SMART.



447.

"Rejoice in the Lord alway."

ON our way rejoicing as we homeward move,
 Harken to our praises, O thou God of love !
 Is there grief or sadness? Thine it cannot be !
 Is our sky beclouded? Clouds are not from thee !
 ON our way rejoicing as we homeward move,
 Harken to our praises, O thou God of love !

If with honest-hearted love for God and man,
 Day by day thou find us doing what we can,
 Thou who givest the seed-time wilt give large increase,
 Crown the head with blessings, fill the heart with peace.
 ON our way rejoicing as we homeward move,
 Harken to our praises, O thou God of love !

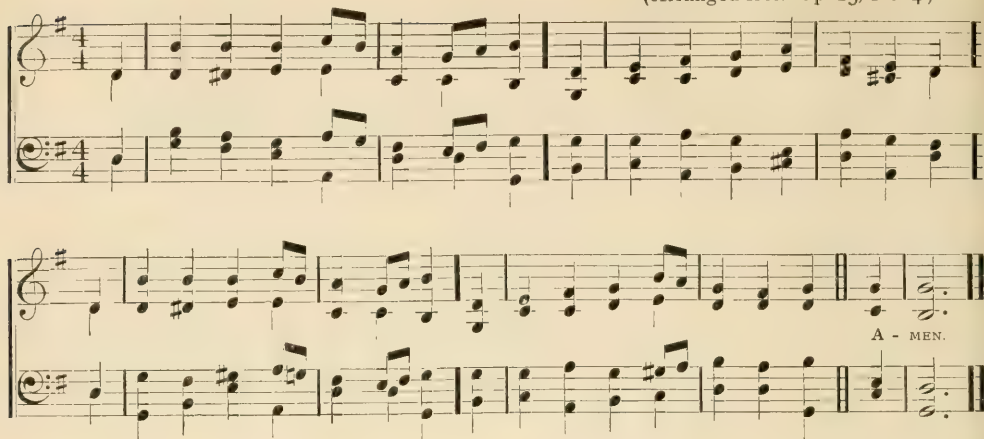
ON our way rejoicing gladly let us go ;
 Conquered hath our Leader, vanquished is our foe !
 Christ without, our safety ! Christ within, our joy !
 Who, if we be faithful, can our hope destroy ?
 ON our way rejoicing as we homeward move,
 Harken to our praises, O thou God of love ! AMEN.

J. B. S. Monsell.

CANONBURY. L.M.

ROBERT SCHUMANN, 1810-1856.

(Arranged from Op. 23, No. 4.)

448. *"The joy of the Lord is your strength."*

GREAT Lord of all ! our Father, God !
 With song and prayer we worship thee ;
 Thy beauty breathes its joy abroad ;
 Thy love's warm tide flows full and free.

In morn and evening's twilight glow
 Thy tender greeting, Lord, we feel ;
 And midnight heavens, with silent show,
 Thy watchful, patient love reveal.

What consecration, God of grace !
 Thy love doth over all things spread, —
 Fair nature's light, and friendship's face,
 And tender memories of the dead.

Our holy dead ! in thee they live ;
 With them, to-day, we live in thee.
 To us, O Life Eternal ! give
 The life of faith in love made free. AMEN.

Charles T. Brooks.

449. *"He that followeth me shall not walk in darkness."*

WE follow, Lord, where thou dost lead,
 And, quickened, would ascend to thee,
 Redeemed from sin, set free indeed,
 Into thy glorious liberty.

We cast behind fear, sin, and death ;
 With thee we seek the things above ;
 Our inmost souls thy spirit breathe !
 Of power, and calmness, and of love.

The power, 'mid worldliness and sin,
 To do, in all, our Father's will ;
 Like thee, the victory to win,
 And bid each tempting voice be still.

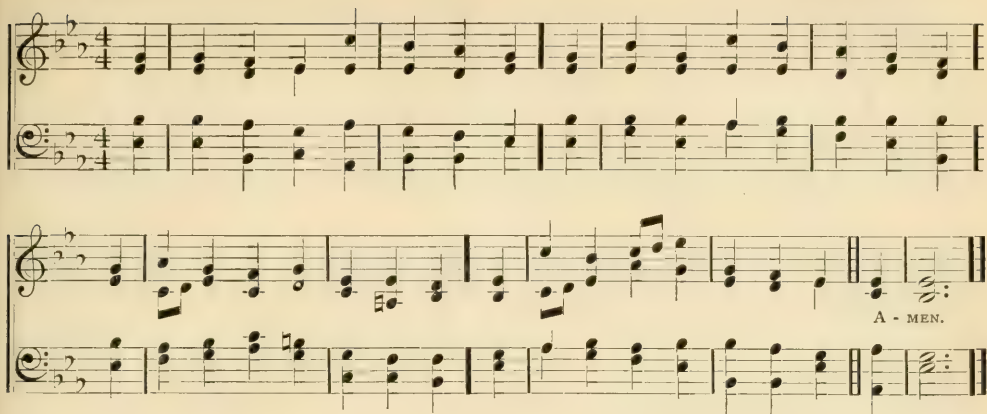
The calmness perfect faith inspires,
 Which waiteth patiently and long ;
 The love which faileth not, nor tires,
 Triumphant over every wrong.

Thus, through thy quickening spirit, Lord,
 Thy perfect life in us reveal,
 And help us, as we live to God,
 Still more and more with man to feel.

Book of Hymns.

LEIGH. L.M.

A. R. REINAGLE.



A - MEN.

450.

Thanks for God's Mercies.

GOD of my life, through all its days
My grateful powers shall sound thy praise ;
The song shall wake with opening light,
And warble to the silent night.

When anxious care would break my rest,
And grief would tear my throbbing breast,
Thy tuneful praises raised on high
Shall check the murmur and the sigh.

When death o'er nature shall prevail,
And all its powers of language fail,
Joy through my swimming eyes shall break,
And mean the thanks I cannot speak.

But oh, when that last conflict 's o'er,
And I am chained to flesh no more,
With what glad accents shall I rise
To join the music of the skies !

Soon shall I learn the exalted strains
Which echo o'er the heavenly plains,
And emulate, with joy unknown,
The glowing seraphs round thy throne.

The cheerful tribute will I give,
Long as a deathless soul can live ;
A work so sweet, a theme so high,
Demands, and crowns eternity.

Philip Doddridge.

451.

The Life Divine.

THAT God is Love, unchanging Love, —
This truth of truths, — do I not know !
Unnumber'd blessings from above
Forever come to tell me so !

What have I done? What can I do
To purchase this perpetual feast?
Of all the proofs he loves me so,
I am not worthy of the least.

Forgive, dear God, forgive, forgive,
Set free this self-bound heart of mine,
That I may learn for thee to live
The self-renouncing Life Divine.

I see it in thy Holy Child,
As never since, nor e'er before,
By not one thought of self beguiled : —
In him I see it, — and adore.

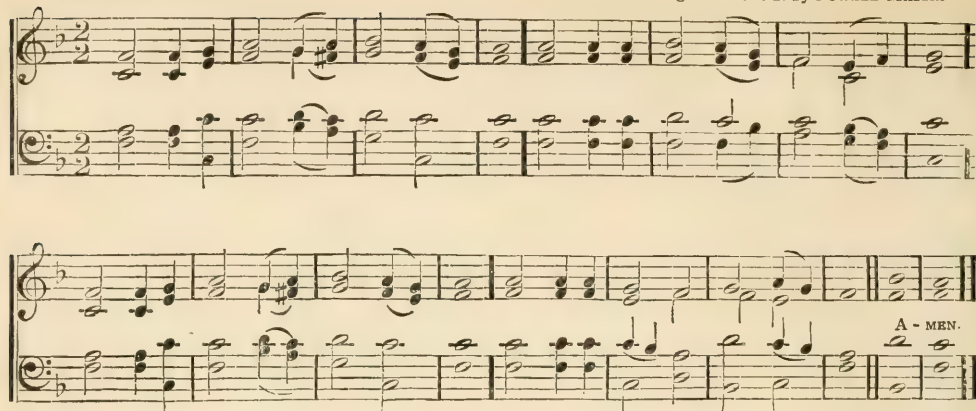
Ourselves, ah ! never can we find
Till we are lost, like him, in thee,
Loving thy Love with heart and mind,
With thee, through him, made one to be.

There's no return that I can make
For all thy goodness, God, to me,
But, doing all things for thy sake,
To lose, and find, myself in thee.

William H. Furness. 1892.

HAMBURG. L. M.

Arranged from Gregorian Tone I. by LOWELL MASON.



452. "Behold, I make all things new."

O LIFE, that maketh all things new, —
The blooming earth, the thoughts of men !
Our pilgrim feet, wet with thy dew,
In gladness hither turn again.

From hand to hand the greeting flows,
From eye to eye the signals run,
From heart to heart the bright hope glows ;
The seekers of the Light are one, —

One in the freedom of the Truth,
One in the joys of paths untrod,
One in the soul's perennial youth,
One in the larger thought of God ;

The freer step, the fuller breath,
The wide horizon's grander view,
The sense of life that knows no death, —
The Life that maketh all things new.

Samuel Longfellow.

453. "Because thou hast been my help, therefore in the shadow of thy wings will I rejoice."

FATHER ! beneath thy sheltering wing
In sweet security we rest,
And fear no evil earth can bring,
In life, in death, supremely blest.

For life is good whose tidal flow
The motions of thy will obeys ;
And death is good, that makes us know
The Life divine, that all things sways.

And good it is to bear the cross,
And so thy perfect peace to win ;
And nought is ill, nor brings us loss,
Nor works us harm, save only sin.

Redeemed from this, we ask no more,
But trust the love that saves to guide :
The grace that yields so rich a store
Will grant us all we need beside.

William H. Burleigh.

454. God the Eternal Dwelling-place.

THOU, Lord, through every changing scene,
Hast to thy saints a refuge been ;
Through every age, eternal God,
Their pleasing home, their safe abode.

In thee our fathers sought their rest,
In thee our fathers still are blest ;
And, while the tomb confines their dust,
In thee their souls abide and trust.

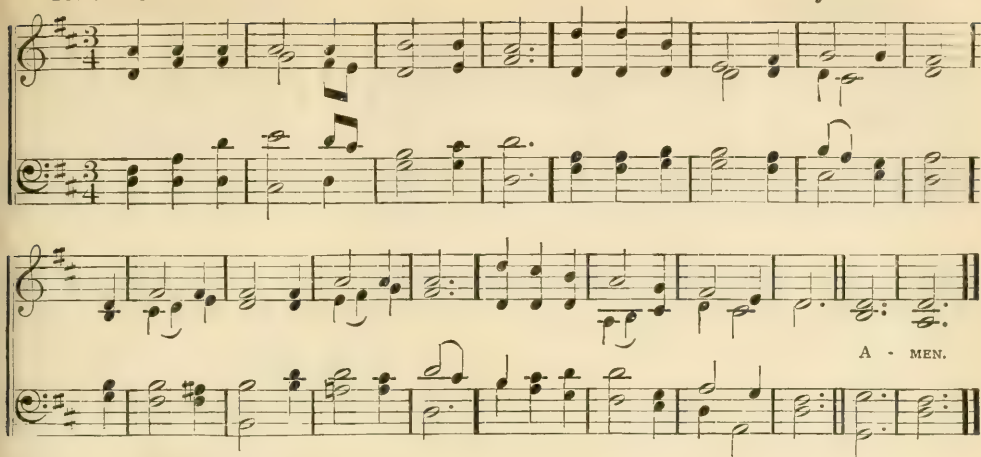
Through all the thorny paths we trace
In this uncertain wilderness,
When friends desert, and foes invade,
Revive our heart, and guard our head.

So when this pilgrimage is o'er,
And we must dwell in flesh no more,
To thee our separate souls shall come,
And find in thee a surer home.

Philip Doddridge.

RIVAUXX. L.M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



A - MEN.

455. "Watchman, what of the night?"

Out of the dark the circling sphere
Is rounding onward to the light ;
We see not yet the daylight clear,
But we can see the paling night ;
And Hope, that lights her fadeless fires,
And Faith, that shines with steadfast ray,
And Love, that courage re-inspires, —
As morning stars, lead on the day.

Look backward, how much has been won ;
Look round, how much is yet to win !
The watches of the night are done ;
The watches of the day begin.

O thou, whose mighty patience holds
The night and day alike in view,
Thy will our dearest hopes enfolds,
Oh, keep us steadfast, patient, AMEN.

Samuel Longfellow.

456. *Psalm lxxi.*

In thee, O Lord, my trust I place,
They cannot fail who rest on thee ;
Thou hast upheld me by thy grace,
On to the close my refuge be !
Brought into life by thee at first,
My childhood's Guide, my manhood's Friend,
By thee till now sustained and nursed,
Why should I doubt thee to the end ?

The guardian of my earliest hours,
The strengthener of my feeble frame,
Will not desert my sinking powers,
But love and tend me still the same.

Strong in thy righteousness I stand ;
On in thy might I hope to move ;
And each new blessing from thy hand
Shall wake from me new praise and love.

Henry Francis Lyte.

457. "The Lord is near."

OH, sometimes gleams upon our sight,
Through present wrong, the eternal Right ;
And step by step, since time began,
We see the steady gain of man.

That all of good the past hath had
Remains to make our own time glad,
Our common, daily life divine,
And every land a Palestine.

Through the harsh noises of our day
A low, sweet prelude finds its way ;
Through clouds of doubt, and creeds of fear,
A light is breaking calm and clear.

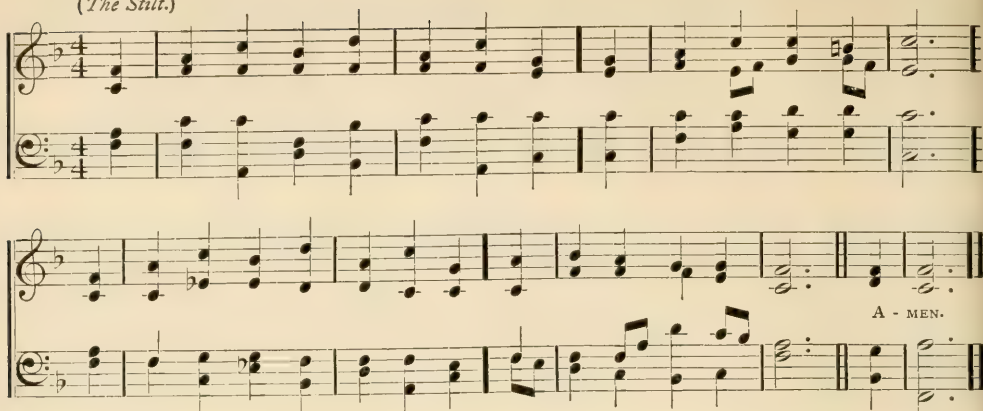
Henceforth my soul shall sigh no more
For olden time and holier shore ;
God's love and blessing, then and there,
Are now and here and everywhere.

John G. Whittier.

YORK. C.M.

(The Stilt.)

The Scotch Psalter, 1615.

458. *"Sing aloud unto God our strength."*

BE light and glad ; in God rejoice,
 Who is our strength and stay ;
 Be joyful, and lift up your voice
 To God the Lord alway.

Sing praise, O sing unto the Lord
 With melody most sweet ;
 Let heart and voice in one accord,
 As is most just and meet.

Ourselves, O God, we wholly bind
 A sacrifice to be ;
 In token of our thankful mind,
 O God most dear, to thee.

To thee we cry, and also breathe
 Thanksgiving, laud, and praise,
 For thy good gifts we now receive,
 And hope for all our days.

We praise thee, mighty Lord on high,
 With heart and hearty cheer ;
 To thee we sing, we call, we cry,
 O Lord our God most dear. AMEN.

Adapted from John Hopkins. 1578.

459. *"I will sing praises unto my God while I have any being."*

FILL thou my life, O Lord my God,
 In every part with praise,
 That my whole being may proclaim
 Thy being and thy ways.

Not for the lip of praise alone,
 Nor even the praising heart,
 I ask, but for a life made up
 Of praise in every part.

Praise in the common words I speak,
 Life's common looks and tones,
 In intercourse at hearth or board
 With my beloved ones.

Enduring wrong, reproach, or loss,
 With sweet and steadfast will ;
 Loving and blessing those who hate,
 Returning good for ill.

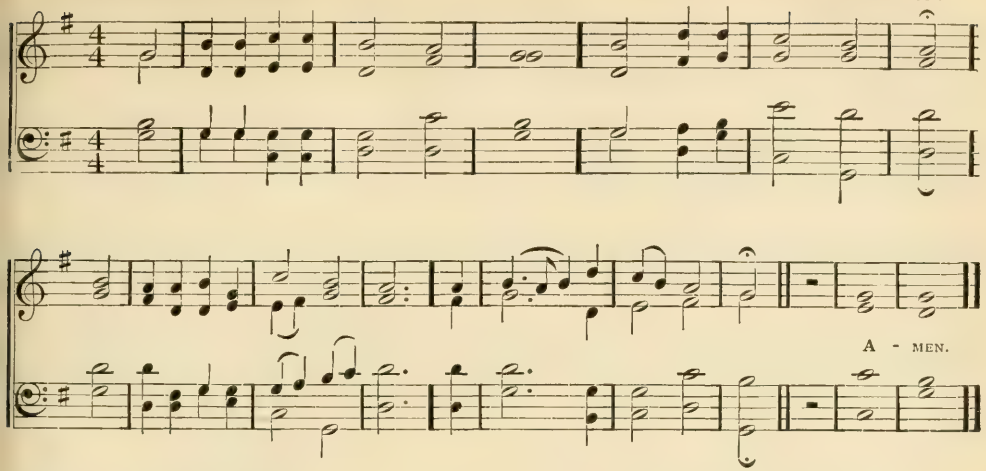
So shall each fear, each fret, each care,
 Be turned into song ;
 And every winding of the way
 The echo shall prolong.

So shall no part of day or night
 From sacredness be free,
 But all my life, in every step,
 Be fellowship with thee. AMEN.

Horatius Bonar.

PETERBOROUGH. C.M.

R. HARRISON.



A - MEN.

460. *"Let the heart of them rejoice that seek the Lord."*

O LORD, how happy is the time
When in thy love I rest ;
When from my weariness I climb
E'en to thy tender breast !

The night of sorrow endeth there,
Thy rays outshine the sun ;
And in thy pardon and thy care
The heaven of heavens is won.

That is not losing much of life
Which is not losing thee ;
Thou art as present in the strife
As in the victory.

And when life's fiercest storms are sent
Upon life's wildest sea,
My little bark is confident
Because it holdeth thee.

Thou art my strength, on thee I lean ;
My heart thou makest sing,
And to thy pastures green at length
Thy chosen flock wilt bring.

To others death seems dark and grim,
But not, O Lord, to me ;
I know thou ne'er forsakest him
Who puts his trust in thee.

O Lord, how happy is the time
When in thy love I rest ;
When from my weariness I climb
E'en to thy tender breast !

The night of sorrow endeth there,
Thy rays outshine the sun ;
And, in thy pardon and thy care,
The heaven of heavens is won.

Wolfgang Dessler, 1692. Tr. by Greville Matheson.

461. *"Cause me to hear thy loving-kindness in the morning."*

O LORD of life, thy quickening voice
Awakes my morning song ;
In gladsome words I would rejoice
That I to thee belong.

I see thy light, I feel thy wind,
Earth is thy uttered word ;
Whatever wakes my heart and mind
Thy presence is, my Lord.

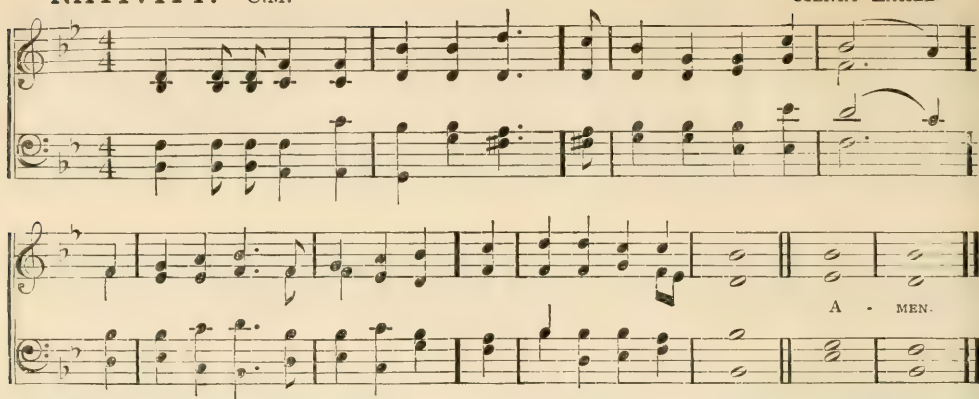
Therefore I choose my highest part,
And turn my face to thee ;
Therefore I stir my inmost heart
To worship fervently.

Within my heart, speak, Lord, speak on,
My heart alive to keep
Till the night comes, and, labor done,
In thee I fall asleep. AMEN.

George MacDonald.

NATIVITY. C.M.

HENRY LAHEE.



462.

God our Shepherd. Ps. xxiii.

My Shepherd is the living Lord,
I therefore nothing need;
In pastures fair, near pleasant streams,
He setteth me to feed.

He shall convert and glad my soul,
And bring my mind in frame
To walk in paths of righteousness,
For his most holy name.

Yea, though I walk the vale of death,
Yet will I fear no ill;
Thy rod and staff they comfort me,
And thou art with me still.

Through all my life thy favor is
So frankly shown to me,
That in thy house for evermore
My dwelling-place shall be.

Thomas Sternhold.

463.

All as God wills.

ALL as God wills! who wisely heeds
To give or to withhold,
And knoweth more of all my needs
Than all my prayers have told.

Enough, that blessings undeserved
Have marked my erring track;
That, wheresoe'er my feet have swerved,
Thy chastening turned me back;

That more and more a providence
Of love is understood,
Making the springs of time and sense
Sweet with eternal good;

That death seems but a covered way
Which opens into light,
Wherein no blinded child can stray
Beyond the Father's sight.

No longer forward or behind
I look, in hope or fear,
But grateful take the good I find,
God's blessing, now and here.

John G. Whittier.

464.

Rejoicing in God.

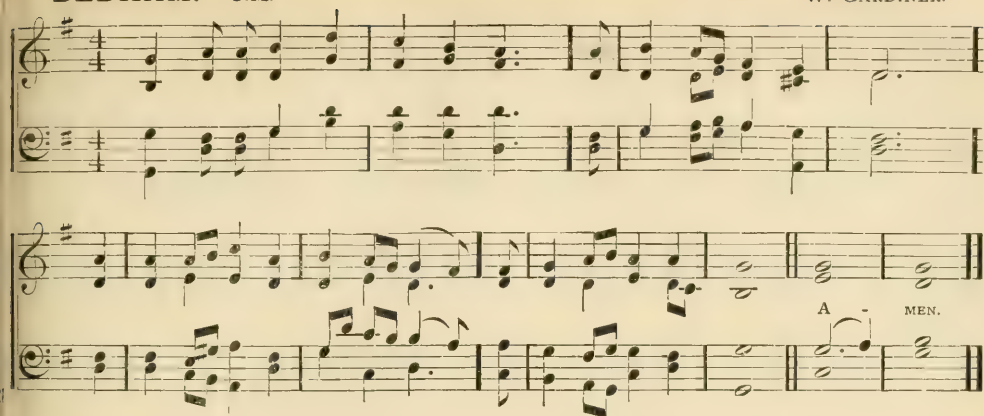
REJOICE, believer, in the Lord,
Who makes your cause his own:
The hope that's built upon his word
Can ne'er be overthrown.

Though many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm,
Your life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.

Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
Or, fainting, shall not die;
For God, the strength of every saint,
Will aid you from on high.

DEDHAM. C.M.

W. GARDINER.



Though sometimes unperceived by sense,
Faith sees him always near,
A Guide, a Glory, a Defence :
Then what have you to fear?

As surely as Christ overcame,
And triumphed once for you,
So surely you that love his name
Shall triumph in him too.

John Newton.

There garlands of immortal joy
Shall bloom on every head,
While sorrow, sighing, and distress,
Like shadows, all are fled.

March on in your Redeemer's strength ;
Pursue his footsteps still ;
And let the prospect cheer your eye,
While laboring up the hill.

Philip Doddridge.

465.

"Sing unto the Lord a new song."

SING, ye redeemed of the Lord ;
Your great Deliverer sing ;
Pilgrims, for Zion's city bound,
Be joyful in your King.

See the fair way his hand hath raised ;
How holy, and how plain !
Nor shall the simplest travellers err,
Nor ask the track in vain.

No ravening lion shall destroy,
Nor lurking serpent wound :
Pleasure and safety, peace and praise,
Through all the path are found.

A hand divine shall lead you on
Through all the blissful road,
Till to the sacred mount you rise,
And see your smiling God.

466.

"It belongs not to my care."

LORD, it belongs not to my care
Whether I die or live :
To love and serve thee is my share,
And this thy grace must give.

Christ leads me through no darker rooms
Than he went through before ;
He that unto God's kingdom comes
Must enter by this door.

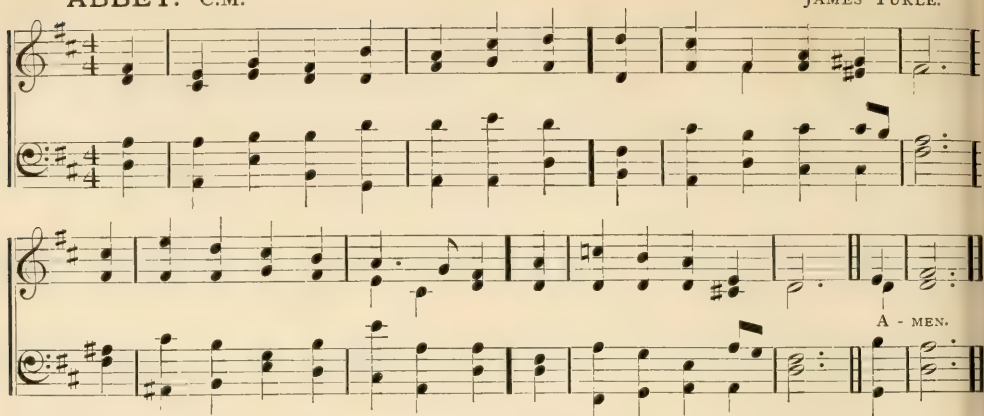
Come, Lord, when grace hath made me meet
Thy blessed face to see ;
For, if thy work on earth be sweet,
What will thy glory be ?

My knowledge of that life is small :
The eye of faith is dim ;
But it's enough that Christ knows all,
And I shall be with him.

Richard Baxter. 1681

ABBEY. C.M.

JAMES TURLE.



467. *"God is the strength of my heart, and my portion forever."*

ONE thought I have, my ample creed,
So deep it is and broad,
And equal to my every need, —
It is the thought of God.

Each morn unfolds some fresh surprise,
I feast at Life's full board ;
And rising in my inner skies
Shines forth the thought of God.

At night my gladness is my prayer ;
I drop my daily load,
And every care is pillowed there
Upon the thought of God.

I ask not far before to see,
But take in trust my road ;
Life, death, and immortality
Are in my thought of God.

To this their secret strength they owed
The martyr's path who trod ;
The fountains of their patience flowed
From out their thought of God.

Be still the light upon my way,
My pilgrim staff and rod,
My rest by night, my strength by day,
O blessed thought of God. AMEN.

Frederick L. Hosmer.

468. *"To-day, if ye shall hear his voice."*

OUR God, our God, thou shinest here ;
Thine own this latter day ;
To us thy radiant steps appear ;
Here leads thy glorious way !

We shine not only with the light
Thou didst shed down of yore ;
On us thou streamest strong and bright ;
Thy comings are not o'er.

The fathers had not all of thee ;
New births are in thy grace ;
All open to our souls shall be
Thy glory's hiding-place.

We gaze on thy outgoings bright ;
Down cometh thy full power ;
We, the glad bearers of thy light ;
This, this thy saving hour !

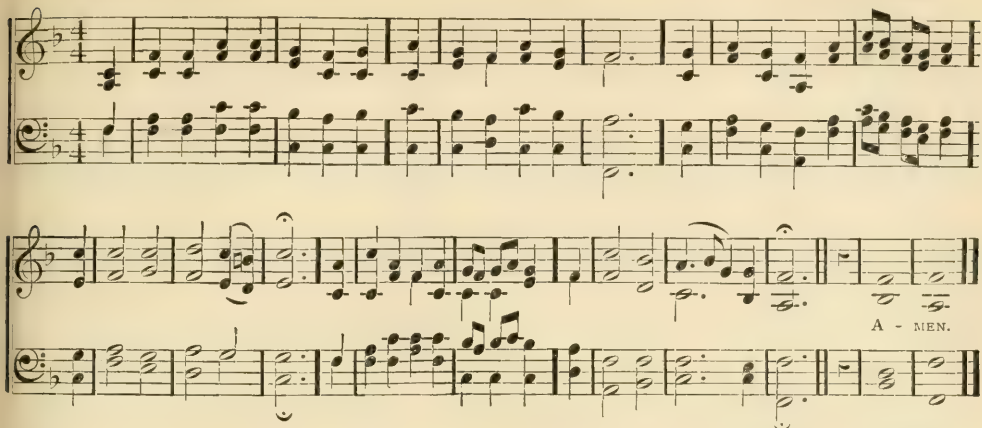
On us thy spirit thou hast poured,
To us thy word has come ;
We feel, we bless thy quickening, Lord !
Thou shalt not find us dumb.

Thou comest near ; thou standest by ;
Our work begins to shine ;
Thou dwellest with us mightily, —
On come the years divine !

Thomas H. Gill.

CORONATION. C.M.

OLIVER HOLDEN.



A - MEN.

469.

The Lord of All.

SING forth his high eternal name
Who holds all powers in thrall,
Through endless ages still the same, —
The mighty Lord of all.

His goodness, strong and measureless,
Upholds us lest we fall;
His hand is still outstretched to bless, —
The loving Lord of all.

His perfect law sets metes and bounds,
Our strong defence and wall;
His providence our life surrounds, —
The saving Lord of all.

He every thought and every deed
Doth to his judgment call;
Oh, may our hearts obedient heed
The righteous God of all.

When, turning from forbidden ways,
Low at his feet we fall,
His strong and tender arms upraise, —
The pardoning Lord of all.

Unwearied he is working still,
Unspent his blessings fall,
Almighty, Loving, Righteous One,
The only Lord of all. AMEN.

Samuel Longfellow.

470.

"That every tongue should confess that Jesus Christ is Lord, to the glory of God the Father."

ALL hail the power of Jesus' name!
Let angels prostrate fall;
Bring forth the royal diadem,
And crown him Lord of all.

Let every kindred, every tribe,
On this terrestrial ball,
To him all majesty ascribe,
And crown him Lord of all.

Oh that, with yonder sacred throng,
We at his feet may fall,
And join the everlasting song,
And crown him Lord of all!

E. Perronet, 1779. J. Rippon, 1787.

471.

"The Lord is my light and my salvation; whom shall I fear?"

I CANNOT walk in darkness long, —
My light is by my side;
I cannot stumble or go wrong
While following such a guide.

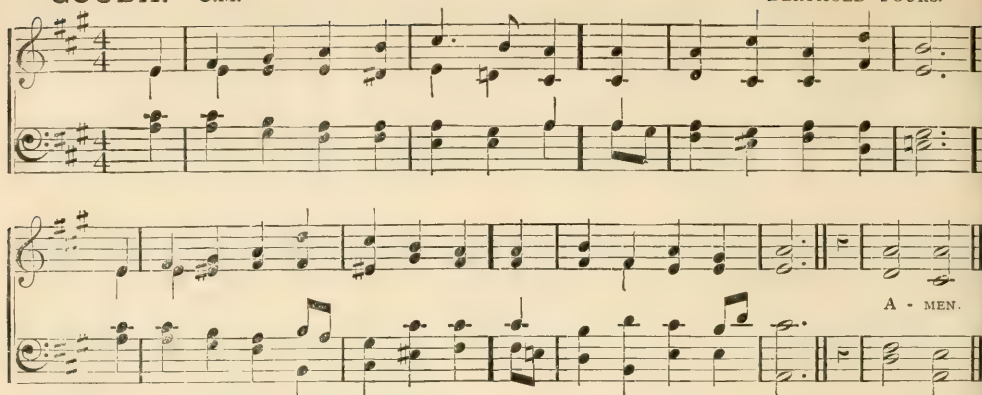
He is my stay and my defence, —
How shall I fail or fall?
My helper is Omnipotence!
My ruler ruleth all!

The powers below and powers above
Are subject to his care: —
I cannot wander from his love
Who loves me everywhere.

Mrs. Caroline S. Mason.

GOUDA. C.M.

BERTHOLD TOURS.



A - MEN.

472.

Psaln xxiii.

My Shepherd is the Lord ; I know
 No care or craving need :
 He lays me where the green herbs grow
 Along the quiet mead :
 He leads me where the waters glide,
 The waters soft and still ;
 And homeward he will gently guide
 My wandering heart and will.
 He brings me on the righteous path,
 E'en for his Name's dear sake.
 What if in vale and shade of death
 My dreary way I take ?

I fear no ill, for thou, O God,
 With me forever art ;
 Thy shepherd's staff, thy guiding rod,
 'Tis they console my heart.
 Oh, nought but love and mercy wait
 Through all my life on me ;
 And I within my Father's gate
 For long bright years shall be.

John Keble.

The least and feeblest there may bide,
 Uninjured and unawed ;
 While thousands fall on every side,
 He rests secure in God.

He feeds in pastures large and fair
 Of love and truth divine ;
 O child of God, O glory's heir,
 How rich a lot is thine !

A hand almighty to defend,
 An ear for every call,
 An honored life, a peaceful end,
 And heaven to crown it all !

Henry Francis Lyte.

474.

Psaln cxxv.

UNSHAKEN as the sacred hill,
 And fixed as mountains be,
 Firm as a rock the soul shall rest,
 That leans, O Lord, on thee.

Not walls, nor hills, could guard so well
 Old Salem's happy ground,
 As those eternal arms of love
 That every saint surround.

Deal gently, Lord ! with souls sincere,
 And lead them safely on
 To the bright gates of Paradise,
 Where Christ, their Lord, is gone. AMEN.

Isaac Watts.

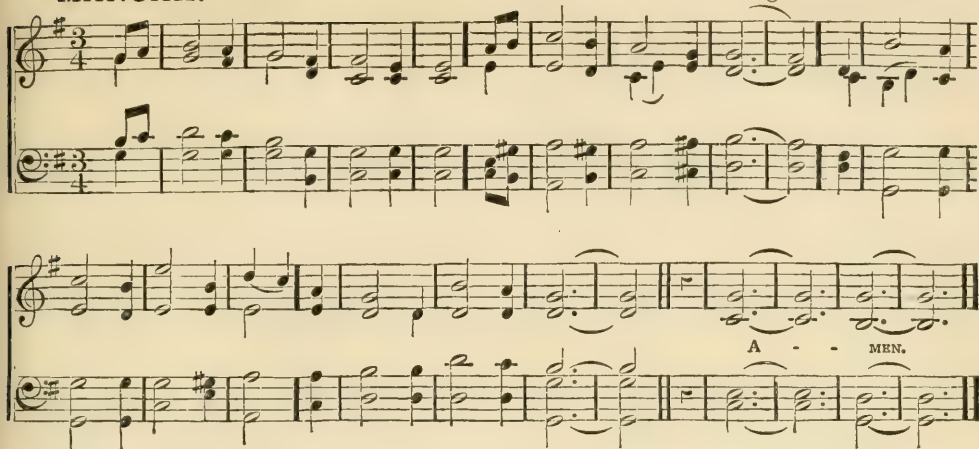
473.

Psaln xci

THERE is a safe and secret place
 Beneath the wings divine,
 Reserved for all the heirs of grace ;
 Oh, be that refuge mine !

MANOAH. C.M.

Arranged from ROSSINI.



475.

The Love of God.

THOU Grace Divine, encircling all,
A soundless, shoreless sea,
Wherein at last our souls must fall
O Love of God most free !

When over dizzy heights we go,
One soft hand blinds our eyes,
The other leads us, safe and slow,
O Love of God most wise !

And though we turn us from thy face,
And wander wide and long,
Thou hold'st us still in thine embrace,
O Love of God most strong !

The saddened heart, the restless soul,
The toil-worn frame and mind,
Alike confess thy sweet control,
O Love of God most kind !

But not alone thy care we claim,
Our wayward steps to win ;
We know thee by a dearer name,
O Love of God within !

And, filled and quickened by thy breath,
Our souls are strong and free
To rise o'er sin and fear and death,
O Love of God, to thee !

Eliza Scudder.

476. "While I live, will I praise the Lord."

WHEN all thy mercies, O my God !
My rising soul surveys,
Transported with the view, I'm lost
In wonder, love, and praise.

Oh, how shall words, with equal warmth,
The gratitude declare,
That glows within my ravished heart !
But thou canst read it there.

To all my weak complaints and cries,
Thy mercy lent an ear,
Ere yet my feeble thoughts had learned
To form themselves in prayer.

When worn with sickness, oft hast thou
With health renewed my face ;
And, when in sins and sorrows sunk,
Revived my soul with grace.

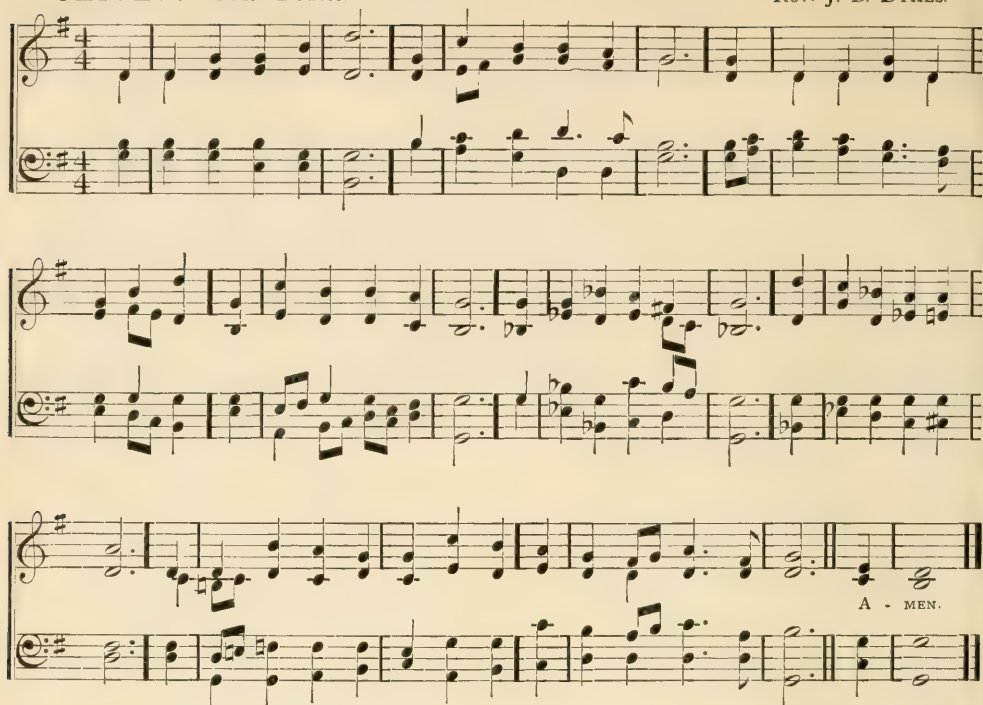
Ten thousand thousand precious gifts
My daily thanks employ ;
Nor is the least a cheerful heart,
That tastes those gifts with joy.

Through every period of my life
Thy goodness I 'll pursue ;
And after death, in distant worlds,
The glorious theme renew.

Joseph Addison.

OLIVET. S.M. Double.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



477.

"Strangers and pilgrims on the earth."

Now rest, ye pilgrim host !
 Look back upon your way :
 The mountains climbed, the torrents crossed,
 Through many a weary day.
 From this victorious height
 How fair the past appears,
 God's grace and glory shining bright
 On all the by-gone years.

How many, at his call,
 Have parted from our throng !
 They watch us from the crystal wall,
 And echo back our song.
 They rest, beyond complaints,
 Beyond all sighs and tears ;
 Praise be to God for all his saints
 Who wrought in by-gone years !

The banners they upbore
 Our hands still lift on high ;
 The Lord they followed evermore
 To us is also nigh.
 Arise, arise ! and tread
 The future without fears ;
 He leadeth still, whose hand hath led
 Through all the by-gone years !

When we have reached the home
 We seek with weary feet,
 Our children's children still shall come
 To keep these ranks complete ;
 And he, whose host is one,
 Throughout the countless spheres
 Will guide his marching servants on
 Through everlasting years.

EGYPT. (EWYAS HAROLD.) 6.6.8.6-4.4.4:7.

S. S. WESLEY.

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia!

We are walk - ing now with God. A - - - - MEN.

478.

"Yea, they shall sing in the ways of the Lord."

Now let our voices join
To form a sacred song;
Ye pilgrims in God's holy ways,
With music pass along.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
We are walking now with God.

How straight the path appears,
How open and how fair!
No lurking snares to entrap our feet;
No fierce destroyer there.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
We are walking now with God.

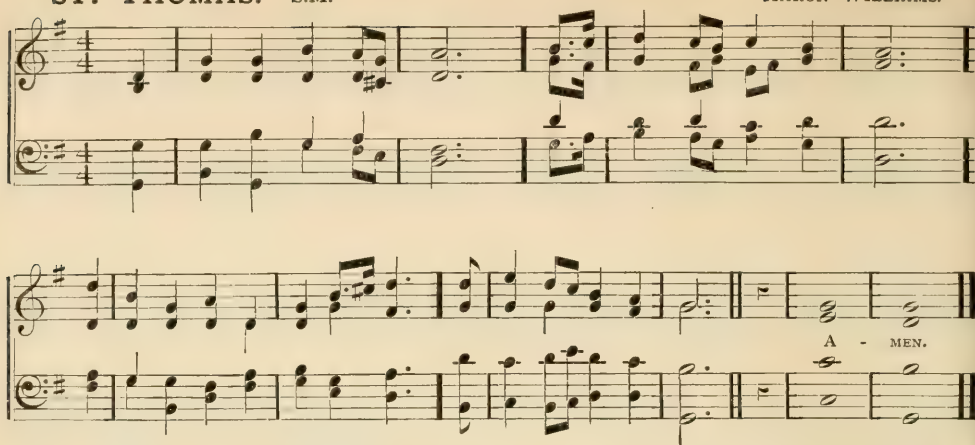
But flowers of paradise
In rich profusion spring;
The Sun of glory gilds the path,
And dear companions sing.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
We are walking now with God.

All honor to his name
Who marks the shining way;
To him who leads the wanderer on
To realms of endless day.
Alleluia! Alleluia! Alleluia!
We are walking now with God. AMEN.

Philip Doddridge. †

ST. THOMAS. S.M.

AARON WILLIAMS.

479. *Abounding Compassion of God. Ps. ciii.*

My soul, repeat his praise,
Whose mercies are so great,
Whose anger is so slow to rise,
So ready to abate.

High as the heavens are raised
Above the ground we tread,
So far the riches of his grace
Our highest thoughts exceed.

His power subdues our sins,
And his forgiving love
Far as the east is from the west
Doth all our guilt remove.

The pity of the Lord,
To those that fear his name,
Is such as tender parents feel;
He knows our feeble frame.

Our days are as the grass,
Or like the morning flower;
If one sharp blast sweep o'er the field,
It withers in an hour.

But thy compassions, Lord,
To endless years endure,
And children's children ever find
Thy words of promise sure.

Isaac Watts.

480. *Seeking God.*

My God, permit my tongue
This joy, to call thee mine;
And let my early cries prevail
To taste thy love divine.*

My thirsty, fainting soul
Thy mercy does implore;
Not travellers in desert lands
Can pant for water more.

For life without thy love
No relish can afford;
No joy can be compared to this,—
To serve and please the Lord.

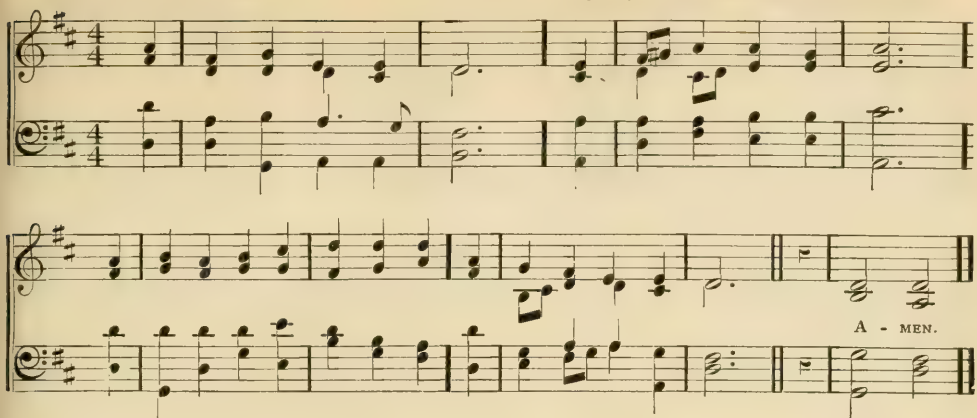
Since thou hast been my help,
To thee my spirit flies,
And on thy watchful providence
My cheerful hope relies.

The shadow of thy wings
My soul in safety keeps:
I follow where my Father leads,
And he supports my steps.

Isaac Watts.

SWABIA. S.M.

German. Arranged by the Rev. WILLIAM HENRY HAVERGAL.

481. *Praising God for Mercies.* Ps. ciii.

OH, bless the Lord, my soul !
 Let all within me join,
 And aid my tongue, to bless his name
 Whose favors are divine.

Oh, bless the Lord, my soul !
 Nor let his mercies lie
 Forgotten in unthankfulness,
 And without praises die.

'T is he forgives thy sins ;
 'T is he relieves thy pain ;
 'T is he that heals thy sicknesses,
 And makes thee young again.

He crowns thy life with love,
 When ransomed from the grave :
 He that redeemed my soul from death
 Hath sovereign power to save.

He fills the poor with good ;
 He gives the sufferers rest :
 The Lord hath judgments for the proud,
 And justice for the oppressed.

His wondrous works and ways
 He made by Moses known ;
 But sent the world his truth and grace
 By his beloved Son.

Isaac Watts.

482. *God our Shepherd.* Ps. xxiii.

THE Lord my Shepherd is ;
 I shall be well supplied :
 Since he is mine, and I am his,
 What can I want beside ?

He leads me to the place
 Where heavenly pasture grows,
 Where living waters gently pass,
 And full salvation flows.

If e'er I go astray,
 He doth my soul reclaim,
 And guides me in his own right way,
 For his most holy name.

While he affords his aid,
 I cannot yield to fear :
 Though I should walk thro' death's dark shade,
 My shepherd's with me there.

In sight of all my foes
 Thou dost my table spread ;
 My cup with blessings overflows,
 And joy exalts my head.

The bounties of thy love
 Shall crown my following days ;
 Nor from thy house will I remove,
 Nor cease to speak thy praise.

Isaac Watts.

MARCH ON. Irregular.

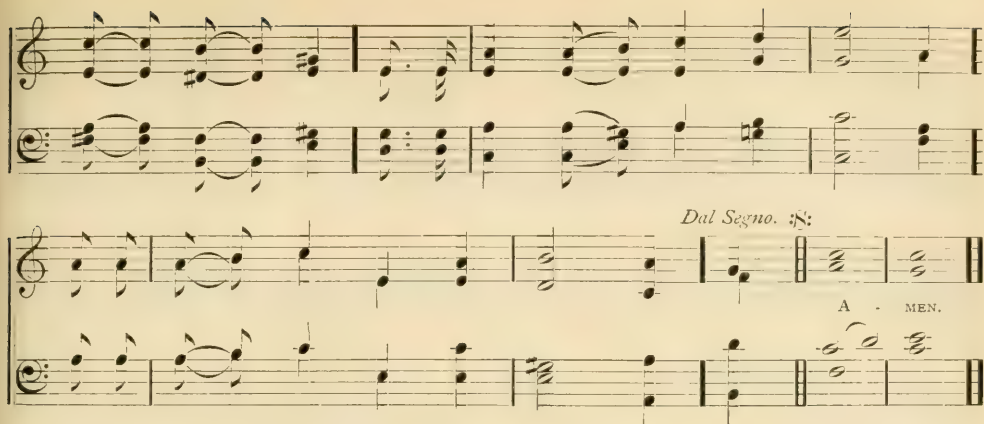
Sir JOSEPH BARNBY.

Verses 1 and 5.

Ending for all but the last verse. | *Ending for last verse.*

And the Lord his own is guid - ing. guid - ing,

Verses 2, 3, and 4.



483.

"Fight the good fight of faith."

MARCH on, march on, ye soldiers true,
In the strength of the Lord confiding,
For the field is set, and the hosts are met,
And the Lord his own is guiding.

We march to fight with the powers of night,
That hold the world in sorrow;
And the broken heart shall be healed of its smart,
And arise to a joyful morrow.

March on, etc.

We fight against wrong, with the weapon strong
Of the Love that all hate shall banish;
And the chains shall fall from the down-trodden thrall,
As the thrones of the tyrant vanish.

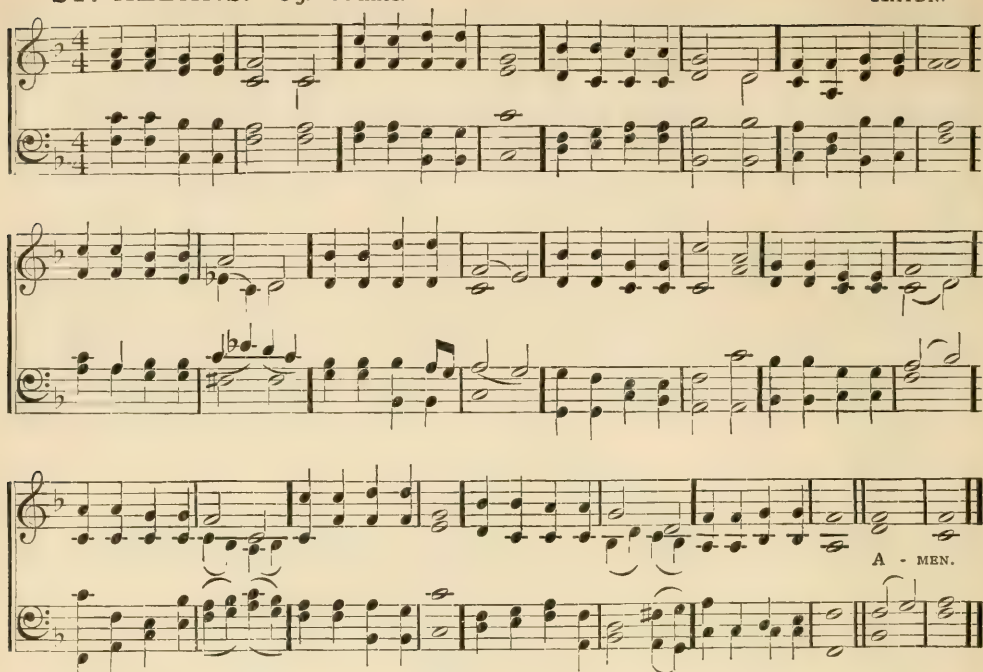
March on, etc.

Long, long is the fight, but the God of light
Is ever watching near us;
And prayers that rise to the listening skies
Like a song of hope shall cheer us.

March on, march on, ye soldiers true,
In the strength of the Lord confiding,
For the field is set, and the hosts are met,
And the Lord his own is guiding.

ST. ALBANS. 6.5. 12 lines.

HAYDN.



484.

"Forward into light."

FORWARD ! be our watchword,
Steps and voices joined ;
Seek the things before us,
Not a look behind.

Burns the fiery pillar
At our army's head :
Who shall dream of shrinking,
By our Captain led ?
Forward, out of error,
Leave behind the night ;
Forward through the darkness,
Forward into light !

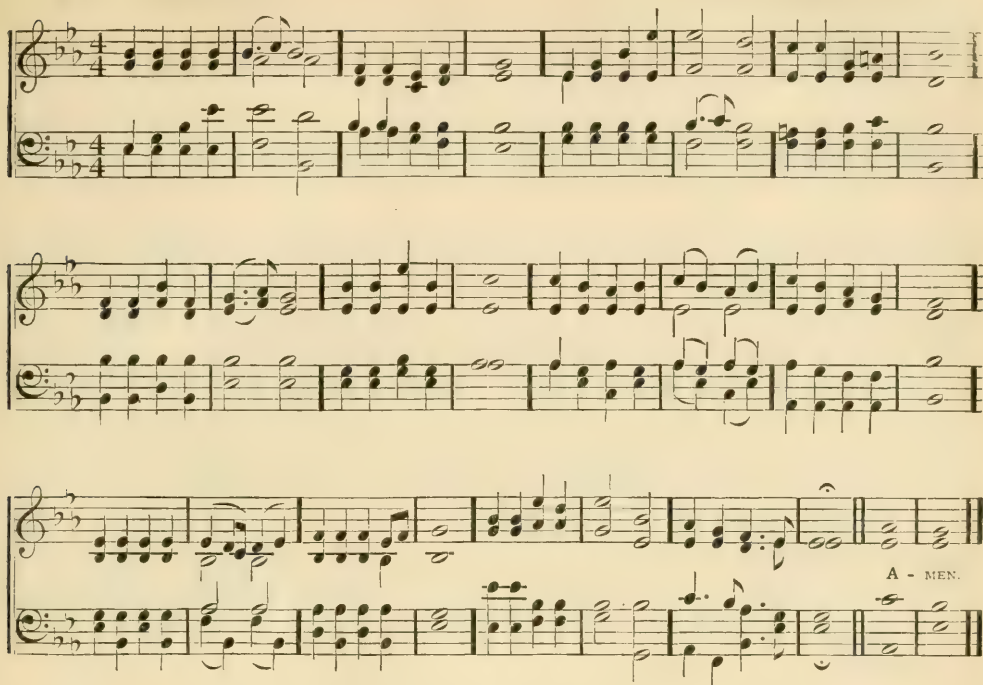
Glories upon glories
Hath our God prepared,
By the souls that love him
One day to be shared.
Eye hath not beheld them,
Ear hath never heard,

Nor of these hath uttered
Thought or speech a word.
Forward, marching eastward
Where the heaven is bright,
Till the veil be lifted,
Till our faith be sight !

Far o'er yon horizon
Rise the city towers
Where our God abideth :
That fair home is ours.
Flash the streets with jasper,
Shine the gates with gold ;
Flows the gladdening river
Shedding joys untold.
Thither, onward thither,
In the Spirit's might ;
Pilgrims to your country,
Forward into light !

ST. GERTRUDE. 6.5. 12 lines.

SIR ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



485.

"Onward, Christian soldiers."

ONWARD, Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
 With the cross of Jesus
 Going on before.
 Christ, the royal Master,
 Leads against the foe :
 Forward into battle
 See his banners go. Onward, etc.

Like a mighty army
 Moves the Church of God ;
 Brothers, we are treading
 Where the saints have trod ;
 We are not divided,
 All one body we,
 One in hope and doctrine,
 One in charity. Onward, etc.

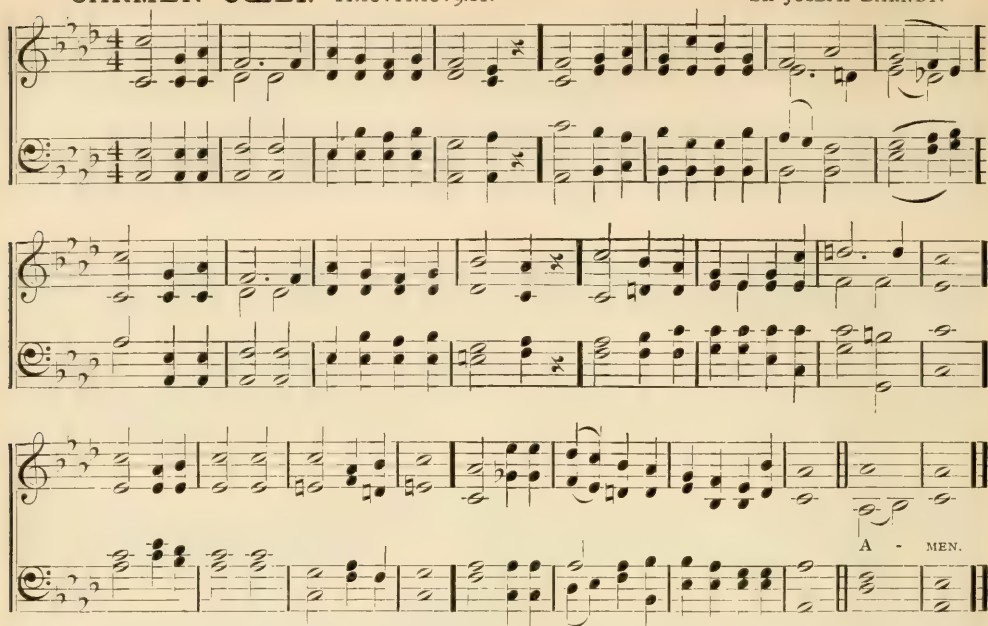
Crowns and thrones may perish,
 Kingdoms rise and wane,
 But the Church of Jesus
 Constant will remain ;
 Gates of hell can never
 'Gainst that Church prevail ;
 We have Christ's own promise,
 And that cannot fail. Onward, etc.

Onward, then, ye people,
 Join our happy throng,
 Blend with ours your voices
 In the triumph-song ;
 Glory, laud, and honor
 Unto Christ the King ;
 This through countless ages,
 Men and angels sing. Onward, etc.

Sabine Baring-Gould. 1865

CARMEN CÆLI. II.IO:II.IO:9.II.

Sir JOSEPH BARNEY.



486.

"To-day, if ye will hear his voice, harden not your heart."

HARK, hark, my soul! thy Father's voice is calling,
 E'en now it breathes o'er life's dark, troubled sea;
 His gracious truth like heavenly dew is falling;
 Hark, hark, my soul! thy Father calls for thee.
 Father of mercy, Father of love!
 Thee would we follow to our blest home above.

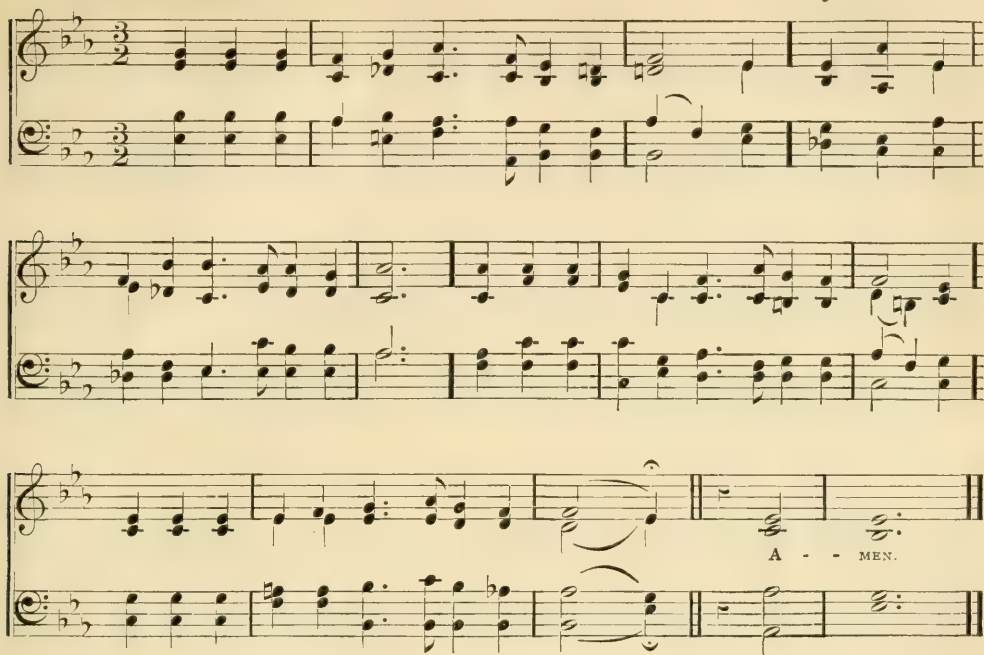
Hark, hark, my soul! from heaven that voice is pleading
 With thee, ere evil days draw darkly near;
 Still by his love our Father's hand is leading,
 From sin and shame, from sorrow, doubt, and fear.
 Father of mercy, Father of love!
 Thee would we follow to our blest home above.

Hark, hark, my soul! still, still that voice is sounding,
 Like music sweet from some far distant shore,
 While angel bands, our daily path surrounding,
 Lead God's dear children on for evermore.
 Father of mercy, Father of love!
 Thee would we follow to our blest home above. AMEN.

John Page Hopps.

COMMENDATIO. II. IO: II. IO.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



487.

"Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, To visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep himself unspotted from the world."

OH, he whom Jesus loved hath truly spoken !
The holier worship which he deigns to bless
Restores the lost, and binds the spirit broken,
And feeds the widow and the fatherless.

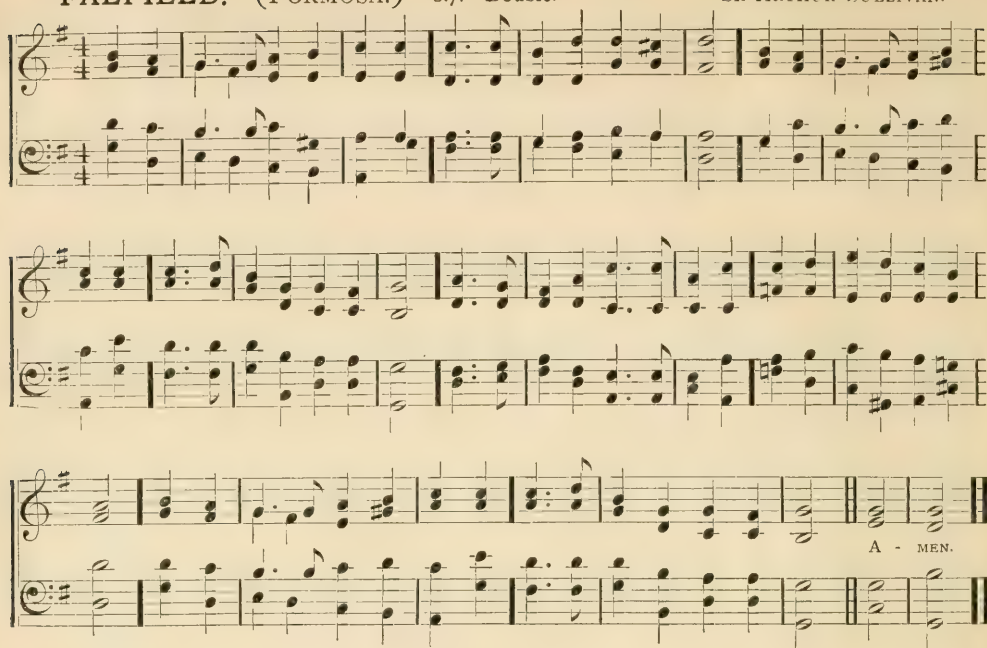
Then, brother man ! fold to thy heart thy brother ;
Where pity dwells, the peace of God is there ;
To worship rightly is to love each other,
Each smile a hymn, each kindly deed a prayer.

Follow with reverent steps the great example
Of him whose holy work was "doing good ;"
So shall the wide earth seem our Father's temple,
Each loving life a psalm of gratitude.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

FALFIELD. (FORMOSA.) 8.7. Double.

Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



488.

"Who is on the Lord's side?"

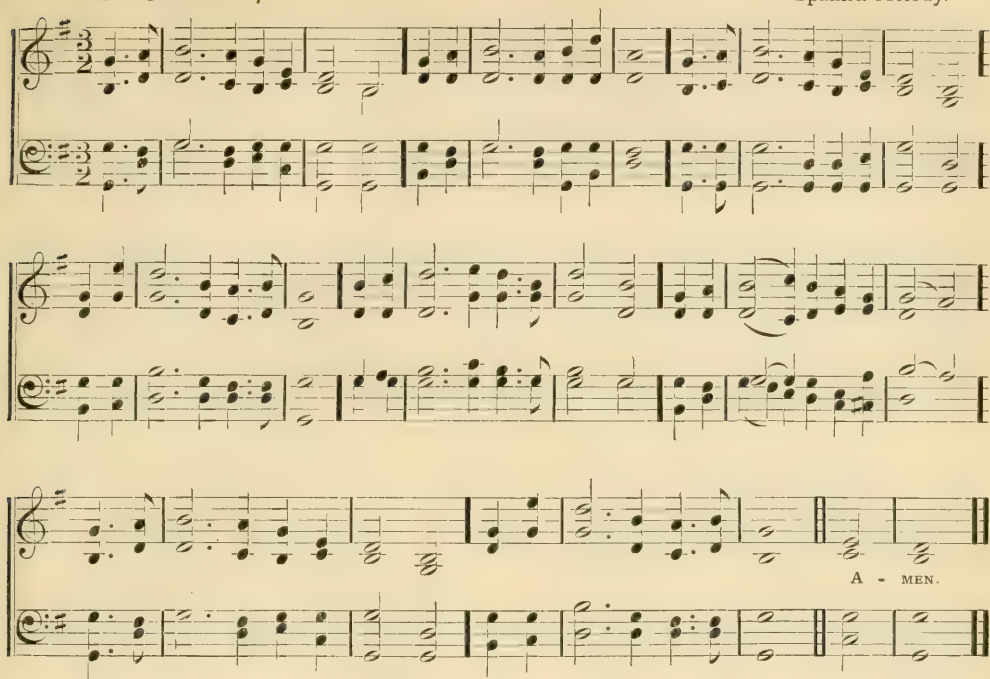
Dost thou hear the bugle sounding,
 Calling thee to take the field?
 'Tis a battle all are waging:
 Thou must fight or thou must yield.
 'Tis the battle of the ages:
 No man may the gage refuse.
 Fight on one side or the other,
 No man can decline to choose.

If from off the field thou fliest,
 Even thus thou art a foe:
 Who for truth no sword uplifteth,
 He for error strikes a blow.
 He who bravely fights must conquer;
 None can e'er defeated be;
 For, to soldiers in God's battles,
 Death itself is victory.

Minot J. Savage.

AUTUMN. 8.7. Double.

Spanish Melody.

489. "Create in me a clean heart, O God, and
renew a right spirit within me"

TAKE my heart, O Father, take it ;
 Make and keep it all thine own ;
 Let thy Spirit melt and break it, —
 This proud heart of sin and stone.
 Heavenly Father ! deign to mould it
 In obedience to thy will ;
 And, as ripening years unfold it,
 Keep it meek and childlike still.

Father, make it pure and lowly,
 Fond of peace and far from strife ;
 Turning from the paths unholy
 Of this vain and sinful life.
 Ever let thy grace surround it,
 Strengthen it with power divine,
 Till thy cords of love have bound it ;
 Made it to be wholly thine. AMEN.

Hymns for the Sanctuary.

490. "Giving thanks always."

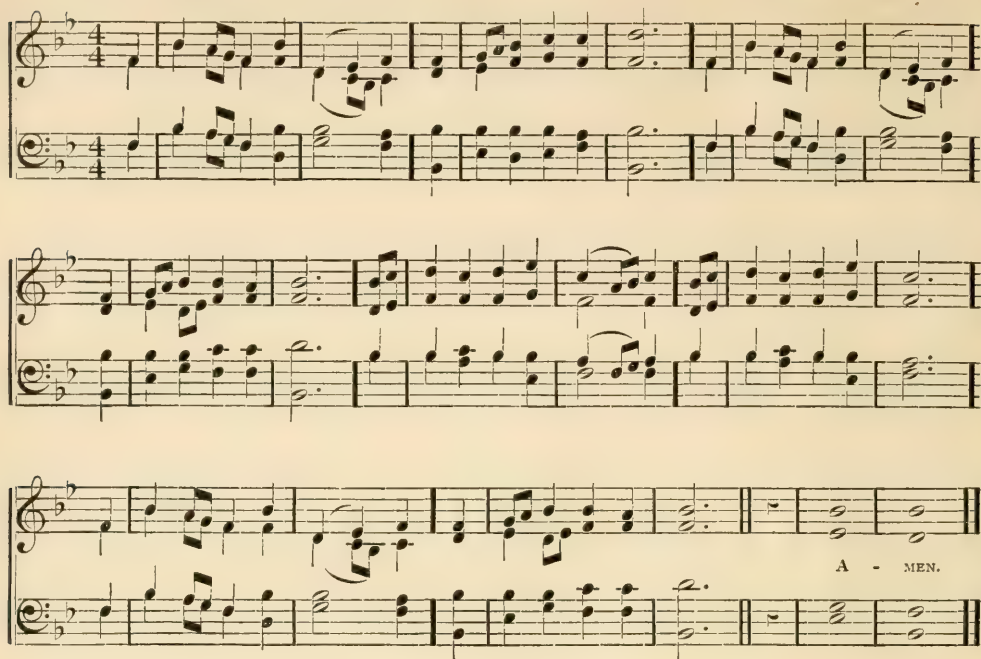
LORD, we thank thee for the pleasure
 That our happy life-time gives,
 The inestimable treasure
 Of a soul that ever lives ;
 Mind that looks before and after,
 Yearning for its home above ;
 Human tears and human laughter,
 And the depth of human love.

Teach us so our days to number
 That we may be lowly wise ;
 Dreamy mist or cloud of slumber
 Never dull our heavenward eyes !
 Hearty be our work and willing,
 As to thee and not to men,
 For we know our souls' fulfilling
 Is in heaven, — not till then. AMEN.

T. W. Jex-Blake.

ELLACOMBE. 7.6. Double.

OLD GERMAN MELODY.



491.

"Go forward, Christian soldier."

Go forward, Christian soldier,
 Beneath his banner true :
 The Lord himself, thy Leader,
 Shall all thy foes subdue.
 His love foretells thy trials,
 He knows thine hourly need ;
 He can, with bread of heaven,
 Thy fainting spirit feed.

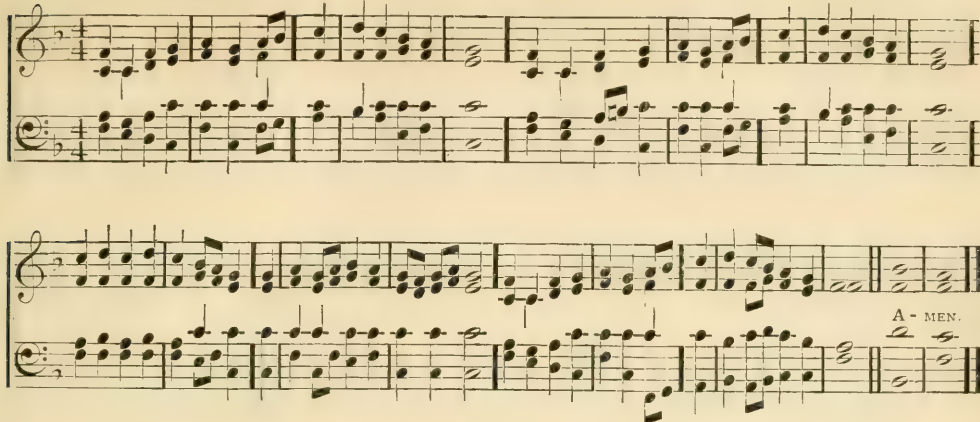
Go forward, Christian soldier,
 Fear not the secret foe ;
 Far more are o'er thee watching
 Than human eyes can know.
 Trust only Christ, thy Captain,
 Cease not to watch and pray ;
 Heed not the treacherous voices
 That lure thy soul astray

Go forward, Christian soldier,
 Nor dream of peaceful rest,
 Till Satan's host is vanquished
 And heaven is all possessed ;
 Till Christ himself shall call thee
 To lay thine armor by,
 And wear, in endless glory,
 The crown of victory.

Go forward, Christian soldier,
 Fear not the gathering night :
 The Lord has been thy shelter,
 The Lord will be thy light.
 When morn his face revealeth,
 Thy dangers all are past ;
 Oh, pray that faith and virtue
 May keep thee to the last !

AMSTERDAM. 7.6.7.6:7.8.7.6.

JAMES NARES.



492. "Lo! I come to do thy will."

Lo! I come with joy to do
The Father's blessed will;
Him in outward works pursue,
And serve his pleasure still.
Faithful to my Lord's commands,
I still would choose the better part,
Serve with careful Martha's hands,
And loving Mary's heart.

Careful without care I am,
Nor feel my happy toil,
Kept in peace by his dear name,
Supported by his smile:
Joyful thus my faith to show,
I find his service my reward;
Every work I do below,
I do it to the Lord.

Thou, O Lord, in tender love,
Dost all my burdens bear!
Lift my heart to things above,
And fix it ever there!
Far above these earthly things,
While yet my hands are here employed,
Sees my soul the King of kings,
And freely talks with God.

Oh that all the art might know
Of living thus to thee!
Find their heaven begun below,
And here thy glory see!
Walk in all the works prepared
By thee to exercise their grace,
Till they gain their full reward,
And see thy glorious face. AMEN.

Charles Wesley.†

493. "In the shadow of thy wings will I make my refuge till these calamities be overpast."

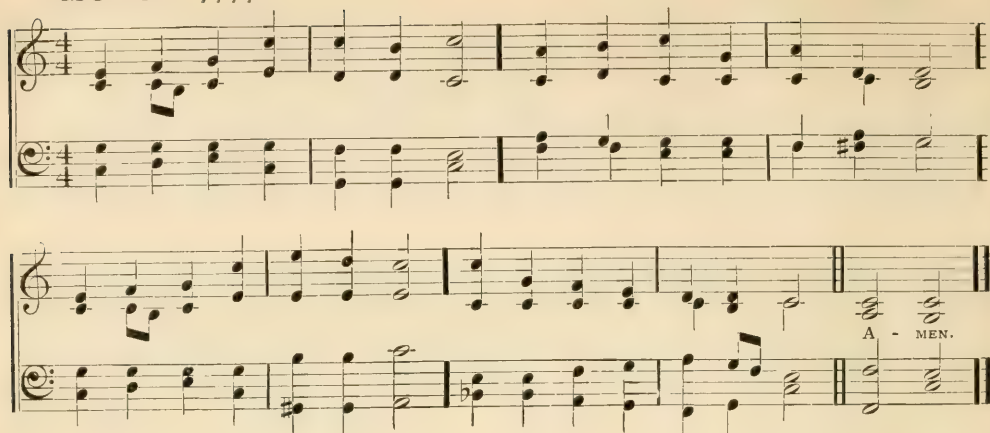
To the haven of thy breast,
O God of love, I fly;
Be my refuge and my rest,
For, oh, the storm is high!
Save me from the furious blast,
And covert from the tempest be;
Hide me, Father, till o'erpast
The storm of sin I see.

In the time of my distress
Thou hast my succor been;
In my hour of helplessness
Restraining me from sin;
First and last, in me perform
The mighty work thou hast begun;
Be my shelter from the storm,
My shadow from the sun. AMEN.

Charles Wesley.†

MUNUS. 7-7-7-7.

J. B. CALKIN.



494. *"I therefore so run, not as uncertainly; so fight I, not as one that beateth the air."*

STRIVE, when thou art called of God,
When he draws thee by his grace,
Strive to cast away the load
That would clog thee in the race!

Wrestle, till through every vein
Love and strength are glowing warm,
Love that can the world disdain;
Half-love will not bide the storm.

Art thou faithful? then oppose
Sin and wrong with all thy might;
Care not how the tempest blows,
Only care to win the fight.

Art thou faithful? Wake and watch,
Love, with all thy heart, Christ's ways;
Seek not transient ease to snatch,
Look not for reward or praise.

Soldiers of the Cross, be strong,
Watch and war 'mid fear and pain,
Daily conquering woe and wrong,
Till our King o'er earth shall reign!

Johann Joseph Winckler. 1703.
Tr. by Catherine Winkworth.

495. *"Blessed be God, who comforteth us in all our tribulation, that we may be able to comfort them which are in any trouble."*

HEAVENLY HELPER, Friend divine,
Friend of all men, therefore mine,
Let my heart as thy heart be!
Breathe thy living breath through me!

Only at thy love's pure tide
Human thirst is satisfied:
He who fills his chalice there,
Fills with thirstier souls to share.

Undeiled One, who dost win
All thine own from paths of sin,
Never let me dread to go
Where is guilt, or want, or woe!

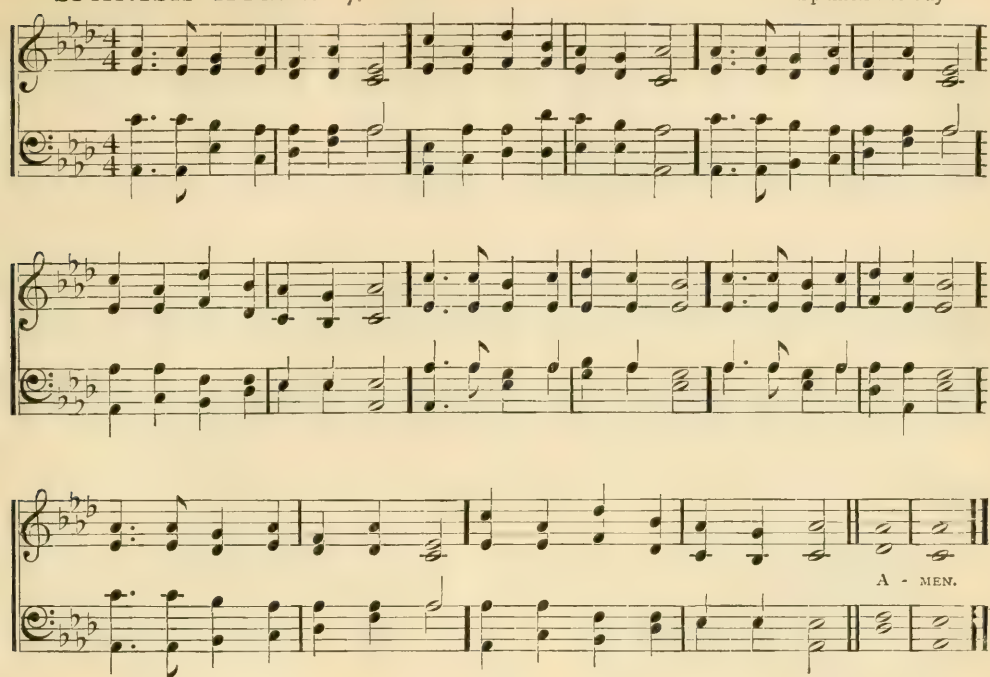
If another lose the way,
My feet also go astray:
Sleepless Watcher, lead us back,
Safe into the homeward track!

As a bird unto its nest,
Flies the tired soul to thy breast.
Let not one an alien be!
Lord, we have no home but thee! AMEN.

Lucy Larcom.

SPANISH HYMN. 7. Double.

Spanish Melody.



496.

The Accepted Offering.

LORD, what offering shall we bring,
 At thine altars, when we bow ?
 Hearts, the pure, unsullied spring
 Whence the kind affections flow ;
 Soft compassion's feeling soul,
 By the melting eye expressed ;
 Sympathy, at whose control
 Sorrow leaves the wounded breast ;

Willing hands to lead the blind,
 Bind the wounded, feed the poor ;
 Love, embracing all our kind ;
 Charity, with liberal store.
 Teach us, O thou heavenly King,
 Thus to show our grateful mind,
 Thus the accepted offering bring, —
 Love to thee and all mankind. AMEN.

John Taylor. 1795.

497.

"Have love one to another."

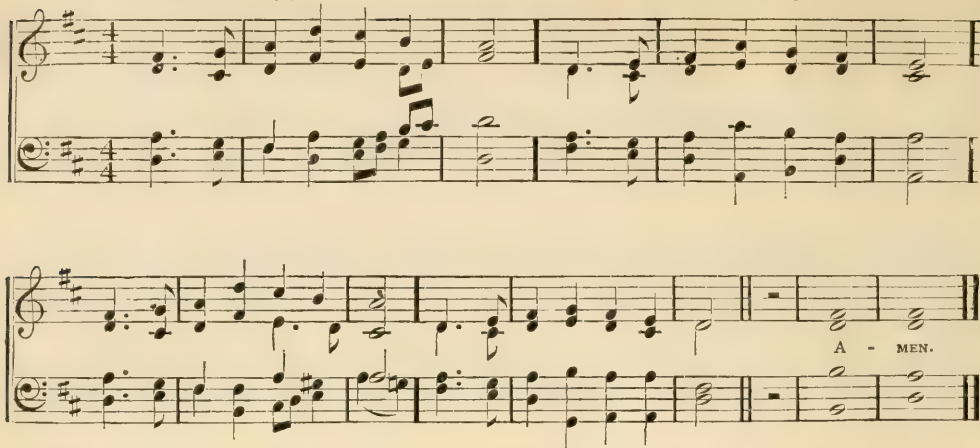
LET us join, as God commands,
 Let us join our hearts and hands ;
 Help to gain our calling's hope,
 Help to build each other up ;
 Carry on the Christian's strife ;
 Walk in holiness of life ;
 Faithfully our gifts improve,
 For the sake of him we love.

Hence may all our actions flow,
 Love the proof that Christ we know ;
 Mutual love the token be,
 Lord, that we belong to thee ;
 Love, thine image, love impart ;
 Stamp it on our face and heart ;
 Only love to us be given ;
 Lord, we ask no other heaven.

Charles Wesley.

INNOCENTS. 7-7:7-7.

Arranged by W. H. MONK.



498.

Entire Consecration.

TAKE my life, and let it be
 Consecrated, Lord, to thee.
 Take my moments and my days;
 Let them flow in ceaseless praise.
 Take my hands, and let them move
 At the impulse of thy love.
 Take my feet, and let them be
 Swift and beautiful for thee.
 Take my voice, and let me sing
 Always, only, for my King.
 Take my lips, and let them be
 Filled with messages from thee.
 Take my silver and my gold;
 Not a mite would I withhold.
 Take my intellect, and use
 Every power as thou shalt choose.
 Take my will, and make it thine;
 It shall be no longer mine.
 Take my heart, it is thine own;
 It shall be thy royal throne.
 Take my love; my Lord, I pour
 At thy feet its treasure-store.
 Take myself, and I will be
 Ever, only, all for thee. AMEN.

Frances Ridley Havergal.

499.

The Labor of Love.

WHAT thou wilt, O Father, give!
 All is gain that I receive.
 Let the lowliest task be mine,
 Grateful, so the work be thine.

Let me find the humblest place
 In the shadow of thy grace:
 Blest to me were any spot
 Where temptation whispers not.

If there be some weaker one,
 Give me strength to help him on;
 If a blinder soul there be,
 Let me guide him nearer thee.

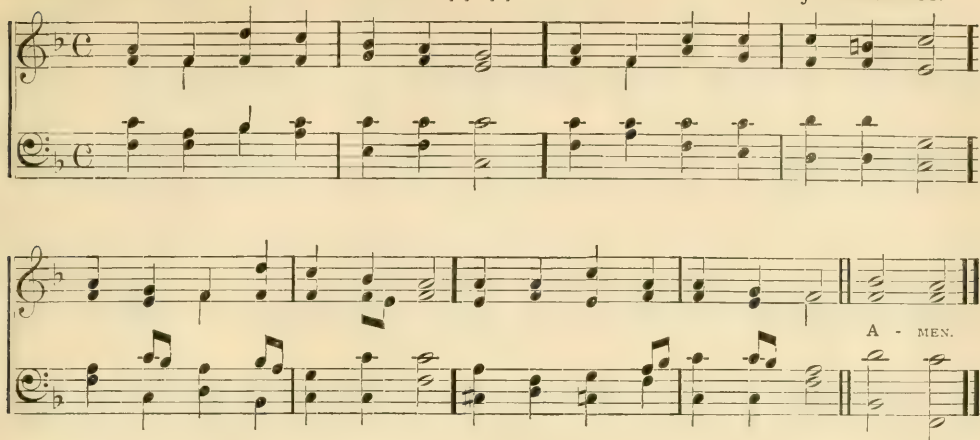
Clothe with life the weak intent,
 Let me be the thing I meant;
 Let me find in thy employ
 Peace that dearer is than joy;

Out of self to love be led,
 And to heaven acclimated,
 Until all things sweet and good
 Seem my natural habitude. AMEN.

John G. Whittier.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE. 7:7:77.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



500.

"Thy statutes have been my songs in the house of my pilgrimage."

CHILDREN of the heavenly King,
As ye journey, sweetly sing ;
Sing your Father's worthy praise,
Glorious in his works and ways.

We are travelling home to God,
In the way the fathers trod ;
They are happy now, and we
Soon their happiness shall see.

Lift your eyes, ye sons of Light !
Zion's city is in sight ;
There our endless home shall be,
There our Lord we soon shall see.

Fear not, brethren ; joyful stand
On the borders of your land ;
Jesus Christ, your Father's Son,
Bids you undismayed go on.

Lord ! obediently we go,
Gladly leaving all below ;
Only thou our leader be,
And we still will follow thee.

John Cennick. 1742.

501.

"Speak unto the children of Israel that they go forward."

OFT in danger, oft in woe,
Onward, Christians, onward go :
Fight the fight, maintain the strife,
Strengthened with the bread of life.

Onward, Christians, onward go ;
Join the war, and face the foe :
Will ye flee in danger's hour ?
Know ye not your Captain's power ?

Let your drooping hearts be glad :
March, in heavenly armor clad :
Fight, nor think the battle long,
Victory soon shall tune your song.

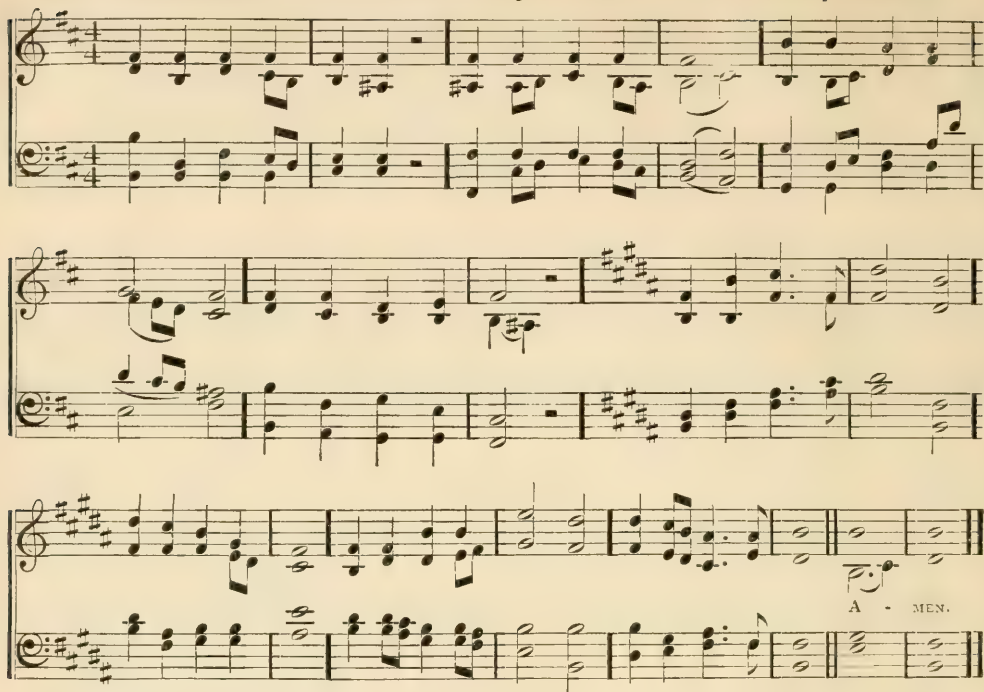
Let not sorrow dim your eye,
Soon shall every tear be dry ;
Let not fears your course impede,
Great your strength, if great your need.

Onward, then, in battle move,
More than conquerors ye shall prove ;
Though opposed by many a foe,
Christian soldiers, onward go.

Henry Kirke White. †

ST. ANDREW OF CRETE. 6.5. Double.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



502.

"Whom resist, steadfast in the faith."

CHRISTIAN ! dost thou see them
 On the holy ground,
 How the hosts of Midian
 Prowl and prowl around ?
 Christian ! up and smite them,
 Counting gain but loss ;
 In the strength that cometh
 By the holy cross.

Christian ! dost thou feel them,
 How they work within,
 Striving, tempting, luring,
 Goading into sin ?
 Christian ! never tremble ;
 Never be down cast ;
 Gird thee for the battle,
 Watch and pray and fast.

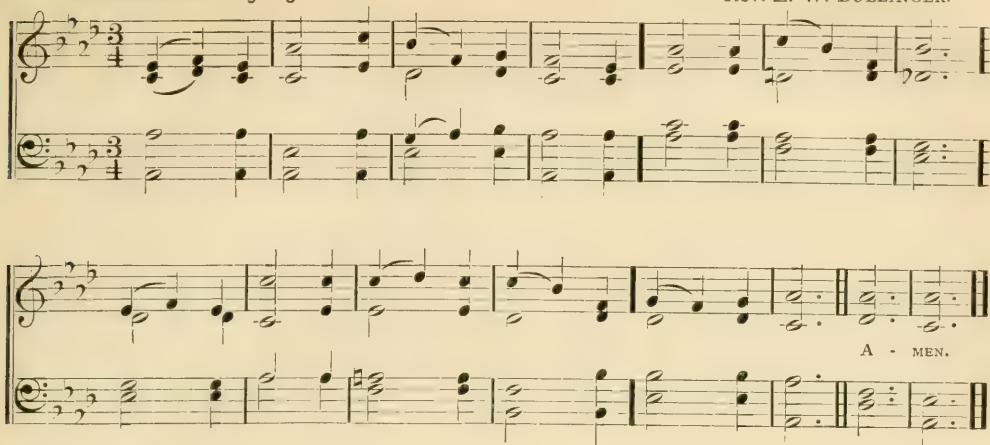
Christian ! dost thou hear them,
 How they speak thee fair, —
 "Always fast and vigil,
 Always watch and prayer ?"
 Christian ! answer boldly :
 "While I breathe I pray !"
 Peace shall follow battle,
 Night shall end in day.

"Well I know thy trouble.
 O my servant true ;
 Thou art very weary,
 I was weary too ;
 But that toil shall make thee
 Some day all mine own,
 And the end of sorrow
 Shall be near my throne."

St. Andrew of Crete, d. 732. Tr. J. Mason Neale.

GENEVA. 8.5:8.3.

Rev. E. W. BULLINGER.



A - MEN.

503.

"If we love one another, God dwelleth in us, and his love is perfected in us."

WHEN thy heart, with joy o'erflowing,
 Sings a thankful prayer,
 In thy joy, oh, let thy brother
 With thee share.

When the harvest-sheaves ingathered
 Fill thy barns with store,
 To thy God and to thy brother
 Give the more.

If thy soul, with power uplifted,
 Yearn for glorious deed, —
 Give thy strength to serve thy brother
 In his need.

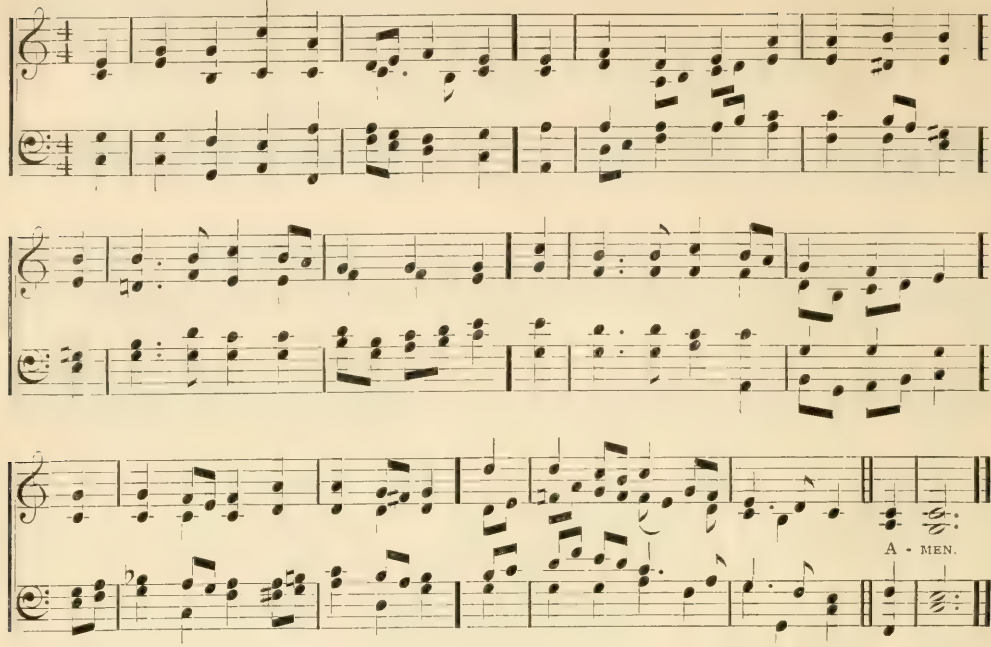
Hast thou borne a secret sorrow
 In thy lonely breast?
 Take to thee thy sorrowing brother
 For a guest.

Share with him thy bread of blessing,
 Sorrow's burden share;
 When thy heart enfolds a brother,
 God is there.

Theodore C. Williams.

BARRINGTON. L.M. Six lines.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



504.

"A living sacrifice, holy, acceptable unto God, which is your reasonable service."

O God, what offering shall I give
To thee, the Lord of earth and skies?
My spirit, soul, and flesh receive,
A holy, living sacrifice;
Small as it is, 'tis all my store;
More shouldst thou have, if I had more.

Now, then, my God, thou hast my soul;
No longer mine, but thine I am;
Guard thou thine own, possess it whole!
Cheer it with hope, with love inflame!
Thou hast my spirit; there display
Thy glory to the perfect day.

Thou hast my flesh, thy hallowed shrine,
Devoted solely to thy will;
Here let thy light forever shine;

This house still let thy presence fill;
O Source of Life — live, dwell, and move
In me, till all my life be love!

Send down thy likeness from above,
And let this my adorning be:
Clothe me with wisdom, patience, love,
With lowliness and purity;
Than gold and pearls more precious far,
And brighter than the morning star.

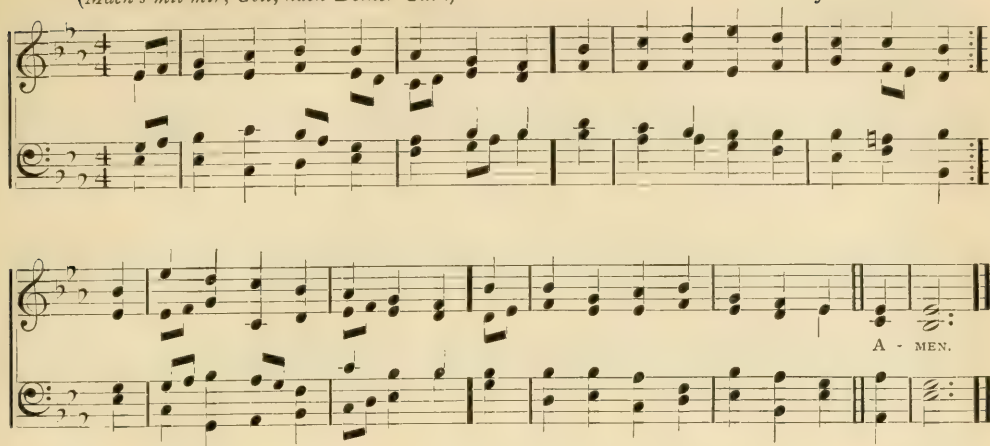
Lord, arm me with thy Spirit's might,
Since I am called by thy great name;
In thee let all my thoughts unite,
Of all my works be thou the aim;
Thy love attend me all my days,
And my sole business be thy praise! AMEN.

Joachim Lange (1670-1744).

Tr. by John Wesley.

WISMAR. L.M. Six lines.*(Mach's mit mir, Gott, nach Deiner Güte.)*

J. H. SCHEIN.

**505.***"If any man will come after me, let him deny himself, and take up his cross, and follow me."*

"RISE, follow me," our Master saith,
 "All ye who make my yoke your choice ;
 Deny yourselves, be true to death,
 Follow where'er ye hear my voice ;
 Forsake the world, nor count it loss,
 Tread in my steps, and bear my cross.

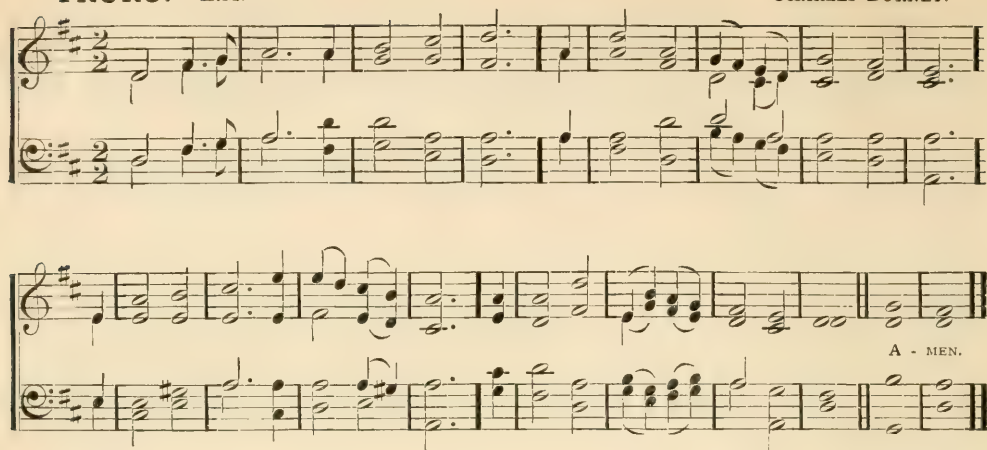
"Though heavy it may seem, yet think
 I went before, I still am near,
 I fought the fight, and did not shrink,
 I trod the path of suffering here ;
 My banner still is in the field,
 Would ye, faint hearts, then fly or yield?"

Then let us follow thee, dear Lord,
 As thy true servants did of old,
 Forsaking all things at thy word,
 In suffering calm, in danger bold ;
 'Tis only he who wins the fight
 May hope to wear their crown of light.

Johann Scheffler (Angelus Silesius). Tr. by Catherine Winkworth.

TRURO. L.M.

CHARLES BURNEY.



A - MEN.

506.

God our Strength.

AWAKE, our souls ; away, our fears ;
 Let every trembling thought be gone ;
 Awake, and run the heavenly race,
 And put a cheerful courage on.

True, 't is a strait and thorny road,
 And mortal spirits tire and faint ;
 But they forget the mighty God
 That feeds the strength of every saint, —

The mighty God, whose matchless power
 Is ever new and ever young,
 And firm endures while endless years
 Their everlasting circles run.

From thee, the overflowing spring,
 Our souls shall drink a fresh supply,
 While such as trust their native strength
 Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
 We 'll mount aloft to thine abode ;
 On wings of love our souls shall fly,
 Nor tire amidst the heavenly road.

Isaac Watts.

507.

The Soldiers of the Cross.

THOU Lord of Hosts, whose guiding hand
 Has brought us here, before thy face, —
 Our spirits wait for thy command,
 Our silent hearts implore thy peace.

Those spirits lay their noblest powers,
 As offerings, on thy holy shrine :
 Thine was the strength that nourished ours ;
 The soldiers of the Cross are thine.

While watching on our arms at night,
 We saw thine angels round us move ;
 We heard thy call, we felt thy light,
 And followed trusting to thy love.

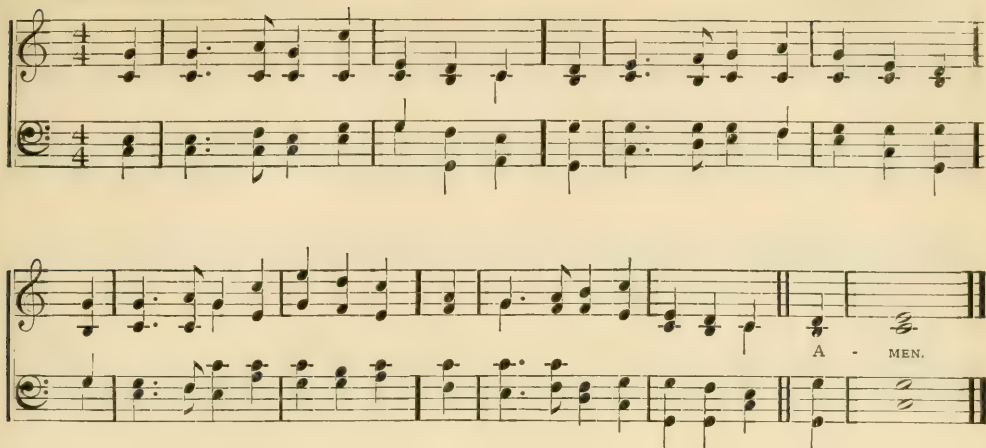
Send us where'er thou wilt, O Lord !
 Through rugged toil and wearying fight :
 Thy conquering love shall be our sword,
 And faith in thee our truest might.

Send down thy constant aid, we pray ;
 Be thy pure angels with us still ;
 Thy truth, — be that our firmest stay ;
 Our only rest, to do thy will. AMEN.

O. B. Frothingham. 1847.

ALSTONE. L.M.

C. E. WILLING.



508.

"Whatsoever ye do."

FORTH in thy name, O Lord, I go,
My daily labor to pursue ;
Thee, only thee, resolved to know,
In all I think, or speak, or do.

The task thy wisdom hath assigned,
Oh, let me cheerfully fulfil !
In all my works thy presence find,
And prove thine acceptable will.

Preserve me from my calling's snare,
And hide my simple heart above, —
Above the thorns of choking care,
The gilded baits of worldly love.

Thee may I set at my right hand,
Whose eyes my inmost substance see ;
And labor on at thy command,
And offer all my works to thee.

Give me to bear thy easy yoke,
And every moment watch and pray ;
And still to things eternal look,
And hasten to thy glorious day.

For thee delightfully employ
Whate'er thy bounteous grace hath given ;
And run my course with even joy,
And closely walk with thee to heaven.

Charles Wesley.

509.

A Happy Life.

How happy is he born and taught,
Who serveth not another's will ;
Whose armor is his honest thought,
And simple truth his utmost skill !

Whose passions not his masters are ;
Whose soul is still prepared for death,
Not tied unto the world by care
Of public fame or private breath ;

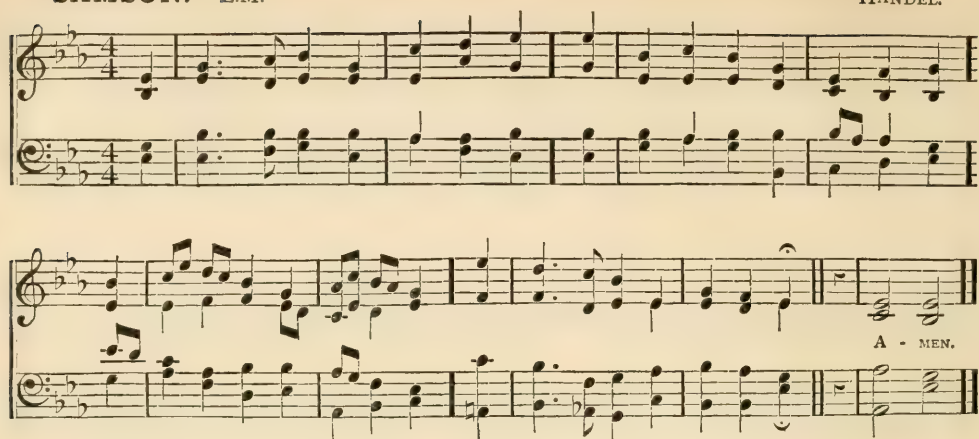
Who hath his life from rumors freed,
Whose conscience is his strong retreat,
Whose state can neither flatterers feed,
Nor ruin make oppressors great ;

This man is freed from servile bands
Of hope to rise or fear to fall ;
Lord of himself, though not of lands,
And having nothing, yet hath all.

Sir Henry Wotton.

SAMSON. L.M.

HÄNDEL.



510.

The Christian Warfare.

AWAKE my soul ! lift up thine eyes ;
 See where thy foes against thee rise,
 In long array, a numerous host !
 Awake, my soul, or thou art lost.

Here giant Danger threatening stands,
 Mustering his pale terrific bands ;
 There Pleasure's silken banners spread,
 And willing souls are captive led.

See where rebellious passions rage,
 And fierce desires and lusts engage ;
 The meanest foe of all the train
 Has thousands and ten thousands slain.

Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground ;
 Perils and snares beset thee round ;
 Beware of all, guard every part,
 But most the traitor in thy heart.

Come, then, my soul, now learn to wield
 The weight of thine immortal shield ;
 Put on the armor from above,
 Of heavenly truth and heavenly love.

The terror and the charm repel,
 And powers of earth, and powers of hell :
 The Man of Calvary triumphed here ;
 Why should his faithful followers fear ?

Anna Lætitia Barbauld. 1772.

511.

The Christian Soldier.

THE Christian warrior, — see him stand
 In the whole armor of his God !
 The Spirit's sword is in his hand,
 His feet are with the gospel shod ;

In panoply of truth complete,
 Salvation's helmet on his head,
 With righteousness, a breastplate meet,
 And faith's broad shield before him spread

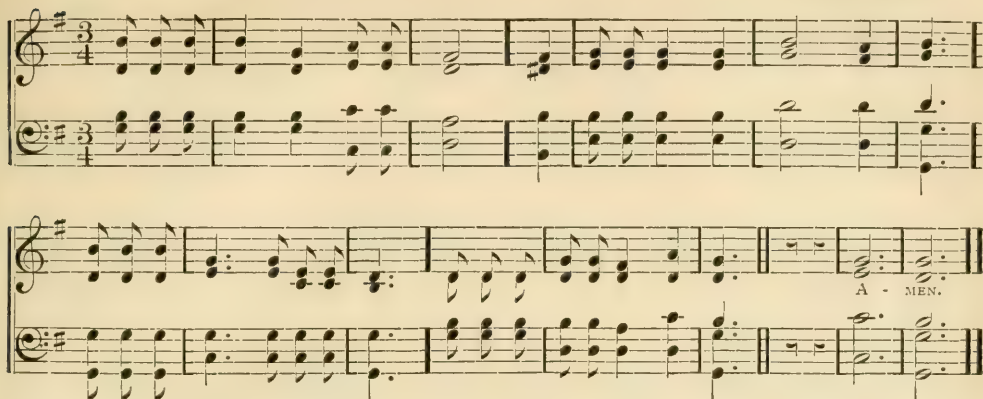
With this omnipotence he moves,
 From this the alien armies flee ;
 Till more than conqueror he proves,
 Through God, who gives him victory.

Thus strong in his Redeemer's strength,
 Sin, death, and hell he tramples down ;
 Fights the good fight ; and wins at length,
 Through mercy, an immortal crown.

James Montgomery.

MISSIONARY CHANT. L.M.

CHARLES ZEUNER.

**512.** *"To thy tents, O Israel."*

O ISRAEL, to thy tents repair !
 Why thus secure on hostile ground ?
 Thy Lord commands thee to beware,
 For many foes thy camp surround.
 Oh, sleep not thou, as others do ;
 Awake, be vigilant, be brave ;
 The coward and the sluggard too
 Must wear the fetters of the slave.
 A nobler lot is cast for thee ;
 A crown awaits thee in the skies ;
 With such a hope shall Israel flee,
 And yield through weariness the prize ?

No ; let a careless world repose,
 And slumber on through life's short day,
 While Israel to the conflict goes,
 And bears the glorious prize away.

Thomas Kelly.

513. *"Through God we shall do valiantly."*

My tempted soul, arise and fight !
 Round thee are perils of the night ;
 Sleep not, but rouse thee for the war,
 Nor shrink from pain, and wound, and scar.
 Do snares lie all thy path along ?
 And are these spells for thee too strong ?
 Up then, and grasp the hand divine,
 Take that almighty hand in thine.

Does conscious weakness cast thee down ?
 What ! dost thou think thyself alone ?
 Know'st thou not One who by thy side
 Doth ever stand, whate'er betide ?

His is an arm that cannot fail,
 Whatever foe may thee assail ;
 His is a love that changes not ;
 Trust him, thou shalt not be forgot.

Be still, be still, my throbbing heart,
 The strong One will his strength impart ;
 Firm clasp his hand who claspeth thine,
 No power shall e'er that clasp untwine.

Horatius Bonar.

514. *"Choose ye this day whom ye will serve"*

MAY I resolve with all my heart,
 With all my powers, to serve the Lord,
 Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
 Whose service is a rich reward.

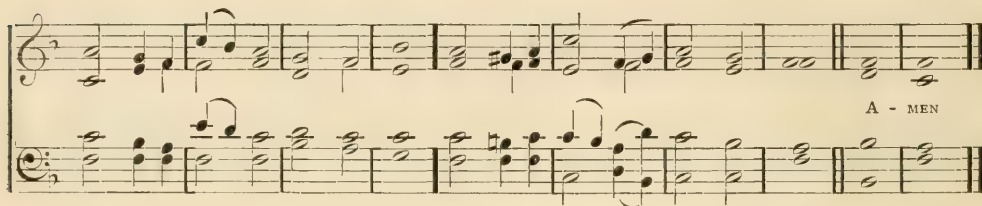
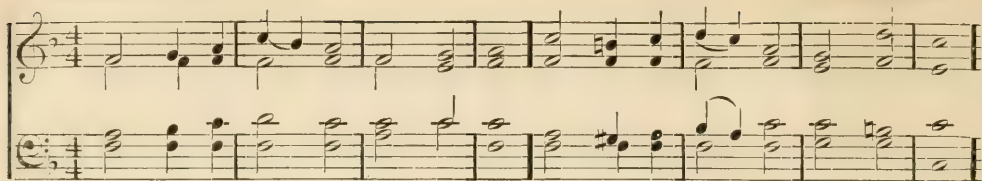
Be this the purpose of my soul,
 My solemn, my determined choice,
 To yield to his supreme control,
 And in his kind commands rejoice.

Oh, may I never faint nor tire,
 Nor, wandering, leave his sacred ways ;
 Great God, accept my soul's desire,
 And give me strength to live thy praise. AMEN.

Anne Steele.

HUMILITY. L.M.

S. P. TUCKERMAN.



515. "Behold, how good and how pleasant it is for brethren to dwell together in unity!"

How blest the sacred tie that binds,
In union sweet, according minds;
How swift the heavenly course they run,
Whose hearts, whose faith, whose hopes are one!

To each the soul of each how dear!
What jealous love, what holy fear!
How doth the generous flame within
Refine from earth, and cleanse from sin!

Together both they seek the place
Where God reveals his awful face;
How high, how strong, their raptures swell,
There's none but kindred souls can tell.

Nor shall the glowing flame expire,
When nature droops her sickening fire;
Then shall they meet in realms above;
A heaven of joy, a heaven of love!

Anna L. Barbauld.

516. "This one thing I do, . . . I press toward the mark."

SILENT, like men in solemn haste,
Girded wayfarers of the waste,
We press along the narrow road
That leads to life, to bliss, to God.

We fling aside the weight and sin,
Resolved the victory to win;
No shrinking from the desperate fight,
No thought of yielding or of flight;

No love of present gain or ease,
No seeking man or self to please;
With the brave heart and steady eye,
We onward march to victory.

What though with weariness oppressed?
'T is but a little, and we rest;
Finished the toil, — the race is run!
The battle fought, — the field is won!

Horatius Bonar.

517. "Lay hold on eternal life, wherunto thou art also called."

Now let our souls on wings sublime
Rise from the vanities of time;
Draw back the parting veil, and see
The glories of eternity.

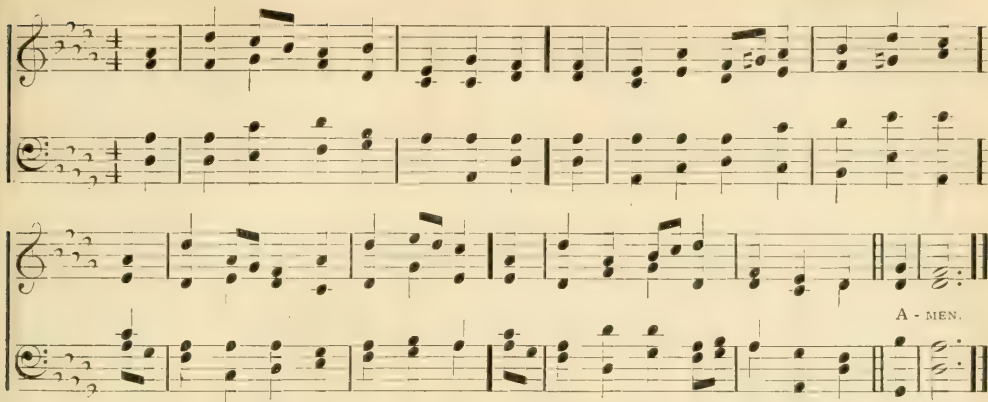
Shall aught beguile us on the road,
While we are walking back to God?
For strangers into life we come,
And dying is but going home.

To dwell with God, to feel His love,
Is the full heaven enjoyed above;
And the sweet expectation now
Is the young dawn of heaven below.

Thomas Gibbons.

FESTUS. L.M.

From the German



A - MEN.

518. *"The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil."*

Go forth to life, O child of earth !
Still mindful of thy heavenly birth ;
Thou art not here for ease, or sin,
But manhood's noble crown to win.
Though passion's fires are in thy soul,
Thy spirit can their flames control ;
Though tempters strong beset thy way,
Thy spirit is more strong than they.

Go on from innocence of youth
To manly pureness, manly truth ;
God's angels still are near to save,
And God himself doth help the brave.

Then forth to life, O child of earth !
Be worthy of thy heavenly birth !
For noble service thou art here ;
Thy brothers help, thy God reverse !

William Roscoe.
Samuel Longfellow.

519. *"Go, work to-day in my vineyard."*

Go, labor on ; spend and be spent, —
Thy joy to do the Father's will :
It is the way the Master went ;
Should not the servant tread it still ?
Go, labor on ; 't is not for nought ;
Thine earthly loss is heavenly gain :
Men heed thee, love thee, praise thee not ;
The Master praises, — what are men ?

Go, labor on ; enough, while here,
If he shall praise thee ; if he deign
Thy willing heart to mark and cheer,
No toil for him shall be in vain.

Toil on, and in thy toil rejoice ;
For toil, comes rest ; for exile, home.
Soon shalt thou hear the Bridegroom's voice,
The midnight peal, Behold I come.

Horatius Bonar.

520. *"The Lord God hath given me the tongue of the learned, that I should know how to speak a word in season to him that is weary."*

LORD, speak to me, that I may speak
In living echoes of thy tone ;
As thou hast sought, so let me seek
Thy erring children lost and lone.

Oh, give thine own sweet rest to me,
That I may speak with soothing power
A word in season, as from thee,
To weary ones in needful hour.

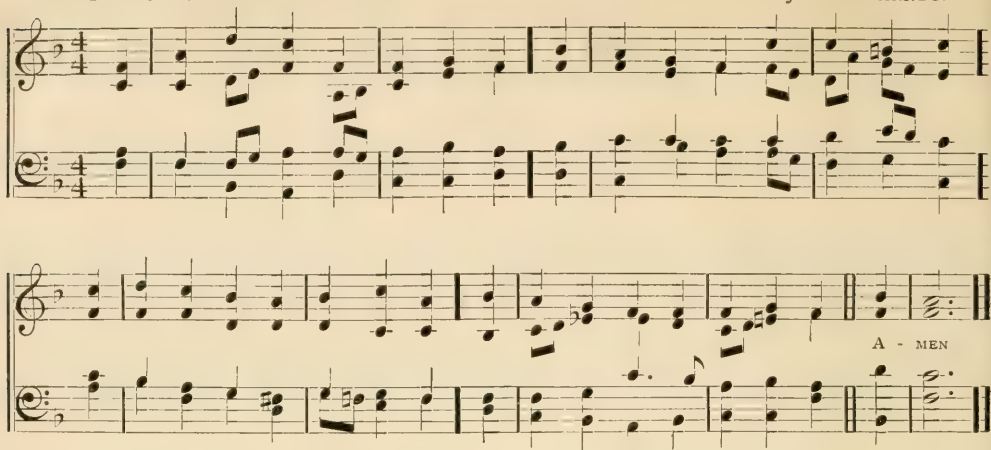
Oh, fill me with thy fulness, Lord,
Until my very heart o'erflow
In kindling thought and glowing word,
Thy love to tell, thy praise to show.

Oh, use me, Lord, use even me,
Just as thou wilt, and when, and where ;
Until thy blessed face I see,
Thy rest, thy joy, thy glory share. AMEN.

Frances R. Havergal.

LITLINGTON TOWER. L.M.

Sir JOSEPH BARNEY.

521. *"Look on the fields, for they are white already to harvest."*

ABIDE not in the realm of dreams,
O man, however fair it seems ;
But with clear eye the present scan,
And hear the call of God and man.

Think not in sleep to fold thy hands,
Forgetful of thy Lord's commands :
From duty's claim no life is free, —
Behold, to-day hath need of thee.

Thrust in thy sickle, nor delay
The work that calls for thee to-day ;
To-morrow, if it come, will bear
Its own demands of toil and care.

The present hour allots thy task :
For present strength and patience ask,
And trust his love whose sure supplies
Meet all thy needs as they arise.

While the day lingers, do thy best !
Full soon the night will bring its rest ;
And, duty done, that rest shall be
Full of beatitudes to thee.

William Henry Burleigh.

522. *"See that thou make all things according to the pattern showed to thee in the mount."*

NOR always on the mount may we
Rapt in the heavenly vision be ;
The shores of thought and feeling know
The Spirit's tidal ebb and flow.

Lord, it is good abiding here —
We cry, the heavenly presence near :
The vision vanishes, our eyes
Are lifted into vacant skies !

Yet hath one such exalted hour
Upon the soul redeeming power,
And in its strength through after days
We travel our appointed ways ;

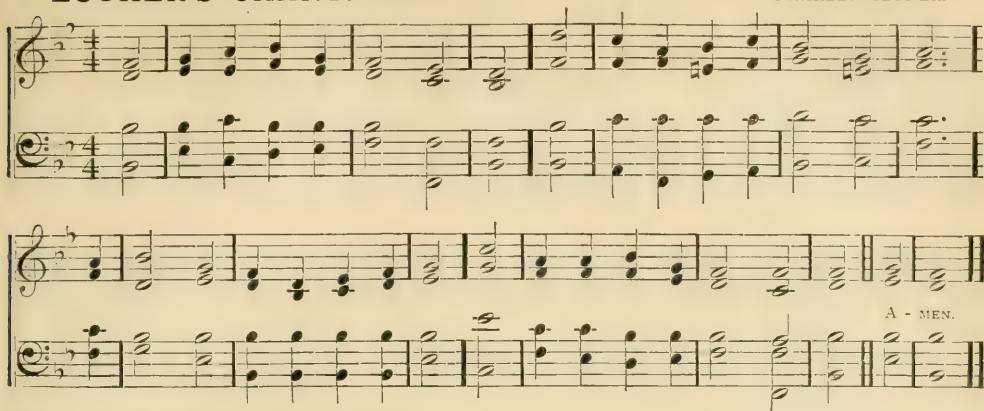
Till all the lowly vale grows bright
Transfigured in remembered light,
And in untiring souls we bear
The freshness of the upper air.

The mount for vision, — but below
The paths of daily duty go,
And nobler life therein shall own
The pattern on the mountain shown.

Frederick L. Hosmer.

LUTHER'S CHANT. L.M.

CHARLES ZEUNER.



523.

"Be ye doers of the word, and not hearers only."

So let our lips and lives express
The holy gospel we profess ;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honors of our Saviour God,
When his salvation reigns within
And grace subdues the power of sin.

Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride ;
While justice, temperance, truth, and love
Our inward piety approve.

Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope, —
The bright appearance of the Lord ;
And faith stands leaning on his word.

Isaac Watts.

524.

"Be ye therefore merciful, as your Father also is merciful."

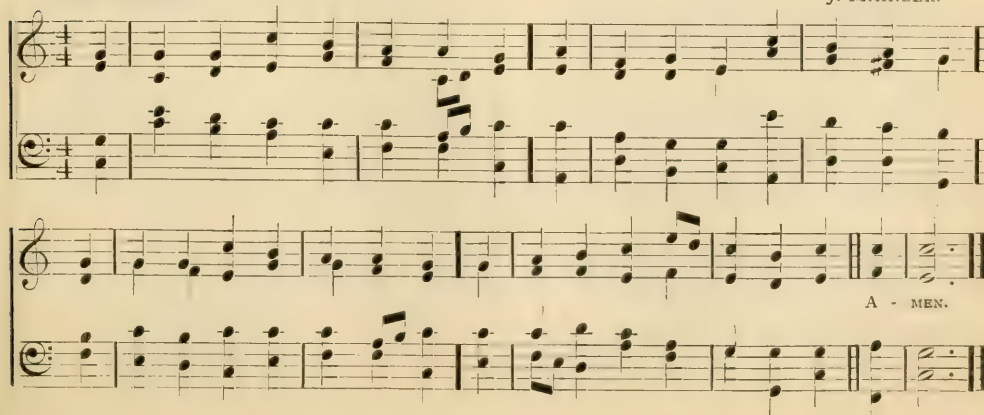
O God, my Father and my King,
Of all I have, or hope, the spring !
Send down thy spirit from above,
And fill my heart with heavenly love.

Let love through all my conduct shine,
An image fair, though faint, of thine ;
Thus let me his disciple prove,
Who came to manifest thy love. AMEN.

Simon Browne.

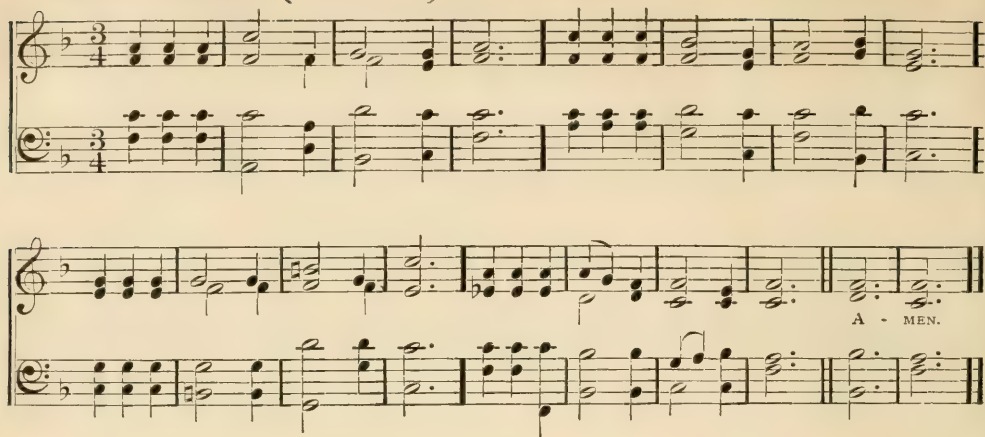
MAINZER. L.M.

J. MAINZER.



WHITBURN. (HESPERUS.) L.M.

Rev. H. BAKER.



525.

"Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee."

O BLESSED life ! the heart at rest
When all without tumultuous seems ;
That trusts a higher will, and deems
That higher will, not mine, the best.

O blessed life ! the mind that sees,
Whatever change the years may bring,
A mercy still in everything,
And shining through all mysteries.

O blessed life ! the soul that soars,
When sense of mortal sight is dim,
Beyond the sense, — beyond, to him
Whose love unlocks the heavenly doors.

O blessed life ! heart, mind, and soul,
From self-born aims and wishes free,
In all at one with Deity,
And loyal to the Lord's control.

O life ! how blessed, how divine !
High life, the earnest of a higher !
Father, fulfil my deep desire,
And let this blessed life be mine. AMEN.

William Tidd Matson.

526.

"Other sheep I have which are not of this fold."

LOOK from thy sphere of endless day,
O God of mercy and of might !
In pity look on those who stray,
Benighted in this land of light.

In peopled vale, in lonely glen,
In crowded mart, by stream or sea,
How many of the sons of men
Hear not the message sent from thee !

Send forth thy heralds, Lord, to call
The thoughtless young, the hardened old,
A wandering flock, and bring them all
To the Good Shepherd's peaceful fold.

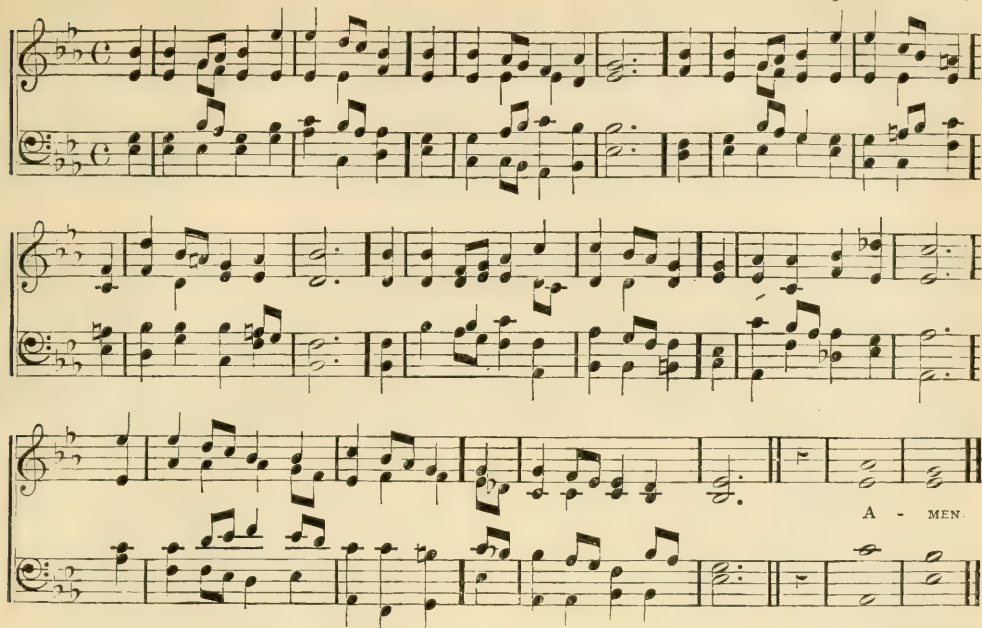
Send them thy mighty word to speak,
Till faith shall dawn and doubt depart,
To awe the bold, to stay the weak,
And bind and heal the broken heart.

Then all these wastes, a dreary scene
On which, with sorrowing eyes, we gaze,
Shall grow with living waters green,
And lift to heaven the voice of praise.

William Cullen Bryant.

EPIPHANY. C.M. Double.

E. J. HOPKINS.



527.

"We are laborers together with God."

O LORD of life, and love, and power,
 How joyful life might be,
 If in thy service every hour
 We lived and moved with thee !
 If youth in all its bloom and might
 By thee were sanctified,
 And manhood found its chief delight
 In working at thy side.

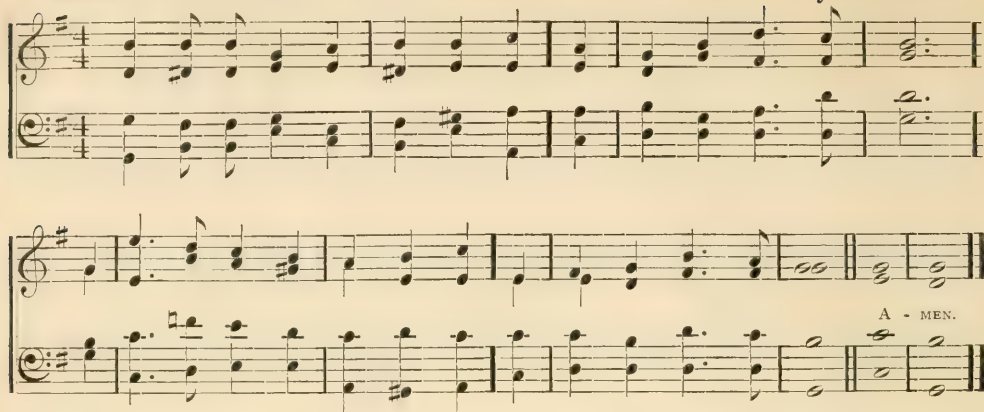
'T is ne'er too late, while life shall last,
 A new life to begin ;
 'T is ne'er too late to leave the past,
 And break with self and sin :
 And we this day, both old and young,
 Would earnestly aspire
 For hearts to nobler purpose strung,
 And purified desire.

Not for ourselves alone we plead,
 But for all faithful souls
 Who serve thy cause by word or deed,
 Whose names thy book enrolls.
 O speed thy work, victorious King !
 And give thy workers might,
 That through the world thy truth may ring,
 And all men see thy light ! AMEN.

Ella S. Armitage.

NOX PRECESSIT. C.M.

J. B. CALKIN.



528.

"Walk in the light."

WALK in the light ! so shalt thou know
That fellowship of love
His Spirit only can bestow,
Who reigns in light above.

Walk in the light ! and thou shalt find
Thy heart made truly his,
Who dwells in cloudless light enshrined,
In whom no darkness is.

Walk in the light ! and e'en the tomb
No fearful shade shall wear ;
Glory shall chase away its gloom,
For Christ hath triumphed there.

Walk in the light ! and thine shall be
A path, though thorny, bright ;
For God, by grace, shall dwell in thee,
And God himself is light.

Bernard Barton.

529.

Isaiah xl. 30, 31.

WALK with the Lord ! along the road
Your strength he will renew !
Wait on the everlasting God,
And he will wait on you.

Ye shall not faint, ye shall not fail,
Still in the Spirit strong :
Each task divine ye still shall hail,
And blend the exulting song.

Aspiring eyes ye still shall raise,
And heights sublime explore ;
Like eagles, ye shall sunward gaze ;
Like eagles, heavenward soar.

Your wondrous portion shall be this,
Your life below, above ;—
Eternal youth, eternal bliss,
And everlasting love.

Thomas H. Gill. 1869.

530. *"Let the beauty of the Lord our God be upon us."*

SHINE on our souls, eternal God,
With rays of beauty shine ;
Oh, let thy favor crown our days,
And all their round be thine.

Did we not raise our hands to thee,
Our hands might toil in vain ;
Small joy success itself could give,
If thou thy love restrain.

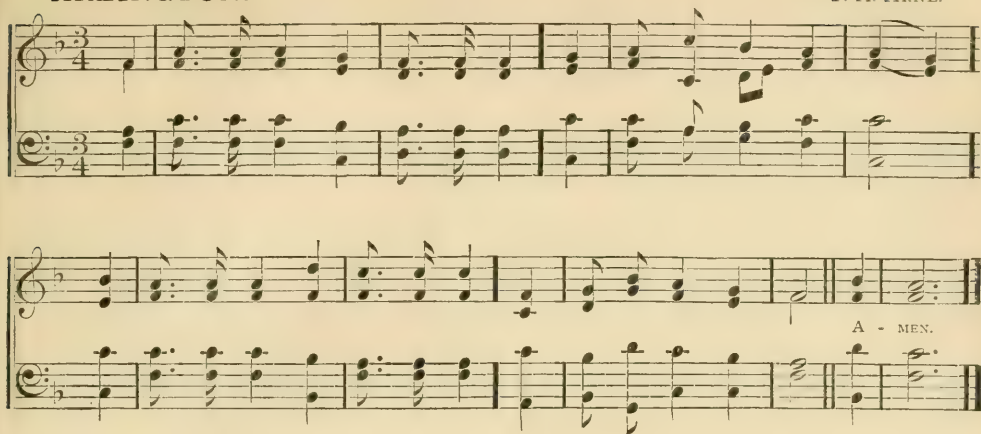
With thee let every week begin,
With thee each day be spent :
For thee each fleeting hour improved,
Since each by thee is lent.

Thus cheer us through this desert road,
Till all our labors cease,
And heaven refresh our weary souls
With everlasting peace. AMEN.

Philip Doddridge.

ARLINGTON. C.M.

T. A. ARNE.



531. "By their fruits ye shall know them."

O THOU who hast thy servants taught,
That not by words alone,
But by the fruits of holiness,
The life of God is shown, —

While in the house of prayer we meet,
And call thee God and Lord,
Give us a heart to follow thee,
Obedient to thy word.

When we our voices lift in praise,
Give thou us grace to bring
An offering of unfeigned thanks,
And with the spirit sing.

And, in the dangerous path of life,
Uphold us as we go ;
That with our lips and in our lives
Thy glory we may show.

Henry Alford.

532. "Such as I have, give I to thee."

MAKE channels for the streams of love,
Where they may broadly run ;
And love has overflowing founts,
To fill them every one.

But if, at any time, we cease
Such channels to provide,
The very founts of love for us
Will soon be parched and dried.

For we must share, if we would keep,
That blessing from above :
Ceasing to give we cease to have, —
Such is the law of love.

Richard Chenevix Trench.

533.

Consecration.

My God, accept my heart this day,
And make it always thine ;
That I from thee no more may stray,
No more from thee decline.

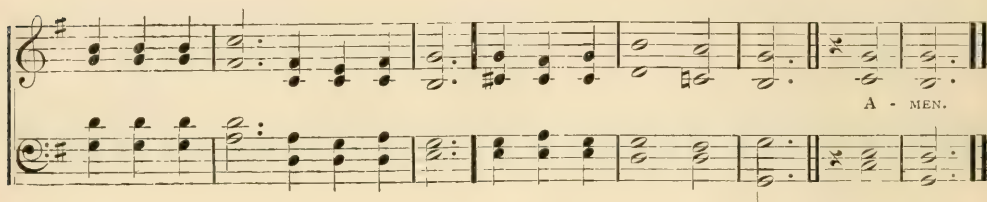
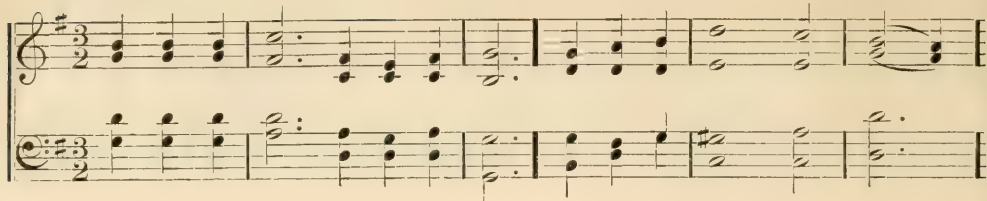
Anoint me with thy heavenly grace,
And seal me for thine own ;
That I may see thy glorious face
And worship at thy throne.

Let every thought and work and word
To thee be ever given :
Then life shall be thy service, Lord,
And death the gate of heaven.

Matthew Bridges.

LAMBETH. C.M.

S. WEBBE. (?)



534.

Made Perfect in Love.

FATHER, united by thy grace,
And each to each endeared,
With confidence we seek thy face,
And know our prayer is heard.

Make us into one spirit drink ;
Baptize into one name ;
And let us always kindly think,
And sweetly speak the same.

Touched by the loadstone of thy love,
Let all our hearts agree ;
And ever toward each other move,
And ever move toward thee.

Grant this, and then from all below
Insensibly remove :
Our souls their change shall scarcely know,
Made perfect first in love !

Yet when the fullest joy is given,
The same delight we prove ;
In earth, in paradise, in heaven,
Our all in all is love.

Charles Wesley.

535.

*"Them hath he filled with wisdom of heart, to
work all manner of work."*

BEHOLD us, Lord, a little space
From daily tasks set free,
And met within thy holy place
To rest awhile with thee.

Around us rolls the ceaseless tide
Of business, toil, and care,
And scarcely can we turn aside
For one brief hour of prayer.

Yet these are not the only walls
Wherein thou mayst be sought ;
On homeliest work thy blessing falls
In truth and patience wrought.

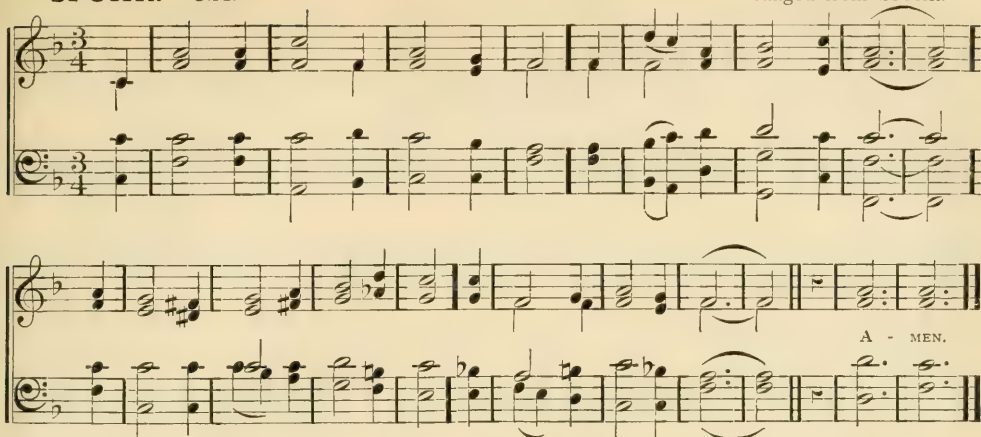
Thine is the loom, the forge, the mart,
The wealth of land and sea ;
The worlds of science and of art
Revealed and ruled by thee.

Work shall be prayer, if all be wrought
As thou wouldst have it done ;
And prayer, by thee inspired and taught,
Itself with work be one.

John Ellerton.

SPOHR. C.M.

Arranged from SPOHR.



536. "Your young men shall see visions"

Is earth too fair, is youth too bright,
To need the smile of heaven?
Have I no deadly foes to fight,
No sins to be forgiven?

Rejoicing, Lord, I seek thy face ;
Sweet, smiling haste I make ;
Thy longing, loving child embrace,
Thy young, glad servant take !

May I not noblest pleasure win
And still thy servant be?
May I not drink thy beauty in
Nor miss thy purity?

May I not through each golden hour
Wait duteous on my God ;
Yes, gather many a fadeless flower
Along the heavenly road?

O awful God of holiness !
I would be all thine own ;
O God of joy ! O God of grace !
I smile before thy throne.

I pray thee not to keep from me
All sorrow and all smart ;
But now I bring my joy to thee ;
Accept this glowing heart ! AMEN.

Thomas H. Gill.

537. "I love them that love me, and they that seek me early shall find me."

WITH sin I would not make abode
While shines each golden hour ;
Nor keep away from thee, my God,
Till falls my blissful bower.

I would not give the world my heart,
And then profess thy love ;
I would not feel my strength depart,
And then thy service prove.

Oh ! not for thee my weak desires,
My poorer, baser part !
Oh ! not for thee my fading fires,
The ashes of my heart !

Lord ! in the fulness of my might
I would for thee be strong ;
While runneth o'er each dear delight,
To thee should soar my song.

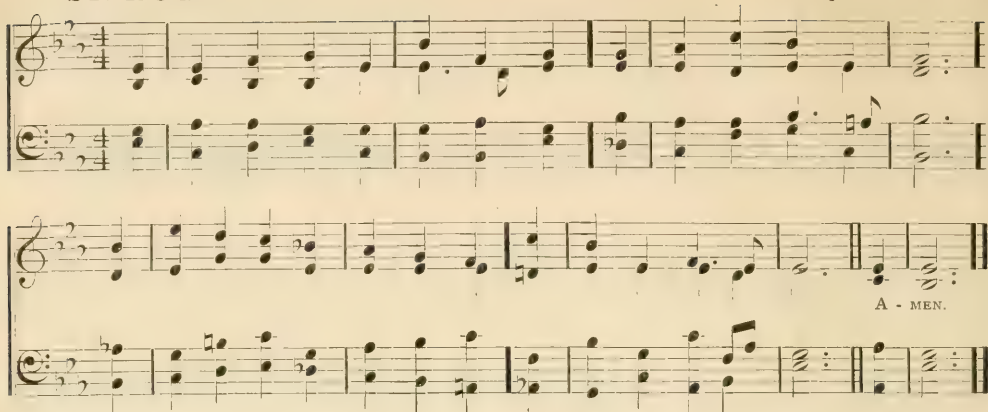
Oh, choose me in my golden time !
In my dear joys have part !
For thee the glory of my prime, —
The fulness of my heart !

I cannot, Lord, too early take
The covenant divine ;
Oh ! ne'er the happy heart may break
Whose earliest love was thine.

Thomas H. Gill.

ST. HUGH. C.M.

E. J. HOPKINS.



538.

"We are seeking the Lord."

O SAINTS of old ! not yours alone
These words most high shall be ;
We take the glory for our own ;
Lord, we are seeking thee.

Not only when ascends the song,
And soundeth sweet the Word ;
Not only 'midst the Sabbath throng
Our souls would seek the Lord.

We mingle with another throng
And other words we speak ;
To other business we belong ;
But still our Lord we seek.

We would not to our daily task
Without our God repair,
But in the world thy presence ask,
And seek thy glory there.

Would we against some wrong be bold
And break some yoke abhorred ?
Amidst the strife and stir behold
The seekers of the Lord.

Yes, we who every yoke would break,
Who every soul would free ;
The world our calling doth mistake :
Lord ! we are seeking thee.

As on thy glorious works we gaze,
Behold thy seekers there !
Our gladness in their beauty raise
To joy in thee, First Fair !

Yes, everywhere, yes, every day
Thy grace is still outpoured ;
We work, we watch, we strive, we pray ;
Behold thy seekers, Lord !

Thomas H. Gil.

539.

"Bear ye one another's burdens, and so fulfil the law of Christ."

HELP us to help each other, Lord,
Each other's cross to bear ;
Let each his friendly aid afford,
And feel his brother's care.

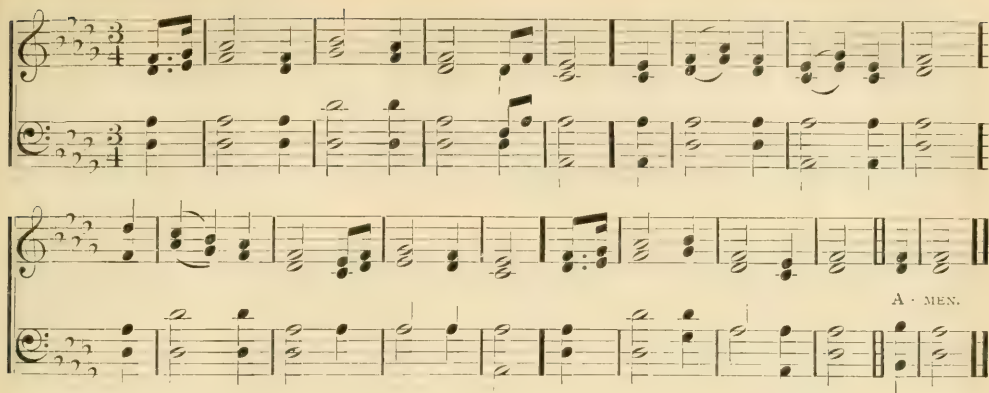
Help us to build each other up,
Our little stock improve ;
Increase our faith, confirm our hope,
And perfect us in love.

Up into thee, our living Head,
Let us in all things grow,
Till thou hast made us free indeed,
And spotless here below. AMEN.

Charles Wesley.

SILOAM. C.M.

I. B. WOODBURY.



540. "O God, thou art my God; early will I seek thee."

By cool Siloam's shady rill
How sweet the lily grows!
How sweet the breath beneath the hill
Of Sharon's dewy rose!

Lo, such the child whose early feet
The paths of peace have trod;
Whose secret heart, with influence sweet,
Is upward drawn to God.

O thou, who givest us life and breath,
We seek thy grace alone,
In childhood, manhood, age, and death,
To keep us still thine own.

Reginald Heber.†

541. "Order my footsteps by thy law."

OH! not alone in saddest plight
My Lord do I require;
Not only in the thickest fight
And in the sevenfold fire:

Not only for some task sublime
Thy succor I implore;
Not only on some solemn time
Thy Holy Spirit pour!

Lord! for each daily task of mine
I want thy quickening power,
I want thy smile away to shine
The trouble of each hour.

I want each joy from thee to spring,
Each joy for thee more bright;
Each footstep of thine ordering,
All light seen in thy light.

Thomas H. Gill.

542. "Under his wings shalt thou trust."

THRICE happy souls, who, born from heaven
While yet they sojourn here,
Thus all their days with God begin,
And spend them in his fear!

'Midst hourly cares may love present
Its incense to thy throne,
And, while the world our hands employs,
Our hearts be thine alone.

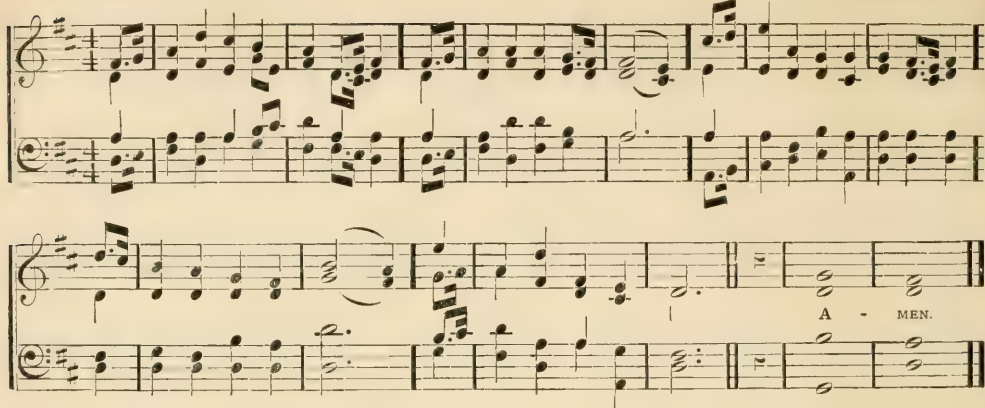
As sanctified to noblest ends,
Be each refreshment sought;
And by each various providence
Some wise instruction brought.

When to laborious duties called,
Or by temptations tried,
We'll seek the shelter of thy wings,
And in thy strength confide. AMEN.

Philip Doddridge.

CHRISTMAS. C.M.

Arranged from HÄNDEL.

543. *"Compass'd about with so great a cloud
of witnesses"*

AWAKE, my soul ; stretch every nerve,
And press with vigor on :
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

A cloud of witnesses around
Hold thee in full survey :
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

'T is God's all-animating voice
That calls thee from on high ;
'T is his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye, —

That prize, with peerless glories bright,
Which shall new lustre boast
When victors' wreaths and monarchs' gems
Shall blend in common dust.

Philip Doddridge. 1755.

544.

"On the Lord's side."

God's trumpet wakes the slumbering world ;
Now, each man to his post !
The red-cross banner is unfurled ;
Who joins the glorious host ?
He who, in fealty to the Truth,
And counting all the cost,
Doth consecrate his generous youth, —
He joins the noble host !

He who, with calm, undaunted will,
Ne'er counts the battle lost,
But, though defeated, battles still, —
He joins the faithful host !

He who is ready for the cross,
The cause despised loves most,
And shuns not pain or shame or loss, —
He joins the martyr host !

Samuel Longfellow.

545.

The Right must win.

WORKMAN of God ! oh, lose not heart
But learn what God is like ;
And in the darkest battle-field
Thou shalt know where to strike.

Thrice blest is he to whom is given
The instinct that can tell
That God is in the field when he
Is most invisible !

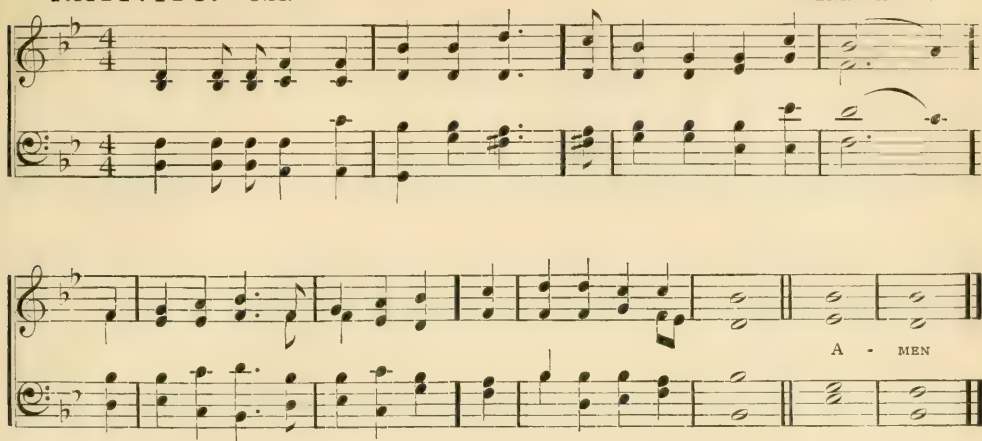
Blest, too, is he who can divine
Where real right doth lie,
And dares to take the side that seems
Wrong to man's blindfold eye !

For right is right, since God is God ;
And right the day must win ;
To doubt would be disloyalty,
To falter would be sin !

Frederick William Faber.

NATIVITY. C.M.

HENRY LAHEE.



546.

"Fight the good fight."

AM I a soldier of the cross,
A follower of the Lamb?
And shall I fear to own his cause,
Or blush to speak his name?

Must I be carried to the skies
On flowery beds of ease,
While others fought to win the prize,
And sailed through bloody seas?

Are there no foes for me to face?
Must not I stem the flood?
Is this vain world a friend to grace,
To help me on to God?

Sure I must fight, if I would reign;
Increase my courage, Lord:
I'll bear the toil, endure the pain,
Supported by thy word.

Thy saints in all this glorious war
Shall conquer, though they die;
They view the triumph from afar,
And seize it with their eye.

When that illustrious day shall rise,
And all thy armies shine
In robes of victory through the skies,
The glory shall be thine.

Isaac Watts. 1709.

547. *"Your life is hid with Christ in God."*

O HAPPY soul, that lives on high,
While men lie grovelling here!
His hopes are fixed above the sky,
And faith forbids his fear.

His conscience knows no secret stings,
While grace and joy combine
To form a life, whose holy springs
Are hidden and divine.

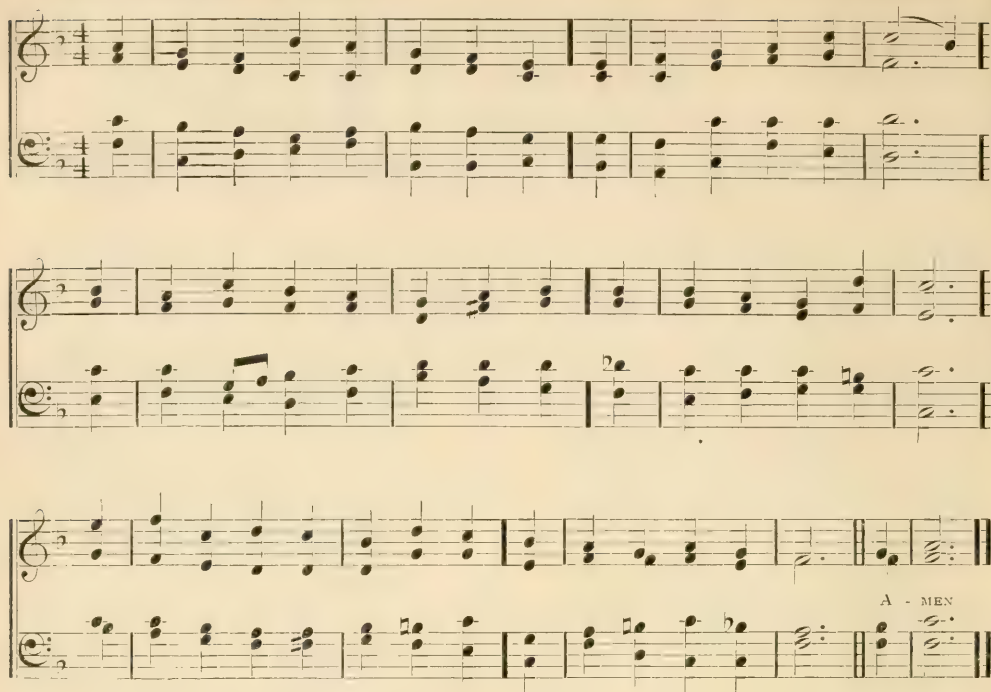
He waits in secret on his God;
His God in secret sees;
Let earth be all in arms abroad,
He dwells in heavenly peace.

His pleasures rise from things unseen,
Beyond this world and time;
Where neither eyes nor ears have been,
Nor thoughts of mortals climb.

Isaac Watts.

ST. SILAS. C.M. Six lines.

J. LANCASTER.



548.

"The Father worketh hitherto, and I work."

DISMISS me not thy service, Lord,
 But train me for thy will ;
 For even I, in fields so broad,
 Some duties may fulfil ;
 And I will ask for no reward
 Except to serve thee still.

How many serve, how many more
 May to the service come !
 To tend the vines, the grapes to store,
 Thou dost appoint for some ;
 Thou hast thy young men at the war,
 Thy little ones at home.

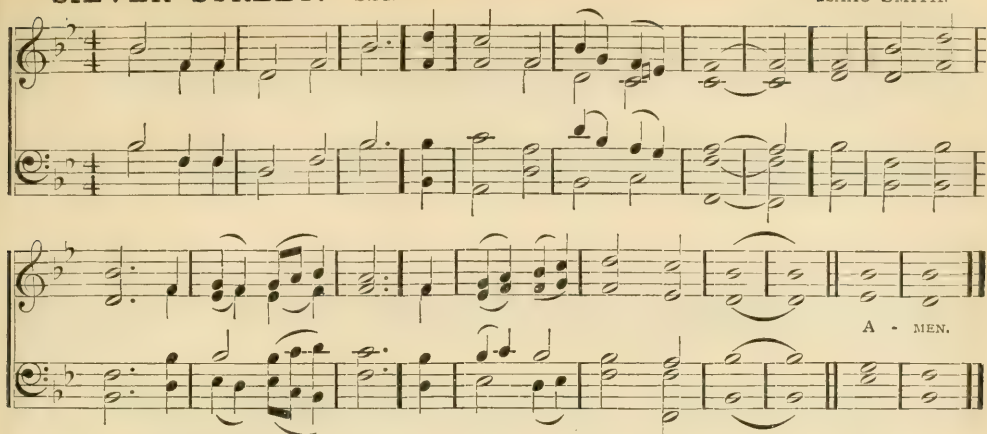
All works are good, and each is best
 As most it pleases thee ;
 Each worker pleases when the rest
 He serves in charity ;
 And neither man nor work unblest
 Wilt thou permit to be.

Our Master all the work hath done
 He asks of us to-day ;
 Sharing his service, every one
 Share too his sonship may ;
 Lord, I would serve and be a son ;
 Dismiss me not, I pray. AMEN.

Thomas T. Lynch.

SILVER STREET. S.M.

ISAAC SMITH.



549. *"If ye know these things, happy are ye if ye do them."*

HAPPY the man who knows
His Master to obey,
Whose life of care and labor flows
Where God points out the way.
He riseth to his task
Soon as the word is given,
Nor waits, nor doth a question ask,
When orders come from heaven.
Nothing he calls his own;
Nothing he hath to say;
His feet are shod for God alone,
And God alone obey.

Give us, O God, this mind,
Which waits for thy command,
And doth its highest pleasure find
In thy great work to stand. AMEN.

Thomas C. Upham.

550. *"Lo, I come to do thy will, O God."*

GOD of the earnest heart,
The trust assured and still,
Thou who our strength forever art, —
We come to do thy will.
Upon that painful road,
By saints serenely trod,
Whereon their hallowing influence flowed,
Would we go forth, O God!

'Gainst doubt and shame and fear
In human hearts to strive,
That all may learn to love and bear,
To conquer self, and live.
No dreams from toil to charm,
No trembling on the tongue, —
Lord, in thy rest may we be calm,
Through thy completeness, strong. AMEN.

Samuel Johnson.

551. *"God loveth a cheerful giver."*

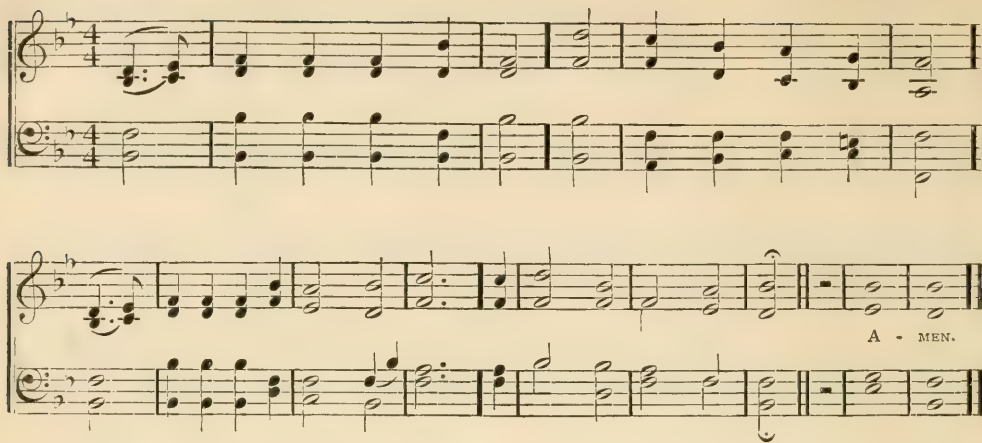
OH praise our God to-day,
His constant mercy bless,
Whose love hath helped us on our way,
And granted us success.
His arm the strength imparts
Our daily toil to bear;
His grace alone inspires our hearts
Each other's load to share.

O happiest work below,
Earnest of joy above,
To sweeten many a cup of woe,
By deeds of holy love!
Lord, may it be our choice
This blessed rule to keep:
"Rejoice with them that do rejoice,
And weep with them that weep." AMEN.

Sir Henry W. Baker.

LABAN. S.M.

LOWELL MASON.



552.

"Watch and pray."

My soul, be on thy guard :
 Ten thousand foes arise ;
 The hosts of sin are pressing hard
 To draw thee from the skies.

Oh, watch and fight and pray !
 The battle ne'er give o'er ;
 Renew it boldly every day,
 And help divine implore.

Ne'er think the victory won,
 Nor once at ease sit down :
 Thy arduous work will not be done
 Till thou obtain thy crown.

Fight on, my soul, till death
 Shall bring thee to thy God :
 He'll take thee, at thy parting breath,
 Up to his blest abode.

George Heath.

My soul shall then, like thine,
 Abhor the thing unclean,
 And, sanctified by love divine,
 Forever cease from sin.

That blessed law of thine.
 Father, to me impart ;
 The Spirit's law of life divine,
 Oh, write it on my heart !

Implant it deep within,
 Whence it may ne'er remove, —
 The law of liberty from sin,
 The perfect law of love.

Thy nature be my law,
 Thy spotless sanctity ;
 And sweetly every moment draw
 My happy soul to thee. AMEN.

Charles Wesley

553.

"Renew a right spirit within me."

THE thing my God doth hate,
 That I may no more do,
 Thy creature, Lord, again create,
 And all my soul renew :

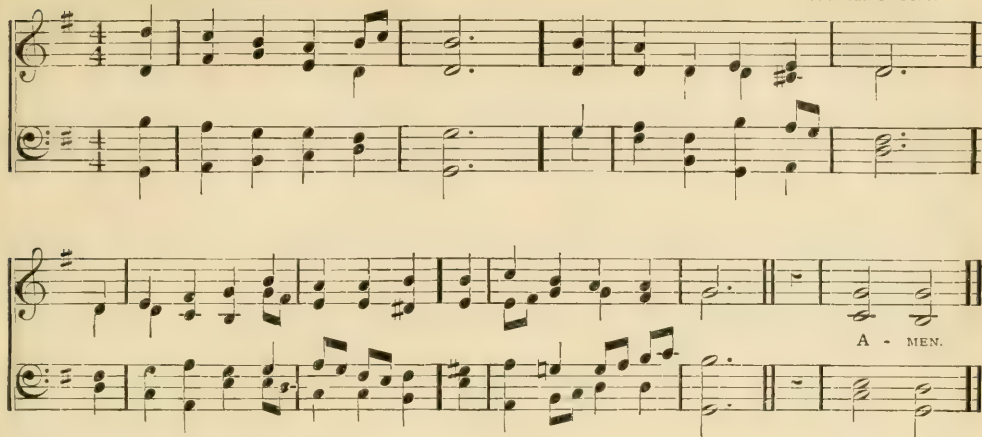
554.

*"As every man hath received the gift even
 so minister the same one to another."*

WE give thee but thine own,
 Whate'er the gift may be :
 All that we have is thine alone,
 A trust, O Lord, from thee.

ST. ETHELWALD. S.M.

W. H. MONK.



May we thy bounties thus
As stewards true receive,
And gladly, as thou blestest us,
To thee our first-fruits give.

Oh, hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold,
And lambs for whom the Shepherd bled
Are straying from the fold !

To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless
Is angels' work below.

The captive to release,
To God the lost to bring,
To teach the way of life and peace,
It is a Christlike thing.

And we believe thy word,
Though dim our faith may be ;
Whate'er for thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto thee.

William Walsham How.

555.

*"The fruit of the Spirit is love, joy,
peace."*

LORD of the hearts of men,
Thou hast vouchsafed to bless,
From age to age, thy chosen saints,
With fruits of holiness.

Here faith and hope and love
Reign in sweet bond allied ;
There, when the little day is o'er,
Shall love alone abide.

O Love, O Truth, O Light !
Light never to decay ;
O rest from thousand labors past,
O endless Sabbath day !

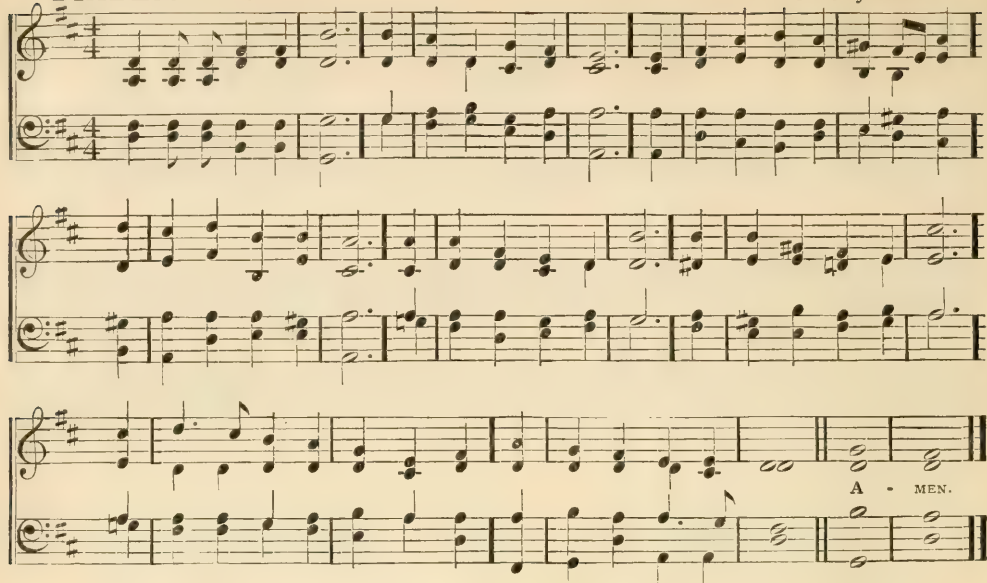
Here amid cares and tears,
Bearing the seed we come ;
There with rejoicing hearts we bring
Our harvest burdens home.

Give, mighty Lord divine,
The fruits thyself dost love ;
Soon shalt thou, from thy judgment-seat,
Crown thine own gifts above.

Paris Breviary. Tr. James Russell Woodford.

DIADEMATA. S.M. Double.

Sir G. J. ELVEY.



556.

*"First the blade, then the ear, after that,
the full corn in the ear."*

Sow in the morn thy seed,
At eve hold not thy hand ;
To doubt and fear give thou no heed,
Broadcast it o'er the land.
Beside all waters sow,
The highway furrows stock,
Drop it where thorns and thistles grow,
Scatter it on the rock.

The good, the fruitful ground
Expect not here nor there ;
O'er hill and dale by plots 't is found ;
Go forth, then, everywhere.
Thou know'st not which may thrive,
The late or early sown ;
Grace keeps the precious germs alive
When and wherever strown.

And duly shall appear
In verdure, beauty, strength,
The tender blade, the stalk, the ear,
And the full corn at length.

Thou canst not toil in vain ;
Cold, heat, the moist and dry,
Shall foster and mature the grain
For garners in the sky.

James Montgomery.

557.

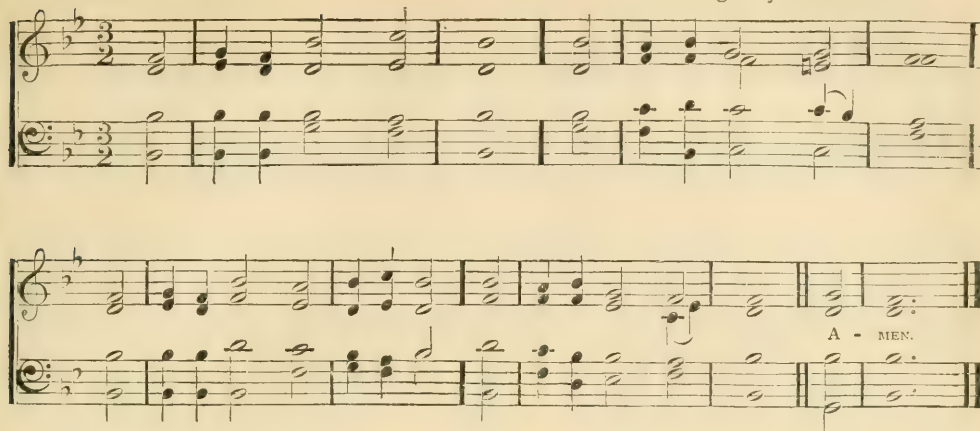
*"Bear ye another's burdens, and so
fulfil the law of Christ."*

COME, brethren, let us go !
Our Father is our guide ;
And, when the way grows steep and dark,
He journeys at our side.
Our spirits he would cheer ;
The sunshine of his love
Revives and helps us as we rove ;
Ah, blest our lot e'en here !
Come, brethren, let us go :
We travel hand in hand ;
Each in his brother finds his joy
In this wild stranger land.
The strong be quick to raise
The weaker when they fall ;
Let love and peace and patience bloom
In ready help for all.

Gerhard Tersteegen. Tr. Catherine Winkworth.

OLMUTZ. S.M.

Arranged by LOWELL MASON.



558.

"Be ye therefore ready."

YE servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of his heavenly word,
And watchful at his gate.

Let all your lamps be bright,
And trim the golden flame :
Gird up your loins, as in his sight,
For awful is his name.

Watch : 't is your Lord's command ;
And while we speak, he 's near ;
Mark the first signal of his hand,
And ready all appear.

O happy servant he,
In such a posture found !
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

Philip Doddridge.

559.

"A charge to keep."

A CHARGE to keep I have,
A God to glorify,
A never dying soul to save,
And fit it for the sky ;

To serve the present age,
My calling to fulfil :
Oh, may it all my powers engage
To do my Master's will !

Arm me with jealous care,
As in thy sight to live ;
And oh, thy servant, Lord, prepare
A strict account to give. AMEN.

Charles Wesley.

560.

"Do all to the glory of God."

TEACH me, my God and King,
In all things thee to see ;
And what I do in anything,
To do it as for thee.

To scorn the senses' sway,
While still to thee I tend ;
In all I do, be thou the way, —
In all be thou the end.

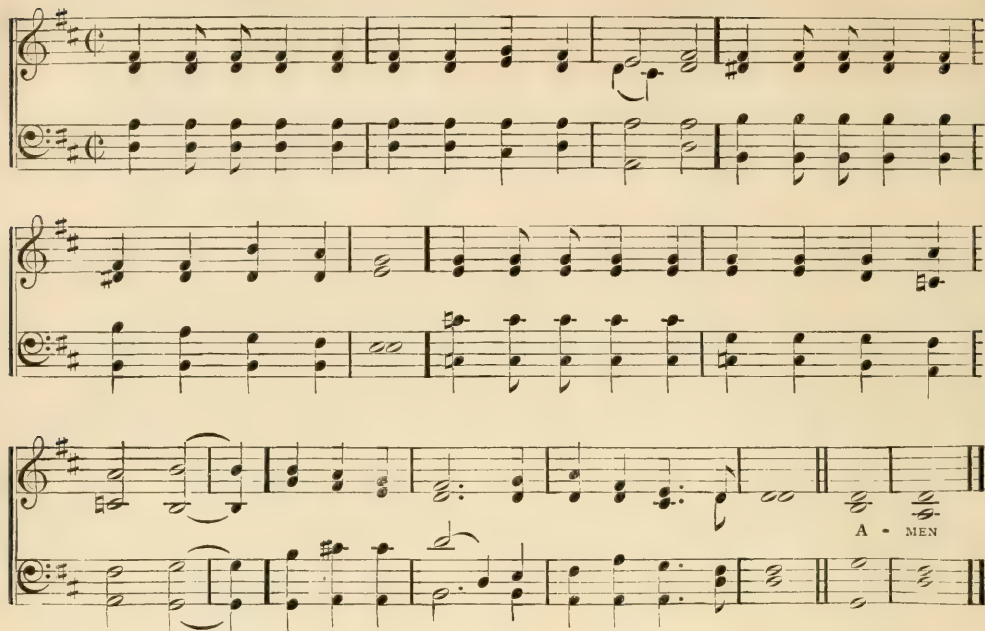
All may of thee partake :
Nothing so small can be,
But draws, when acted for thy sake,
Greatness and worth from thee.

If done beneath thy laws,
E'en servile labors shine :
Hallowed is toil if this the cause,
The meanest work divine.

George Herbert. †

NEWNHAM. 11.10:11.10.

Sir JOSEPH BARNEY.



561.

"Thou shalt hide them in the secret of thy presence from the pride of man; thou shalt keep them secretly in a pavilion from the strife of tongues."

WHEN winds are raging o'er the upper ocean,
And billows wild contend with angry roar,
'T is said, far down beneath the wild commo-
tion,
That peaceful stillness reigneth evermore.

Far, far beneath, the noise of tempest dieth,
And silver waves chime ever peacefully,
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it
flieth,
Disturbs the Sabbath of that deeper sea.

So to the heart that knows thy love, O Purest,
There is a temple sacred evermore!
And all the babble of life's angry voices
Dies in hushed stillness at its peaceful
door.

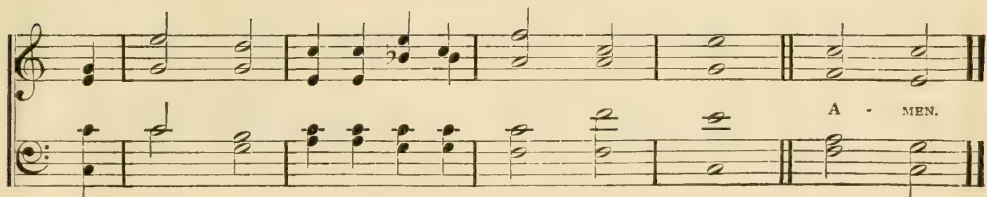
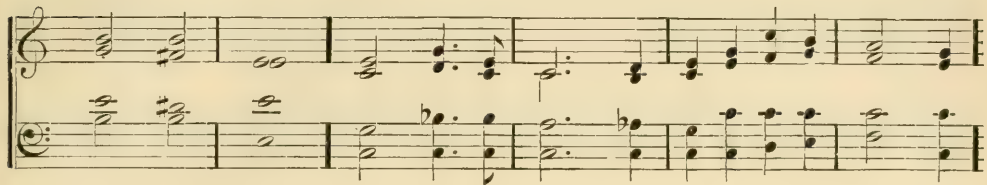
Far, far away, the roar of passion dieth,
And loving thoughts rise calm and peace-
fully;
And no rude storm, how fierce soe'er it flieth,
Disturbs the soul that dwells, O Lord! in
thee.

O rest of rests! O peace serene, eternal!
Thou ever livest, and thou changest never;
And in the secret of thy presence dwelleth
Fullness of joy, for ever and for ever.

Harriet Beecher Stowe.

DAWN. 11.10: 11.10.

Sir JOHN STAINER.



562.

"He giveth power to the faint."

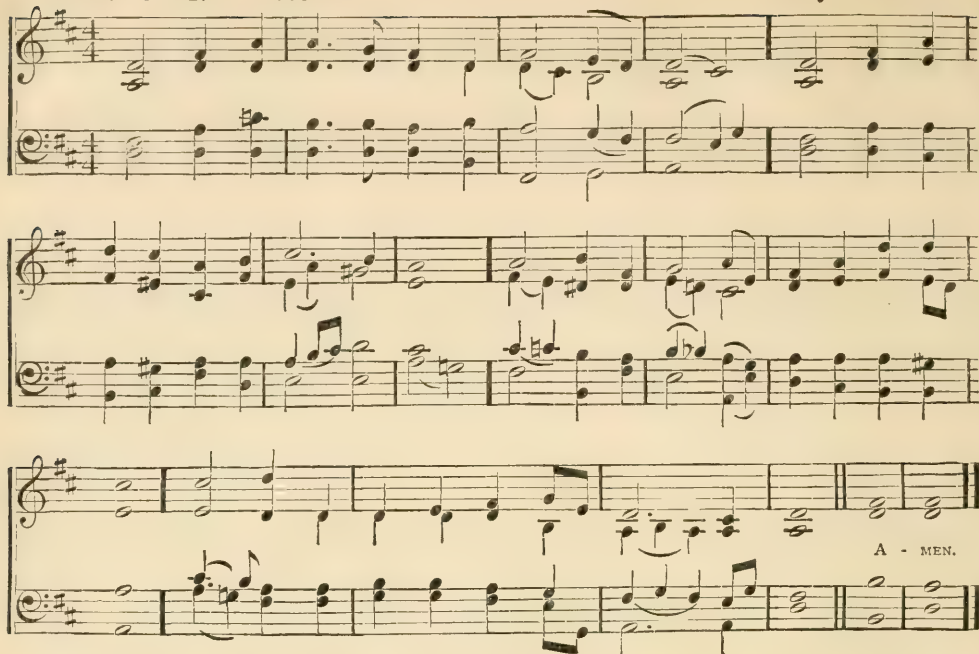
FATHER, to us thy children, humbly kneeling,
 Conscious of weakness, ignorance, sin, and shame,
 Give such a force of holy thought and feeling,
 That we may live to glorify thy name,

That we may conquer base desire and passion,
 That we may rise from selfish thought and will,
 O'ercome the world's allurement, threat, and fashion,
 Walk humbly, gently, leaning on thee still.

Let all thy goodness by our minds be seen,
 Let all thy mercy on our souls be sealed:
 Lord, if thou wilt, thy power can make us clean;
 Oh, speak the word, thy servants shall be healed! AMEN.

PAX DEI. 10.10:10.10.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



563.

"Live in peace, and the God of love and peace shall be with you."

O FATHER Spirit, who with gentlest breath
 Dost calm and teach, dost comfort or reprove,
 Who givest us all joy and hope and faith,
 Through whom we live at peace with all in love !

Now shed thy mighty influence abroad
 On souls that would their Father's image bear ;
 Make us as holy temples of our God,
 Where dwells forever calm, adoring prayer. AMEN.

C. J. P. Spitta.

564.

"The God of peace make you perfect in every good work to do his will."

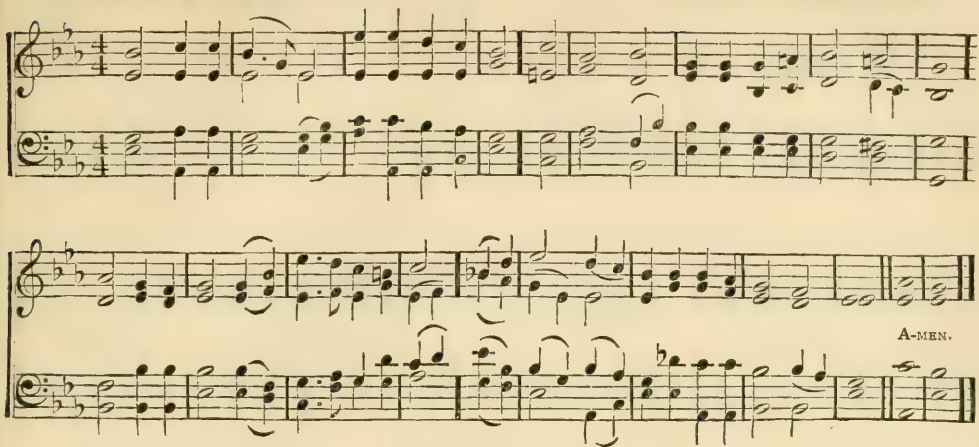
O THOU, the primal fount of life and peace,
 Who shedd'st thy breathing quiet all around,
 In me command that pain and conflict cease,
 And turn to music every jarring sound.

So, firm in steadfast hope, in thought secure,
 In full accord with all thy world of joy,
 May I be nerved to labors high and pure,
 And thou thy child to do thy work employ. AMEN.

John Sterling.

RUSSIAN HYMN. 10.10 : 10.10.

ALEXIS THEODORE LWOFF.



565.

"In thy light shall we see light."

O THOU, whose power o'er moving worlds presides,
 Whose voice created, and whose wisdom guides,
 On darkling man in pure effulgence shine,
 And cheer the clouded mind with light divine.

'Tis thine alone to calm the pious breast
 With silent confidence and holy rest :
 From thee, great God, we spring ; to thee we tend,
 Path, Motive, Guide, Original, and End. AMEN.

Boethius. Tr. Dr. Samuel Johnson.

566.

God is Spirit.

O God, O Spirit, Light of all that live,
 Who dost on them that sit in darkness shine !
 The darkness ever with the light doth strive,
 Yet pour on us again thy beams divine.

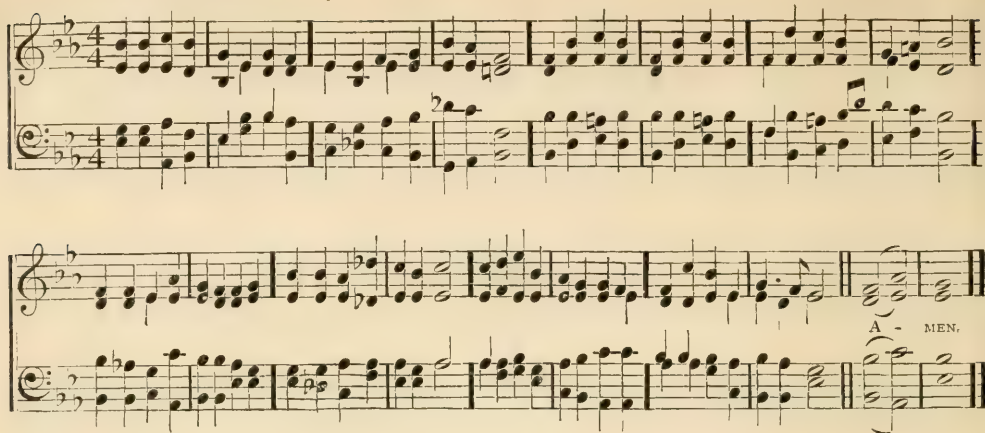
O Breath from out the eternal silence ! blow
 Softly upon our spirits' waiting ground ;
 The precious fulness of our God bestow,
 That fruits of faith, love, reverence may abound.

O Fountain, that dost unexhausted flow
 To quench the thirst that seeks thy waters clear !
 O God, O Spirit, Life of life ! flow now
 Into the hearts which seek thy quickening here. AMEN.

Gerhard Tersteegen. †

ST. ANDREWS. 8.7. Double.

Sir JOSEPH BARNEY.

567. *"The redeemed shall return, and shall come
with singing unto Zion."*

THROUGH the night of doubt and sorrow
Onward goes the pilgrim band,
Singing songs of expectation,
Marching to the Promised Land.
And before us through the darkness
Gleameth clear the guiding light;
Brother clasps the hand of brother,
And steps fearless through the night.

One the light of God's dear presence
O'er his faithful people shed,
Chasing far the gloom and terror,
Brightening all the path we tread:
One the object of our journey,
One the faith which never tires,
One the earnest looking forward,
One the hope our God inspires:

One the strain which mouths of thousands
Lift as from the heart of one;
One the conflict, one the peril,
One the march in God begun:
One the gladness of rejoicing
On the resurrection shore,
With one Father o'er us shining
In his love for evermore.

Bernhard Severin Ingemann.
Tr. Sabine Baring-Gould.

568. *From Grace to Glory.*

TAKE, my soul, thy full salvation;
Rise o'er sin and fear and care;
Joy to find, in every station,
Something still to do or bear:
Think what Spirit dwells within thee;
What a Father's smile is thine;
What a Saviour died to win thee,—
Child of heaven, shouldst thou repine?

Haste, then, on from grace to glory,
Armed by faith and winged by prayer;
Heaven's eternal day's before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.
Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Swift shall pass thy pilgrim days;
Hope soon change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

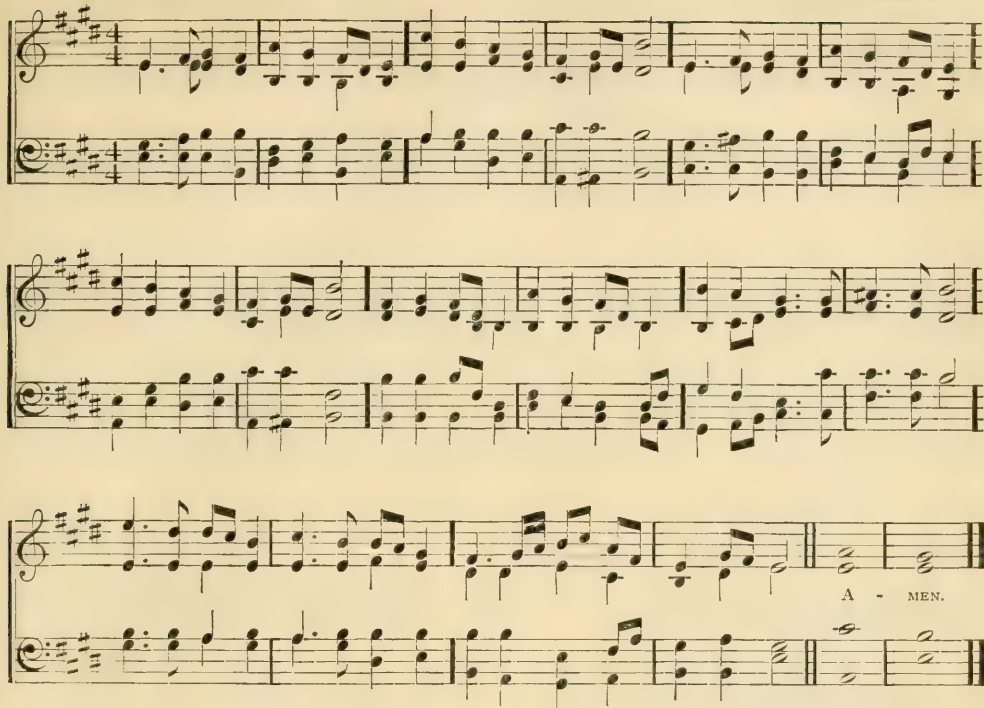
Henry Francis Lyte.

569. *"The Lord shall be thine everlasting light."*

HEAR what God, the Lord, hath spoken:
O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you;
Scenes of heartfelt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways:
You shall name your walls salvation,
And your gates shall all be praise.

AUSTRIA. 8.7. Double.

HAYDN.



There, like streams that feed the garden,
 Pleasures without end shall flow ;
 For the Lord, your faith rewarding,
 All his bounty shall bestow :
 Still in undisturbed possession
 Peace and righteousness shall reign ;
 Never shall you feel oppression,
 Hear the voice of war again.

Ye, no more your suns descending,
 Waning moons no more shall see ;
 But, your griefs forever ending,
 Find eternal noon in me :
 God shall rise, and, shining o'er you,
 Change to day the gloom of night ;
 He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
 God your everlasting light.

William Cowper.

570.

The City of God.

GLORIOUS things of thee are spoken,
 Zion, city of our God !
 He, whose word cannot be broken,
 Formed thee for his own abode.
 On the Rock of Ages founded,
 What can shake thy sure repose ?
 With salvation's walls surrounded,
 Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

See ! the streams of living waters,
 Springing from eternal love,
 Well supply thy sons and daughters,
 And all fear of want remove.
 Who can faint while such a river
 Ever flows their thirst to assuage ?
 Grace, which, like the Lord the Giver,
 Never fails from age to age.

John Newton.

HAREWOOD. 6.6.6.6:8.8. (H.M.)

S. S. WESLEY.



571.

God our Preserver. Ps. cxxi.

UPWARD I lift mine eyes ;
 From God is all my aid, —
 The God that built the skies,
 And earth and nature made :
 God is the tower to which I fly :
 His grace is nigh in every hour.

My feet shall never slide,
 And fall in fatal snares,
 Since God, my Guard and Guide,
 Defends me from my fears :
 Those wakeful eyes that never sleep
 Shall Israel keep when dangers rise.

No burning heats by day,
 Nor blasts of evening air,
 Shall take my health away,
 If God be with me there.
 Thou art my sun, and thou my shade,
 To guard my head by night or noon.

Hast thou not given thy word,
 To save my soul from death?
 And I can trust my Lord
 To keep my mortal breath.
 I'll go and come, nor fear to die,
 Till from on high thou call me home.

Isaac Watts.

572.

"In the Lord put I my trust."

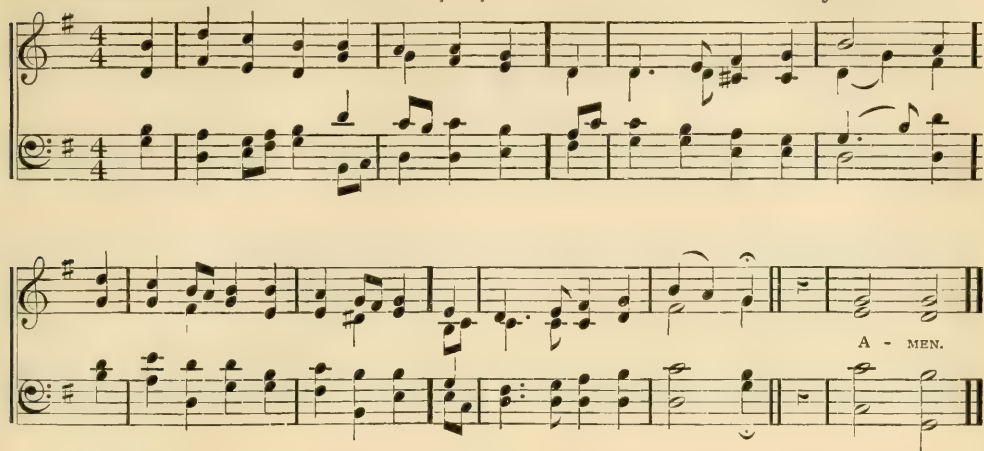
My trust is in the Lord,
 What foe can injure me?
 Why bid me like a bird
 Before the fowler flee?
 The Lord is on his heavenly throne,
 And he will shield and save his own.

His flock to him is dear,
 He watches them from high ;
 He sends them trials here,
 To form them for the sky ;
 But safely will he tend and keep
 The humblest, feeblest of his sheep.

Henry Francis Lyte.

DOMINUS REGIT ME. 8.7:8.7.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



573.

"The Lord is my Shepherd."

THE King of love my Shepherd is,
Whose goodness faileth never ;
I nothing lack if I am his,
And he is mine forever.

Where streams of living water flow,
My ransomed soul he leadeth,
And, where the verdant pastures grow,
With food celestial feedeth.

Perverse and foolish, oft I strayed,
But yet in love he sought me,
And on his shoulder gently laid,
And home, rejoicing, brought me.

In death's dark vale I fear no ill
With thee, dear Lord, beside me ;
Thy rod and staff my comfort still,
Thy light before to guide me.

Thou spread'st a table in my sight,
Thy unction grace bestoweth,
And oh the transport of delight
With which my cup o'erfloweth !

And so, through all the length of days,
Thy goodness faileth never ;
Good Shepherd, may I sing thy praise
Within thy house forever ! AMEN.

Sir Henry W. Baker. †

574.

"Feed my Lambs."

HO ! ye that rest beneath the rock,
On pastures greenly growing,
Or roam at will, a favored flock,
By waters gently flowing, —

Hear ye, upon the desert air,
A voice of woe come crying,
Where, cold upon the barren moor,
God's little lambs are dying.

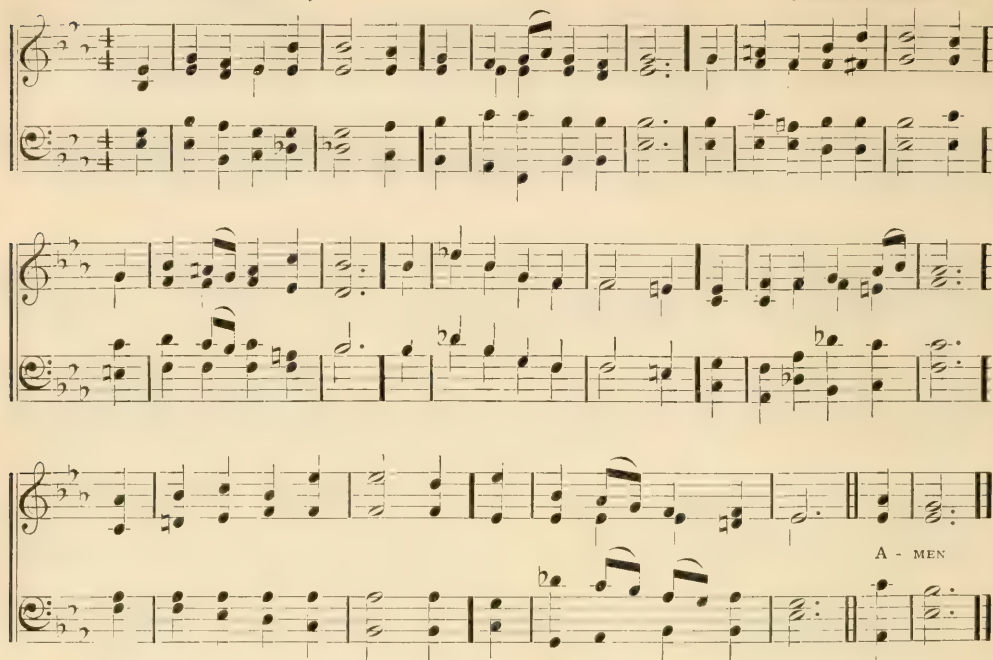
See the great Shepherd bend and call
From fields of light and glory :
"Go, feed my lambs, and bring them all,
From moor and mountain hoary !"

Ye little flock, the call obey ;
And from the desert dreary
Lead those who faint along the way,
Or wander lost and weary.

Edmund H. Sears.

DAYLESFORD. 7.6. Double.

Sir JOSEPH BARNEY.



A - MEN

575.

Heavenly Love.

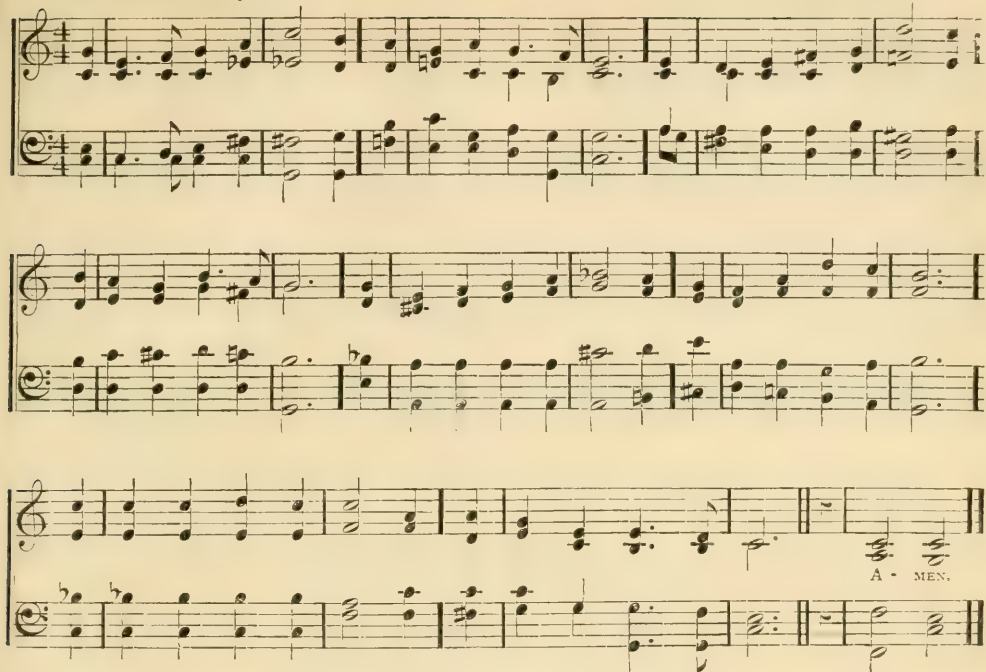
In heavenly love abiding,
 No change my heart shall fear;
 And safe is such confiding,
 For nothing changes here.
 The storm may roar without me,
 My heart may low be laid;
 But God is round about me,
 And can I be dismayed?

Wherever he may guide me,
 No want shall turn me back;
 My Shepherd is beside me,
 And nothing can I lack.
 His wisdom ever waketh,
 His sight is never dim;
 He knows the way he taketh,
 And I will walk with him.

Green pastures are before me,
 Which yet I have not seen;
 Bright skies will soon be o'er me
 Where darkest clouds have been.
 My hope I cannot measure,
 My path in life is free:
 My Father has my treasure,
 And he will walk with me.

MOSCOW. 7.6. Double.

J. B. CALKIN.



576.

Habakkuk iii. 17, 18.

SOMETIMES a light surprises
 The Christian while he sings ;
 It is the Lord, who rises
 With healing on his wings :
 When comforts are declining,
 He grants the soul again
 A season of clear shining,
 To cheer it after rain.

In holy contemplation,
 We sweetly then pursue
 The theme of God's salvation,
 And find it ever new ;
 Set free from present sorrow,
 We cheerfully can say,
 "E'en let the unknown to-morrow
 Bring with it what it may !

"It can bring with it nothing
 But he will bear us through ;
 Who gives the lilies clothing
 Will clothe his people too ;
 Beneath the spreading heavens
 No creature but is fed ;
 And he who feeds the ravens
 Will give his children bread.

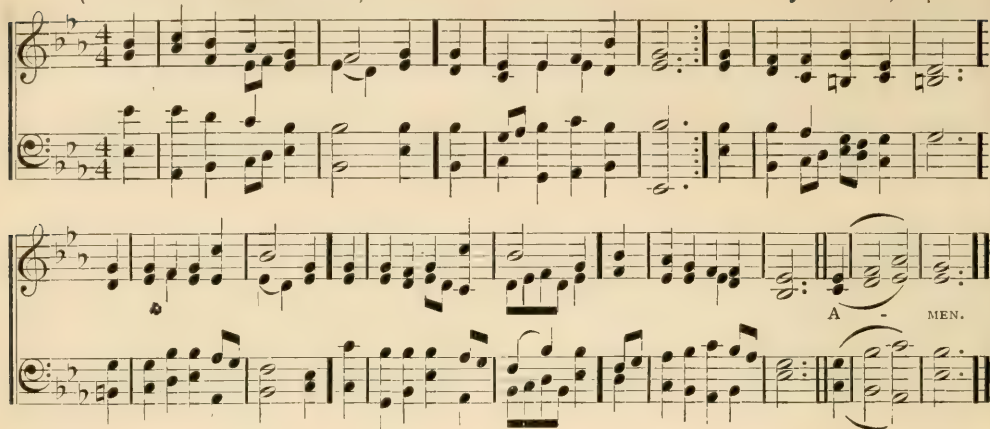
"Though vine nor fig-tree neither
 Their wonted fruit shall bear,
 Though all the field should wither,
 Nor flocks nor herds be there,
 Yet God the same abiding,
 His praise shall tune my voice :
 For, while in him confiding,
 I cannot but rejoice."

William Cowper.

BARTHOLD. 7.6.7.6:6.7.7.6.

(Von Gott will ich nicht lassen.)

J. CRÜGER, 1640.



577.

"Light is sown for the righteous, and joy for the upright in heart."

Joy is thy gift, O Father !
 Thou wouldst not have us pine ;
 In darkest hours thy comfort
 Doth aye most brightly shine ;
 Ah then how oft thy voice
 Hath shed its sweetness o'er me,
 And opened heaven before me,
 And bid my heart rejoice !

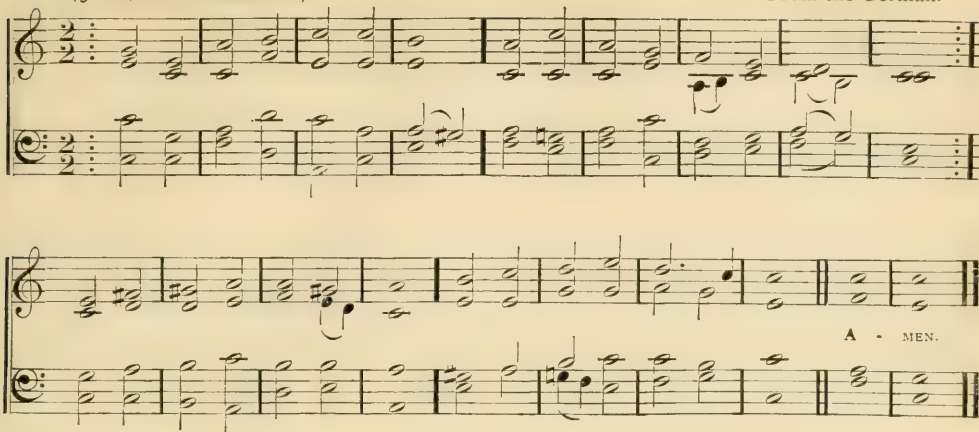
All love is thine, O Father !
 Thou hatest enmity ;
 Thou lovest peace and friendship,
 All strife wouldst have us flee ;
 Where wrath and discord reign
 Thy whisper inly pleadeth,
 And, to the heart that heedeth,
 Brings love and light again.

Order our path in all things
 According to thy mind,
 And when this life is over,
 And must be all resigned,
 Oh, grant us then to die
 With calm and fearless spirit,
 And after death inherit
 Eternal life on high. AMEN.

Paul Gerhardt. Tr by Catherine Winkworth.

BRANDENBURG. 7:8:7:8:7:7.*(Jesus, meine Zuversicht.)*

From the German.

**578.***"Truly my soul waiteth upon God; from him cometh my salvation."*

IN thy heart and hands, my God,
 Calmly now my soul reposes,
 Waiting patiently the end
 That thy aim in all discloses;
 Stripped of self, how sweet her rest
 On her loving Father's breast.

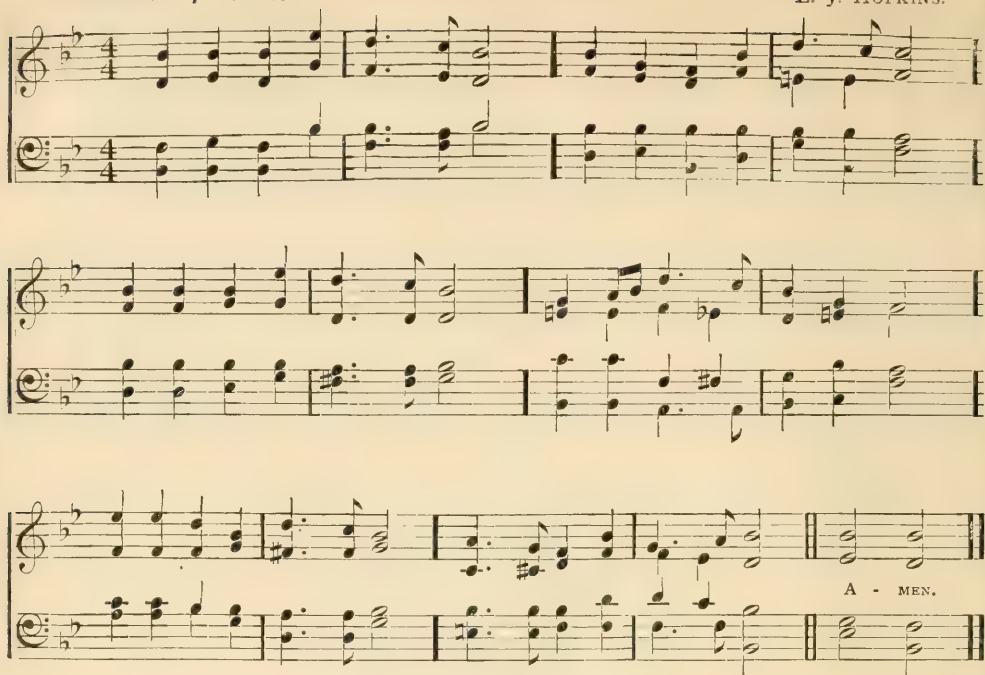
And my soul doth cease from cares,
 From the thoughts that sore perplex us,
 That destroy the inner peace,
 For like sharpest thorns they vex us;
 He who made her careth well,
 She but seeks in peace to dwell.

And my soul complaineth not,
 For no pain or fears dismay her;
 Still she clings to God in faith,
 Trusts him though he seem to slay her.
 'Tis when flesh and blood repine,
 Sun of joy, thou canst not shine.

Thus my soul is still and waits,
 Every murmuring word she hushes,
 Conquering thus the pain or wrong
 That the restless spirit crushes;
 Like a silent ocean, bright
 With her Maker's praise and light.

KELSO. 7. 6 lines.

E. J. HOPKINS.



579.

Psalm cxxxi.

QUIET, Lord, my froward heart ;
 Make me teachable and mild,
 Upright, simple, free from art, —
 Make me as a weanèd child :
 From distrust and envy free,
 Pleased with all that pleases thee.

What thou shalt to-day provide,
 Let me as a child receive ;
 What to-morrow may betide,
 Calmly to thy wisdom leave ;
 'T is enough that thou wilt care :
 Why should I the burden bear ?

As a little child relies
 On a care beyond his own,
 Knows he 's neither strong nor wise,

Fears to stir a step alone, —
 Let me thus with thee abide,
 As my Father, Guard, and Guide. AMEN.
 John Newton.

580.

Psalm xlii.

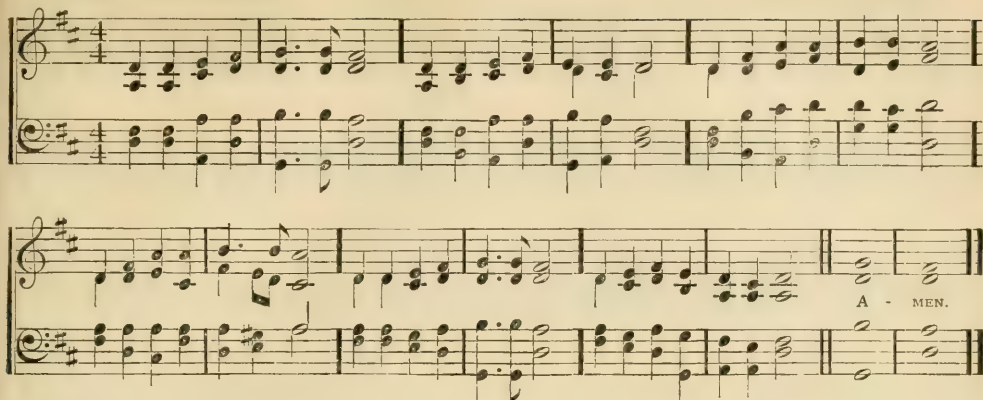
As the hart, with eager looks,
 Panteth for the water-brooks,
 So my soul, athirst for thee,
 Pants the living God to see ;
 When, oh when, with filial fear,
 Lord, shall I to thee draw near ?

Why art thou cast down, my soul ?
 God, thy God, shall make thee whole :
 Why art thou disquieted ?
 God shall lift thy fallen head,
 And his countenance benign
 Be the saving health of thine.

James Montgomery.

GETHSEMANE. 7. Six lines.

RICHARD REDHEAD.



581.

"The Lord is my Shepherd."

GLORIOUS Shepherd of the sheep,
 May I dare to call me thine,
 One whom thou wilt tend and keep
 Safe beneath thy wings divine?
 Ah, with thee so kind and near,
 What have I to wish or fear?

Where the heavenly pastures grow,
 Where the living waters glide,
 Led and fed by thee below,
 I have nought to ask beside;
 Nought but thankfulness of heart,
 To proclaim how good thou art.

Keep me in thy righteous ways,
 Guide me with thy holy wand,
 Through this life's perplexing maze,
 Through the vale of death beyond;
 Gracious thou, and happy I,
 With so great a Friend so nigh.

In the desert then I'm fed,
 Manna round me rains from high;
 Holy oil anoints my head,
 And my cruse is never dry;
 Then from grace I pass to grace,
 Soon to meet thee face to face.

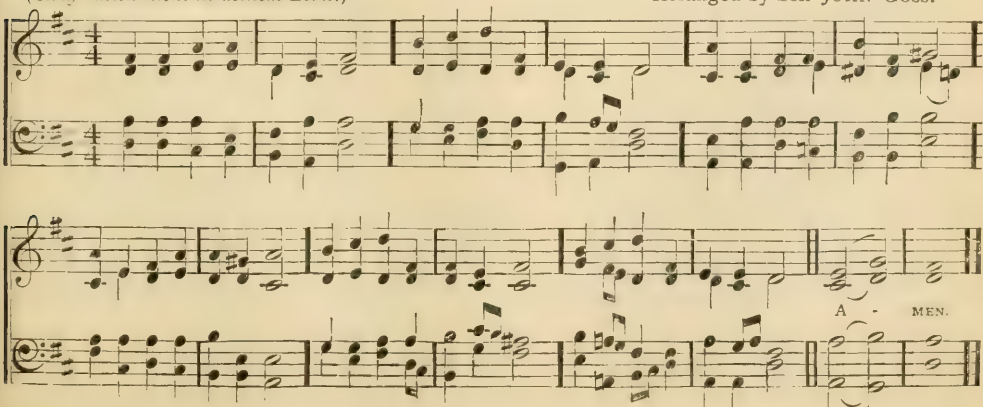
Henry Francis Lyte.

NASSAU. 7. 6 lines.

JOHANN ROSENMÜLLER, 1655.

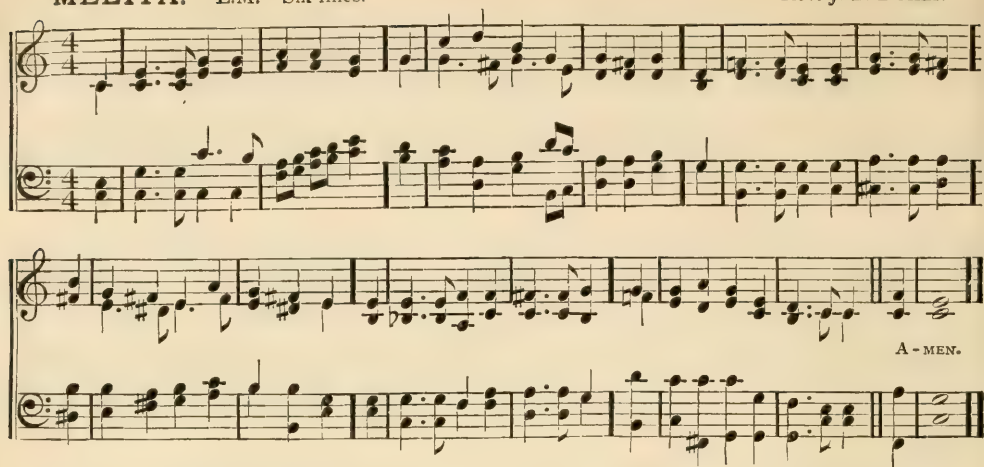
(Straf' mich nicht in deinem Zorn.)

Arranged by SIR JOHN GOSS.



MELITA. L.M. Six lines.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



582.

"He that dwelleth in the secret place of the Most High, shall abide under the shadow of the Almighty."

O THOU, with whom, in sweet content,
The soul that loves thee shall abide,
Grant that thy spirit may be sent,
That by its influence purified
And touched and blessed, we may be free,
Father and Friend, to dwell with thee.

Oh, fire our hearts with quenchless love
For men, and for thy truth divine,—
That we may guide to things above,
Where in thy heavens eternal shine
The strong attractions of that home
From which, when found, no soul can roam.

And if upon our lonely way,
We faint and cry to thee for aid,
Then, O our Father, grant, we pray,
That, by us trembling and afraid,
May walk the Leader of our race,
Filling with light and joy the place.

Crown us with love, and so with peace;
Transfigure duty to delight;
Our lips inspire, our faith increase,
Brighten with hope our darkest night.
Bring us from earthly bondage free,
To find our heaven in serving thee. AMEN.

583.

"For the Lord is good; his mercy is everlasting."

O LORD, thine everlasting grace
Our scanty thought surpasses far;
Thy heart still melts with tenderness;
Thine arms of love still open are
Returning sinners to receive,
That mercy they may taste and live.

Though waves and storms go o'er my head;
Though strength, and health, and friends be
gone;

Though joys be withered all and dead;
Though every comfort be withdrawn;
On this my steadfast soul relies,
Father! thy mercy never dies. AMEN.

Johann Andreas Rothe, 1728. Tr. by J. Wesley.

584.

"How precious also are thy thoughts unto me, O God!"

How precious are thy thoughts of peace,
O God, to me! how great the sum!
New every morn, they never cease;
They were, they are, and yet shall come,
In number and in compass more
Than ocean's sand or ocean's shore.

Search me, O God, and know my heart;
Try me, my secret soul survey,
And warn thy servant to depart
From every false and evil way;
So shall thy truth my guidance be
To life and immortality. AMEN.

ST. MATTHIAS. L.M. Six lines.

WILLIAM HENRY MONK.

A - MEN.

585.

"The name of the Lord is a strong tower."

Thou hidden Source of calm repose,
 Thou all-sufficient Love Divine,
 My help and refuge from my foes,
 Secure I am while thou art mine :
 And, lo ! from sin and grief and shame
 I hide me, Father, in thy name.

Thy mighty name salvation is,
 And keeps my happy soul above ;
 Comfort it brings, and power and peace,
 And joy and everlasting love :
 To me, with thy dear name are given
 Pardon and holiness and heaven.

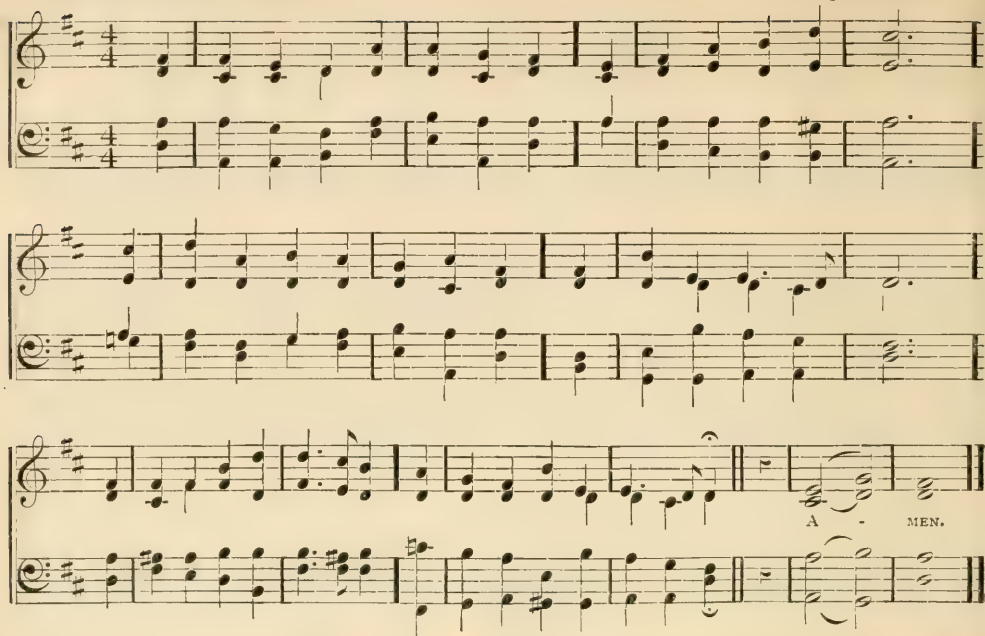
Father, my all in all thou art,
 My rest in toil, my ease in pain ;
 The balm to heal my broken heart ;
 In war my peace, in loss my gain ;
 My smile beneath the tyrant's frown ;
 In shame, my glory and my crown ;

In want, my plentiful supply ;
 In weakness, my almighty power ;
 In bonds, my perfect liberty ;
 My light in evil's darkest hour ;
 In grief, my joy unspeakable :
 My life in death, my all in all.

Charles Wesley.

WESSEX. 8.6.8.6:8.8.

E. J. HOPKINS.



586. "I will show thee my faith by my works."

TRUE faith in holy life will shine ;
 The soul, that looks above,
 And more would learn of things divine,
 Must daily grow in love ;
 For faith not only brings us light,
 But strength to love and do the right.

They only please the Father well
 Who study to obey ;
 In them, O God, thy love doth dwell
 Who keep thy perfect way ;
 Love strong and steadfast unto death,
 This is the fruit and test of faith.

He rests in God and God in him,
 Who still abides in love :
 In love the saints and seraphim
 Obey and praise above :
 For God is love ; the loveless heart
 Hath in his life and joy no part.

C. F. Gellert. 1757.

587. "Wherefore, seeing we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses, let us lay aside every weight, and the sin which doth so easily beset us, and let us run with patience the race that is set before us."

Oh, sing with loud and joyful song,
 The seers of every name ;
 Oh, sing the prophets high and true,
 And saints of sacred fame.
 From age to age their voice is heard,
 One solemn cry, one living word.

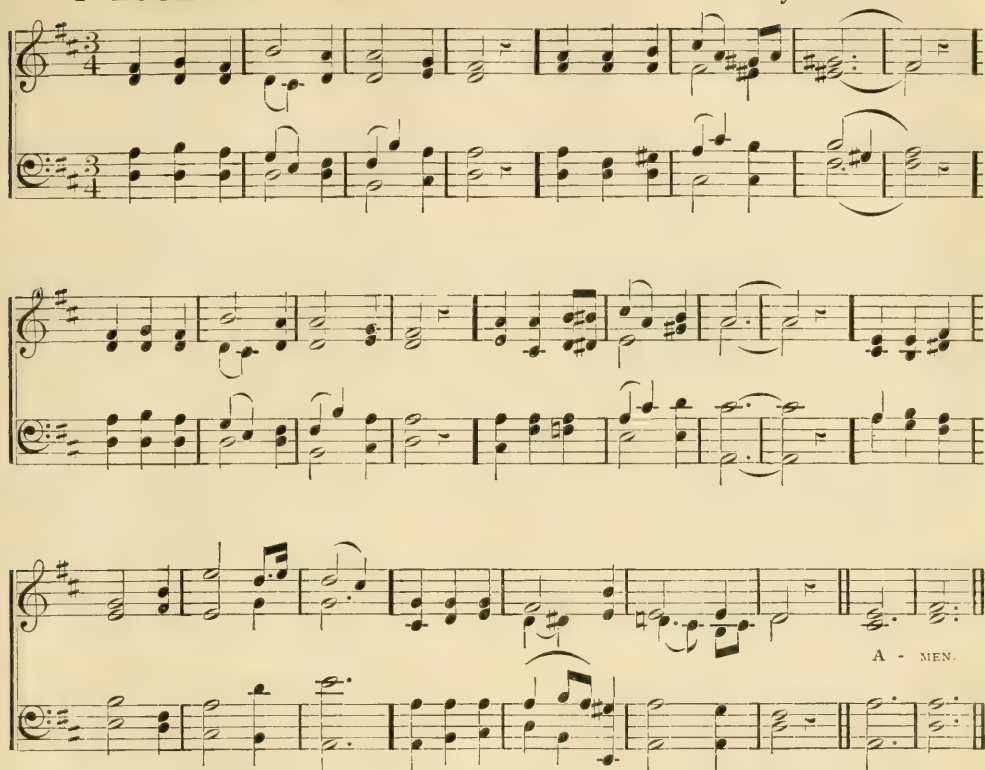
They come, the Lord's anointed ones,
 In every age and shore,
 And ever-blessèd tidings brought,
 And holy witness bore, —
 Witness of Love's celestial light,
 Of duty and eternal right.

Oh, thanks that all the ages down
 The same love is outpoured ;
 Oh, thanks that every prophet-voice
 Proclaims one truth, one Lord ;
 O holy throng ! ye show the store
 Of endless life from more to more.

James Vila Blake.

"I LOOK TO THEE." 8.6.8.6:8.8.

JOHN W. TUFTS.



588.

"God's hand in all things, and all things in God's hand."

I LOOK to thee in every need,
 And never look in vain ;
 I feel thy touch, Eternal Love,
 And all is well again ;
 The thought of thee is mightier far
 Than sin and pain and sorrow are.

Discouraged in the work of life,
 Disheartened by its load,
 Shamed by its failures or its fears,
 I sink beside the road, —
 But let me only think of thee,
 And then new heart springs up in me.

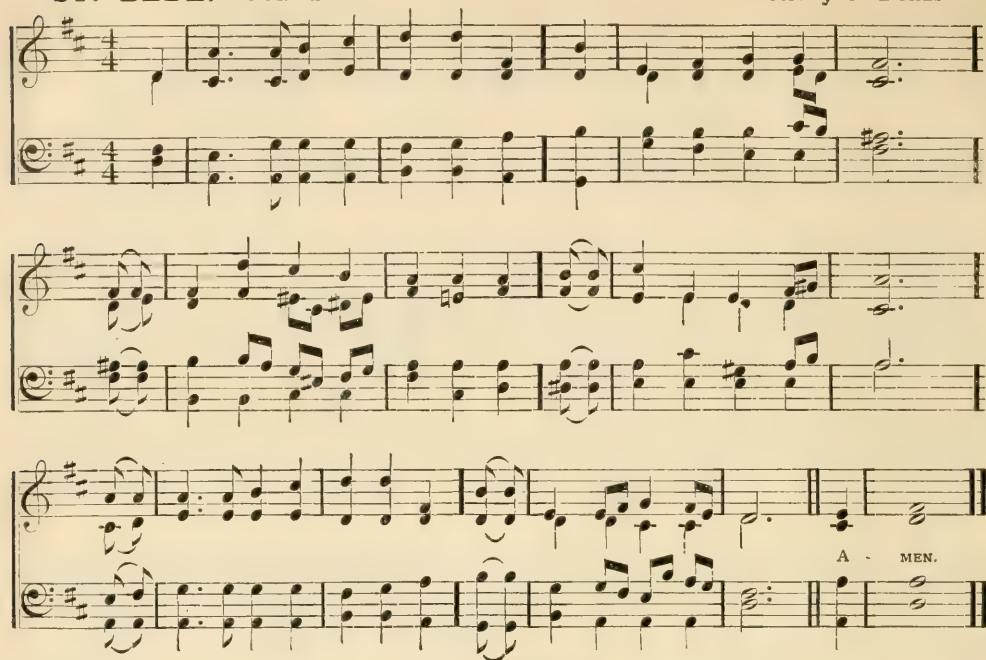
Thy calmness bends serene above,
 My restlessness to still ;
 Around me flows thy quickening life
 To nerve my faltering will ;
 Thy presence fills my solitude ;
 Thy providence turns all to good.

Embosomed deep in thy dear love.
 Held in thy law I stand ;
 Thy hand in all things I behold,
 And all things in thy hand ;
 Thou ledest me by unsought ways,
 And turn'st my mourning into praise.

Samuel Longfellow.

ST. BEDE. C.M. Six lines.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



589. "My times are in thy hand."

FATHER, I know that all my life
Is portioned out for me,
And the changes that are sure to come
I do not fear to see ;
But I ask thee for a present mind
Intent on pleasing thee.

I ask thee for a thoughtful love,
Through constant watching wise,
To meet the glad with joyful smiles,
And to wipe the weeping eyes ;
And a heart at leisure from itself,
To soothe and sympathize.

Wherever in the world I am,
In whatsoe'er estate,
I have a fellowship with hearts
To keep and cultivate ;
And a work of lowly love to do
For the Lord on whom I wait.

Anna L. Waring

590. "Ye have not received the spirit of bondage."

I ASK thee for the daily strength,
To none that ask denied ;
And a mind to blend with outward life
While keeping at thy side :
Content to fill a little space,
If thou be glorified.

And if some things I do not ask
In my cup of blessing be,
I would have my spirit filled the more
With grateful love to thee, —
More careful, not to serve thee much,
But to please thee perfectly.

In a service which thy will appoints,
There are no bonds for me ;
For my inmost heart is taught "the truth"
That makes thy children "free :"
And a life of self-renouncing love
Is a life of liberty.

Anna L. Waring.

591.

God in the Soul.

BEYOND, beyond that boundless sea,
 Above that dome of sky,
 Farther than thought itself can flee,
 Thy dwelling is on high :
 Yet dear the awful thought to me,
 That thou, my God, art nigh.

We hear thy voice when thunders roll
 Through the wide fields of air ;
 The waves obey thy dread control,
 Yet still thou art not there :
 Where shall I find him, O my soul,
 Who yet is everywhere ?

Oh, not in circling depth or height,
 But in the conscious breast ;
 Present to faith, though veiled from sight,
 There does his Spirit rest !
 Oh, come, thou Presence Infinite,
 And make thy creature blest ! AMEN.
Josiah Conder.

592. *"Praise the Lord. . . . Stormy wind fulfilling his word."*

Go not far from me, O my Strength,
 Whom all my times obey ;
 Take from me anything thou wilt,
 But go not thou away ;
 And let the storm that does thy work
 Deal with me as it may.

Thy love has many a lighted path
 No outward eye can trace,
 And my heart sees thee in the deep,
 With darkness on its face,
 And communes with thee, 'mid the storm,
 As in a secret place.

When I am feeble as a child,
 And flesh and heart give way,
 Then on thy everlasting strength,
 With passive trust I stay ;
 And the rough wind becomes a song,
 The darkness shines like day.

Safe in thy sanctifying grace,
 Almighty to restore,
 Borne onward, sin and death behind,
 And love and life before,
 Oh, let my soul abound in hope,
 And praise thee more and more.

Deep unto deep may call, but I
 With peaceful heart will say,
 Thy loving-kindness hath a charge
 No waves can take away ;
 And let the storm that speeds me home
 Deal with me as it may.

*Anna L. Waring.*593. *"I, even I, am he that comforteth you."*

SWEET is the solace of thy love,
 My heavenly Friend, to me,
 While through the hidden way of faith
 I journey home with thee,
 Learning by quiet thankfulness
 As a dear child to be.

Though from the shadow of thy peace
 My feet would often stray,
 Thy mercy follows all my steps,
 And will not turn away ;
 Yea, thou wilt comfort me at last,
 As none beneath thee may.

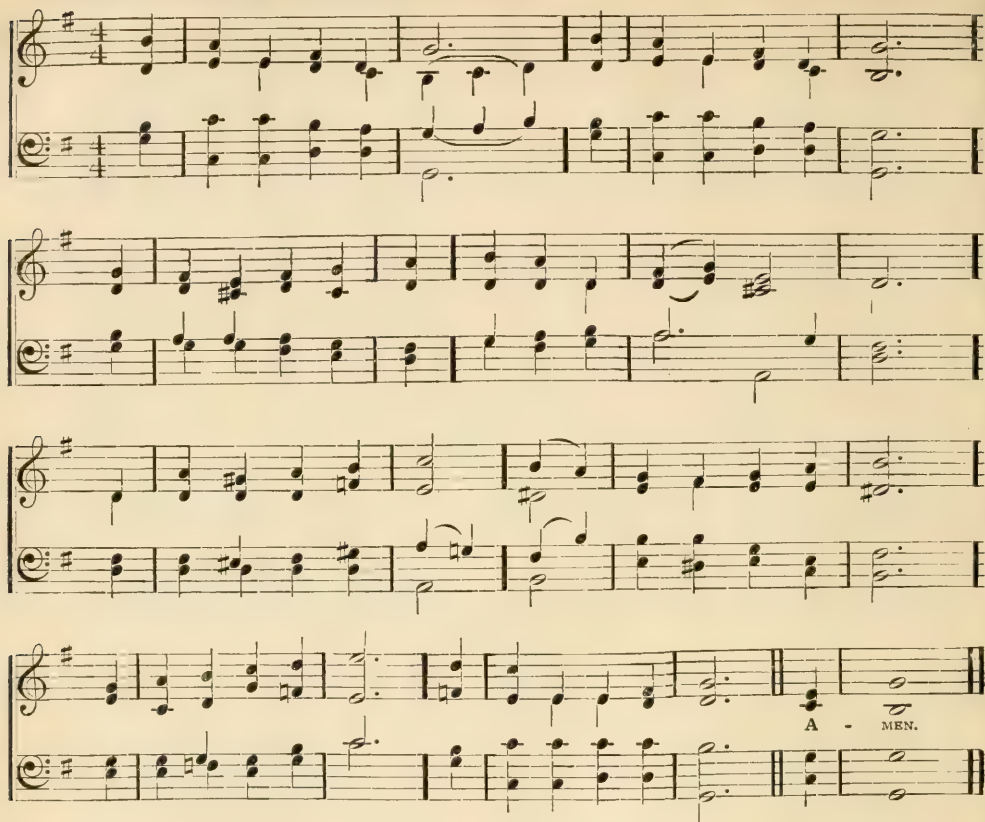
Then in the secret of my soul,
 Though hosts my peace invade,
 Though through a waste and weary land
 My lonely way be made,
 Thou, even thou, wilt comfort me ;
 I need not be afraid.

Still in the solitary place
 I would awhile abide,
 Till with the solace of thy love
 My heart is satisfied,
 And all my hopes of happiness
 Stay calmly at thy side.

Anna L. Waring.

THE BLESSED HOME. 6. Double.

Sir JOHN STAINER.



594.

"Choose Thou my path."

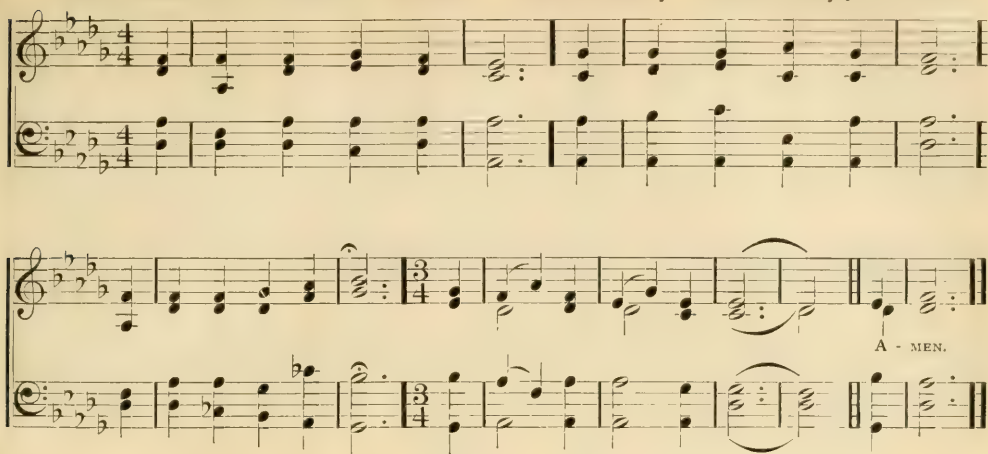
Thy way, not mine, O Lord !
 However dark it be :
 Lead me by thine own hand ;
 Choose out the path for me.
 Smooth let it be or rough,
 It will be still the best :
 Winding or straight, it leads
 Right onward to thy rest.

I dare not choose my lot ;
 I would not, if I might :
 Choose thou for me, my God ;
 So shall I walk aright.

Take thou my cup, and it
 With joy or sorrow fill,
 As best to thee may seem ;
 Choose thou my good and ill.

Choose thou for me my friends,
 My sickness or my health ;
 Choose thou my cares for me,
 My poverty or wealth.
 Not mine, not mine, the choice,
 In things or great or small :
 Be thou my guide, my strength,
 My wisdom, and my all ! AMEN.

DOLOMITE CHANT. 6.6:6.6. Austrian Melody. Harmonized by J. T. COOPER.

595. *"Commit thy way unto the Lord; trust also in him, and he shall bring it to pass."*

COMMIT thy way to God,
The weight which makes thee faint:
Worlds are to him no load,
To him breathe thy complaint.

He who for winds and clouds
Doth make a pathway free,
Through wastes, or hostile crowds,
Can make a way for thee.

Thou must in him be blest,
Ere bliss can be secure;
On his work must thou rest,
If thy work shall endure.

To anxious, prying thought,
And weary, fretting care,
The Highest yieldeth nought;
He giveth all to prayer.

This prison where thou art,
Thy God will break it soon,
And flood with light thy heart
In his own blessed noon.

Thou wearest not the crown,
Nor the best course can tell;
God sitteth on the throne,
And guideth all things well.

Paul Gerhardt.
Tr. by Elizabeth Charles.

596. *"Truly my soul waiteth upon God; from him cometh my salvation."*

NOT so in haste, my heart;
Have faith in God, and wait;
Although he linger long,
He never comes too late.

He never comes too late;
He knoweth what is best;
Vex not thyself in vain;
Until he cometh, rest.

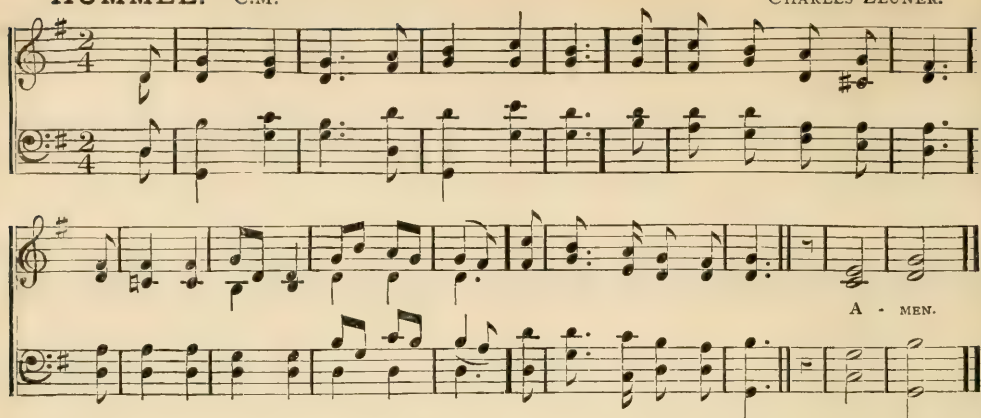
Until he cometh, rest;
Nor grudge the hours that roll;
The feet that wait for God,
Are soonest at the goal;

Are soonest at the goal
That is not gained by speed;
Then hold thee still, my heart,
For I shall wait his lead.

B. T.

HUMMEL. C.M.

CHARLES ZEUNER.



597.

"I will always give thanks unto the Lord."

Ps. xxxiv.

THROUGH all the changing scenes of life,
In trouble and in joy,
The praises of my God shall still
My heart and tongue employ.

Of his deliverance I will boast,
Till all that are distressed
From my example comfort take,
And charm their griefs to rest.

The hosts of God encamp around
The dwellings of the just ;
Deliverance he affords to all
Who on his succor trust.

Oh, make but trial of his love !
Experience will decide
How blest they are, and only they,
Who in his truth confide.

Fear him, ye saints, and you will then
Have nothing else to fear ;
Make you his service your delight,
He'll make your wants his care.

Tate and Brady.

598.

The Will of God.

I WORSHIP thee, sweet will of God !
And all thy ways adore ;
And every day I live, I seem
To love thee more and more.

When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison-walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to thee.

I have no cares, O blessed will !
For all my cares are thine ;
I live in triumph, Lord ! for thou
Hast made thy triumphs mine.

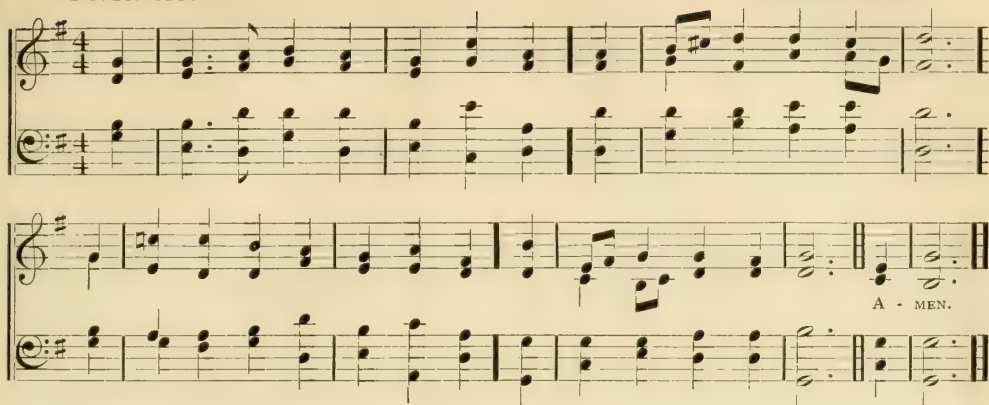
He always wins who sides with God ;
To him no chance is lost ;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.

Ill that he blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill ;
And all is right that seems most wrong.
If it be his sweet will !

Frederick W. Faber.

FARRANT. C.M.

RICHARD FARRANT.



599. *"He maketh me to lie down in green pastures;
he leadeth me beside the still waters."*

I LITTLE see, I little know,
Yet can I fear no ill:
He who hath guided me till now
Will be my leader still.

No burden yet on me was laid
Of trouble or of care,
But he my trembling step hath stayed,
And given me strength to bear.

I came not hither of my will
Or wisdom of mine own:
That higher Power upholds me still,
And still must bear me on.

I knew not of this wondrous earth,
Nor dreamed what blessings lay
Beyond the gates of human birth
To glad my future way.

And what beyond this life may be
As little I divine, —
What love may wait to welcome me,
What fellowships be mine.

I know not what beyond may lie,
But look, in humble faith,
Into a larger life to die
And find new birth in death.

He will not leave my soul forlorn;
I still must find him true,
Whose mercies have been new each morn
And every evening new.

Upon his providence I lean,
As lean in faith I must:
The lesson of my life hath been
A heart of grateful trust. AMEN.

Frederick L. Hosmer.

600. *"God is light, and in him is no darkness
at all."*

I SEE the wrong that round me lies,
I feel the guilt within;
I hear, with groan and travail-cries,
The world confess its sin.

Yet, in the maddening maze of things,
And tossed by storm and flood,
To one fixed stake my spirit clings;
I know that God is good!

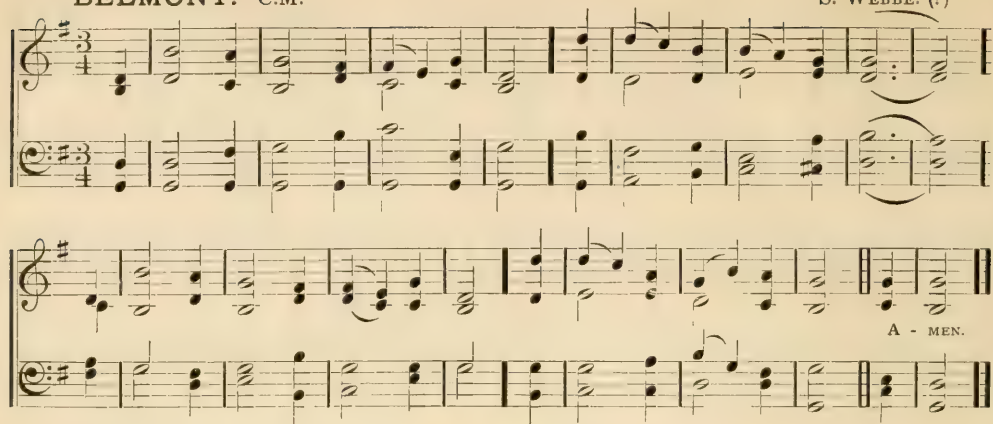
Not mine to look where cherubim
And seraphs may not see,
But nothing can be good in him
Which evil is in me.

The wrong that pains my soul below
I dare not throne above;
I know not of his hate, — I know
His goodness and his love.

John Greenleaf Whittier.

BELMONT. C.M.

S. WEBBE. (?)

601. *"Herein is love, not that we loved God, but
that he loved us."*

No mood of feeling, form of thought,
Is constant for a day ;
But thou, O Lord ! thou changest not ;
The same thou art always.

I grasp thy strength, make it mine own,
My heart with peace is blest ;
I lose my hold, and then comes down
Darkness and cold unrest.

Let me no more my comfort draw
From my frail hold of thee, —
In this alone rejoice with awe ;
Thy mighty grasp of me.

Out of that weak unquiet drift
That comes but to depart,
To that pure heaven my spirit lift
Where thou unchanging art.

Lay hold of me with thy strong grasp,
Let thine almighty arm
In its embrace my weakness clasp,
And I shall fear no harm.

Thy purpose of eternal good
Let me but surely know ;
On this I'll lean, let changing mood
And feeling come or go ;

Glad when thy sunshine fills my soul ;
Not lorn when clouds o'ercast ;
Since thou within thy sure control
Of love dost hold me fast.

John Campbell Shairp.

602. *"But I will trust in thee"*

My Father, it is good for me
To trust, and not to trace ;
And wait with deep humility
For thy revealing grace.

Lord ! when thy way is in the sea,
And strange to mortal sense ;
I love thee in the mystery,
I trust thy providence.

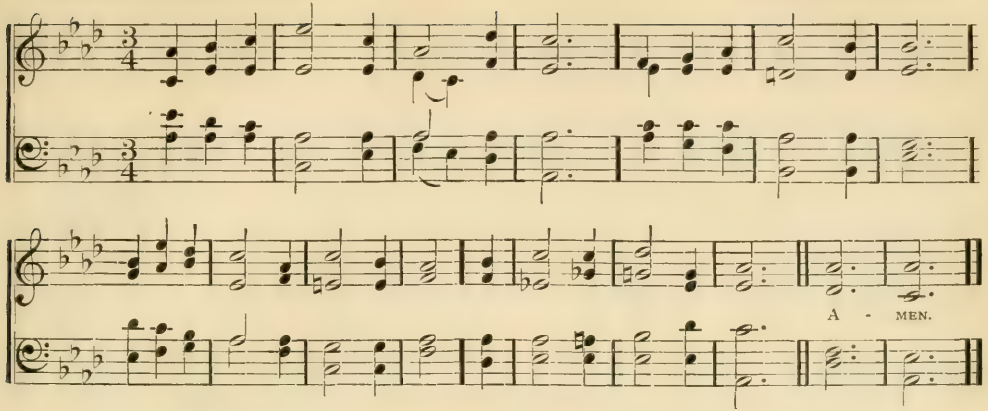
I cannot see the secret things
In this my dark abode ;
I may not reach with earthly wings
The heights and depths of God.

So, faith and patience, wait awhile !
Not doubting ; not in fear ;
For soon in heaven my Father's smile
Shall render all things clear.

George Rawson.

BEATITUDO. C.M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



603.

"God is love."

THOU, Lord, art Love, — and everywhere
 Thy name is brightly shown,
 Beneath, on earth thy footstool fair,
 Above, in heaven thy throne.

Thy ways are Love ; though they transcend
 Our feeble range of sight,
 They wind through darkness to their end
 In everlasting light.

Thy thoughts are Love, and Jesus is
 The living voice they find ;
 His love lights up the vast abyss
 Of the Eternal Mind.

Thy chastisements are Love, — more deep
 They stamp the seal divine ;
 And by a sweet compulsion keep
 Our spirits nearer thine.

Thy heaven is the abode of Love, —
 O blessed Lord, that we
 May there, when time's dim shades remove,
 Be gathered home to thee.

There with thy resting saints to fall
 Adoring round thy throne ;
 Where all shall love thee, Lord, and all
 Shall in thy love be one.

James D. Burns.

604.

"They that know thy name will put their trust in thee."

O NAME, all other names above,
 What art thou not to me,
 Now I have learned to trust thy love
 And cast my care on thee !

What is our being but a cry,
 A restless longing still,
 Which thou alone canst satisfy,
 Alone thy fulness fill !

Thrice blessed be the holy souls
 That lead the way to thee,
 That burn upon the martyr-rolls
 And lists of prophecy.

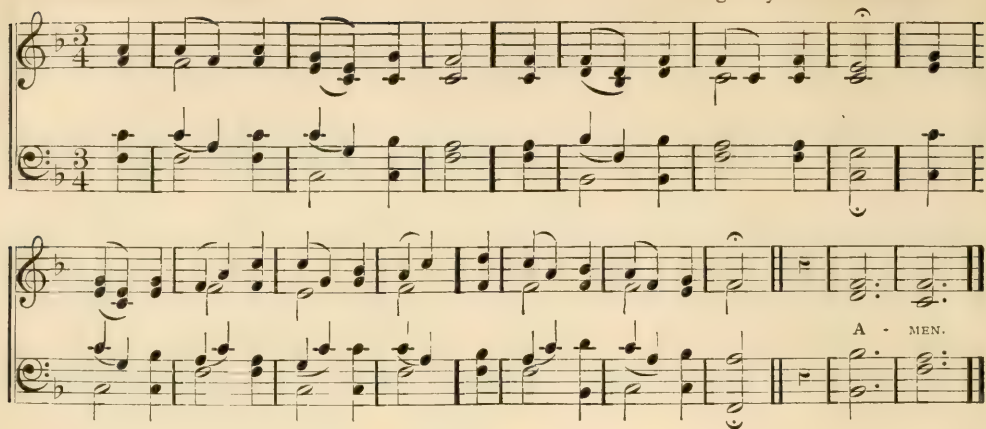
And sweet it is to tread the ground
 O'er which their faith hath trod ;
 But sweeter far, when thou art found,
 The soul's own sense of God !

The thought of thee all sorrow calms ;
 Our anxious burdens fall ;
 His crosses turn to triumph-palms
 Who finds in God his all !

Frederick L. Hosmer.

DENNIS. S.M.

Arranged by LOWELL MASON.



605. "Cast your burden upon the Lord."

How gentle God's commands !
 How kind his precepts are !
 Come, cast your burdens on the Lord,
 And trust his constant care.

While Providence supports,
 Let saints securely dwell ;
 That hand which bears all nature up,
 Shall guide his children well.

Why should this anxious load
 Press down your weary mind :
 Oh, seek your heavenly Father's throne,
 And sweet refreshment find.

His goodness stands approved,
 Down to the present day :
 I'll drop my burden at his feet,
 And bear a song away.

Philip Doddridge.

606. *Heavenly Joy on Earth.*

COME, we that love the Lord,
 And let our joys be known ;
 Join in a song with sweet accord,
 And thus surround the throne.

The sorrows of the mind
 Be banished from the place ;
 Religion never was designed
 To make our pleasures less.

The men of grace have found
 Glory begun below :
 Celestial fruits, on earthly ground,
 From faith and hope may grow.

Then let our songs abound,
 And every tear be dry :
 We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground,
 To fairer worlds on high.

Isaac Watts. 1709.

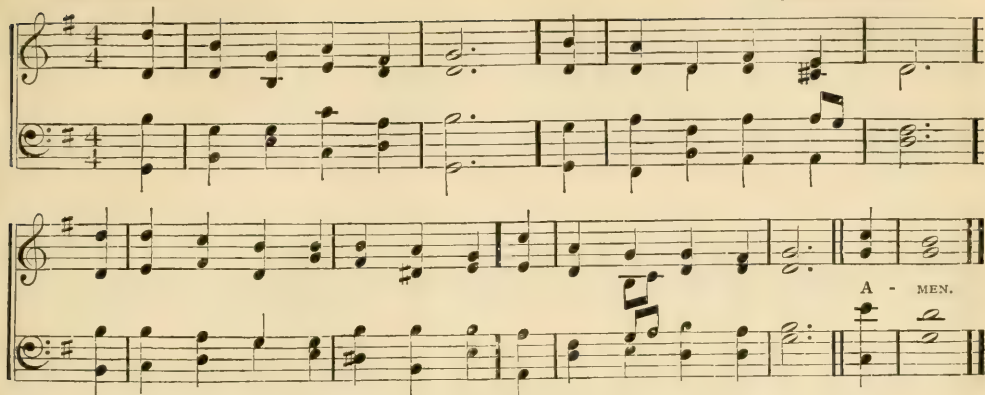
607. "This is the love of God."

BLEST be thy love, dear Lord,
 That taught us this sweet way,
 Only to love thee for thyself,
 And for that love obey.

O thou, our souls' chief hope !
 We to thy mercy fly :
 Where'er we are, thou canst protect,
 Whate'er we need, supply.

OTTERY. S.M.

Sir JOSEPH BARNEY.



Whether we sleep or wake,
To thee we both resign ;
By night we see, as well as day,
If thy light on us shine.

Whether we live or die,
Both we submit to thee ;
In death we live, as well as life,
If thine in death we be.

John Austin. 1668.

608. *"I will fear no evil, for thou art with me."*

My spirit, on thy care,
Blest Father, I recline :
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For thou art love divine.

In thee I place my trust,
On thee I calmly rest :
I know thee good, I know thee just,
And count thy choice the best.

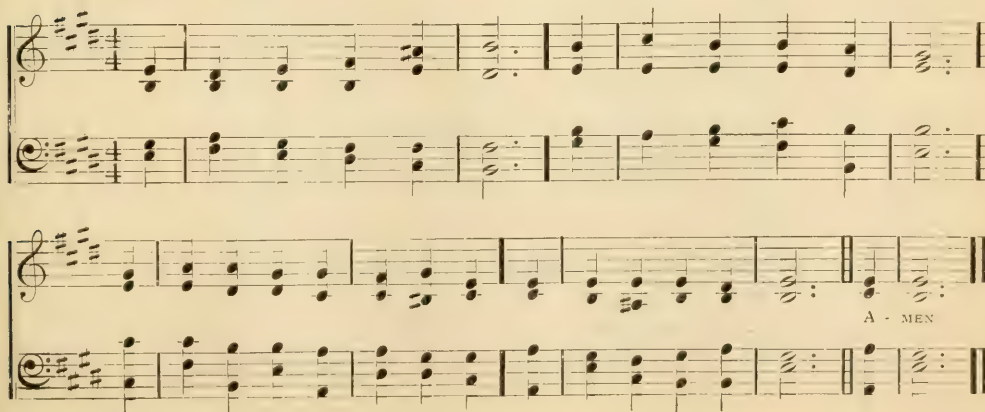
Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform :
Safe in thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.

Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me ;
Secure of having thee in all,
Of having all in thee.

Henry Francis Lyte. 1834.

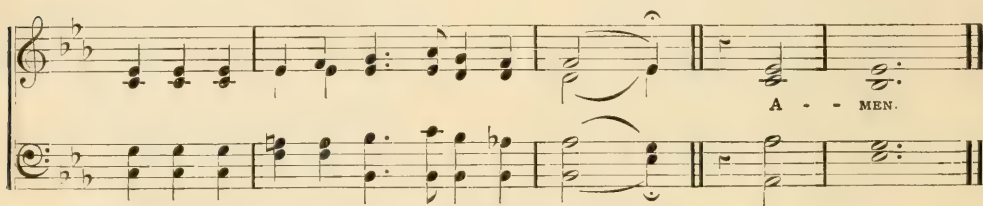
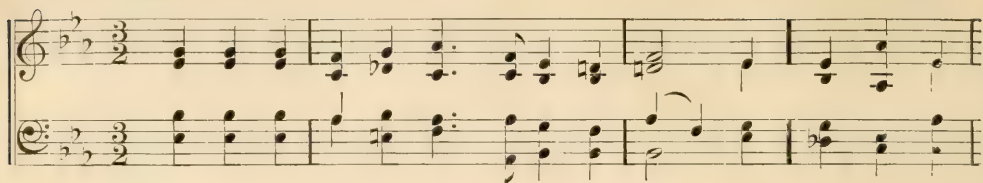
MOCCAS. S.M.

A. R. REINAGLE.



COMMENDATIO. II. 10: 11. 10.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



609.

"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."

FATHER, to thee we look in all our sorrow,
 Thou art the fountain whence our healing flows;
 Dark though the night, joy cometh with the morrow;
 Safely they rest who on thy love repose.

When fond hopes fail and skies are dark before us,
 When the vain cares that vex our life increase, —
 Comes with its calm the thought that thou art o'er us,
 And we grow quiet, folded in thy peace.

Nought shall affright us on thy goodness leaning,
 Low in the heart faith singeth still her song;
 Chastened by pain we learn life's deeper meaning,
 And in our weakness thou dost make us strong.

Patient, O heart, though heavy be thy sorrows!
 Be not cast down, disquieted in vain;
 Yet shalt thou praise him when these darkened furrows,
 Where now he plougheth, wave with golden grain.

Frederick L. Hosmer.

610.

"O Lord, thou hast searched me and known me."

WHEN faith was lost, when my poor bark was driving
 'Mid aimless doubts on thought's tempestuous sea,
 I yet could say, in all my hopeless striving,
 "I know thee not; but I am known of thee."

In blacker storms of earthly sin and passion,
 One ray of light amid the darkness shone,
 That, when thou, Lord, this soul of mine didst fashion,
 Its depths of weakness all to thee were known.

And when thy peace is in my heart descending,
 When the dear Father's face again I see,
 The same great thought with every joy is blending, —
 "I know thee now; for I am known of thee."

James Freeman Clarke.

611.

"God knoweth your hearts."

THOU knowest, Lord! thou know'st my life's deep story,
 And all the mingled good and ill I do!
 Thou seest my shame, my few stray gleams of glory,
 Where I am false, and where my soul rings true.

Lord! I am glad thou know'st my inmost being;
 Glad thou dost search the secrets of my heart;
 I would not hide one folly from thy seeing,
 Nor shun thy healing touch to save the smart.

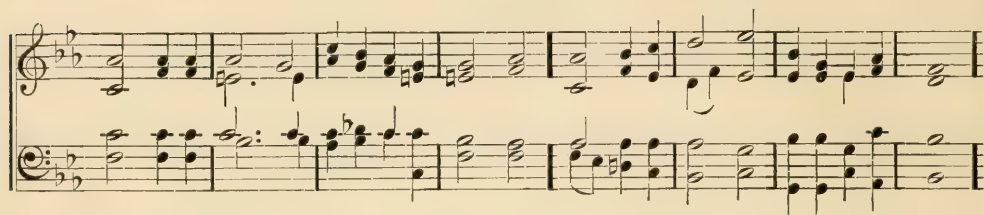
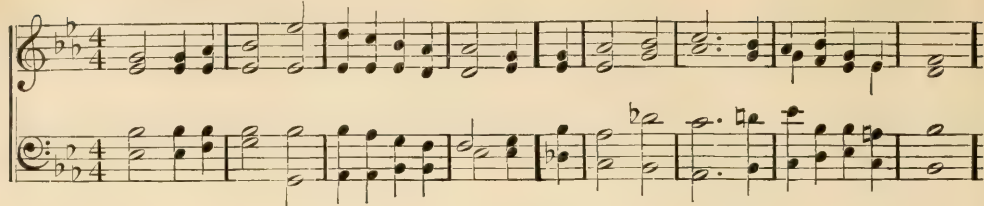
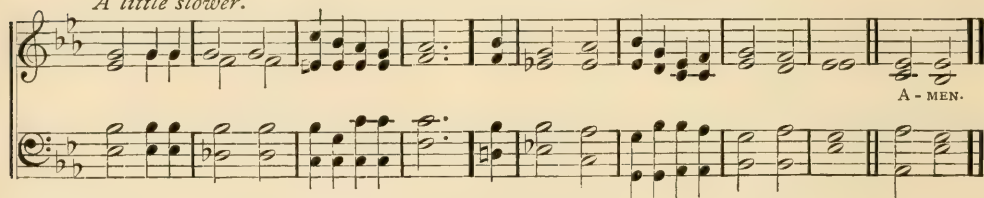
Like warp and woof the good and ill are blended,
 Nor do I see the pattern that I weave;
 Yet in thy love the whole is comprehended,
 And in thy hand my future lot I leave.

Only, dear Lord, make plain the path of duty;
 Let not my shame and sorrow weigh me down,
 Lest in despair I fail to see its beauty,
 And weeping vainly miss the victor's crown.

Henry W. Hawkes.

PENZANCE. 11.10: 11.10: 10.10.

Sir JOSEPH BARNEY.

*A little slower.*

A - MEN.

612.

"Thou knowest the way I take."

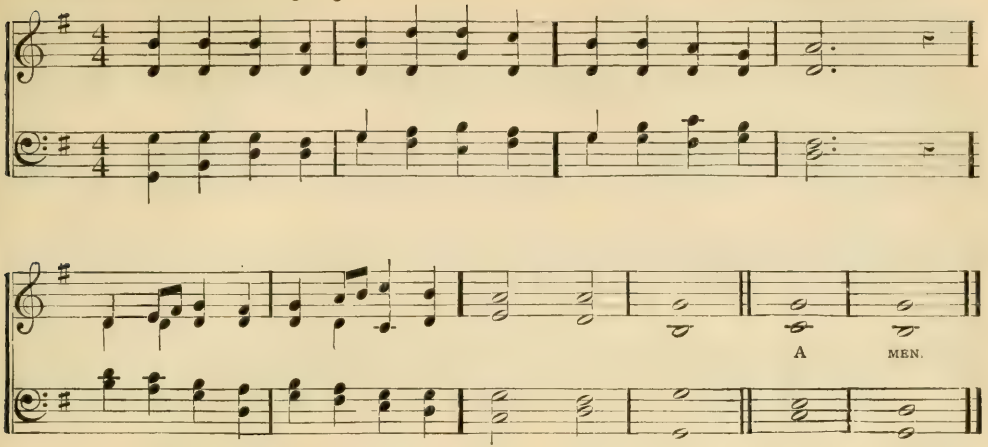
THOU knowest, Lord, the weariness and sorrow
 Of the sad heart that comes to thee for rest :
 Cares of to-day, and burdens for to-morrow,
 Blessings implored, and sins to be confessed ;
 We come before thee at thy gracious word,
 And lay them at thy feet : thou knowest, Lord.

Thou knowest all the past : how long and blindly
 On the dark mountains the lost wanderer strayed ;
 How the Good Shepherd followed, and how kindly
 He bore it home, upon his shoulders laid ;
 And healed the bleeding wounds, and soothed the pain,
 And brought back life and hope and strength again.

Thou knowest all the present : each temptation,
 Each toilsome duty, each foreboding fear ;
 All to each one assigned of tribulation,
 Or to beloved ones, than self more dear ;
 All pensive memories, as we journey on,
 Longings for vanished smiles and voices gone.

STEPHANOS. 8.5:8.3.

Sir H. W. BAKER.



Thou knowest all the future: gleams of gladness
 By stormy clouds too quickly overcast;
 Hours of sweet fellowship and parting sadness,
 And the dark river to be crossed at last.
 Oh, what could hope and confidence afford
 To tread that path, but this, thou knowest, Lord!

Jane Borthwick.

613.

"Come unto me, and ye shall find rest."

ART thou weary, art thou languid,
 Art thou sore distressed?
 "Come to me," saith One, "and coming,
 Be at rest."

Hath he marks to lead me to him,
 If he be my guide?
 "In his feet and hands are wound-prints,
 And his side."

Is there diadem, as monarch,
 That his brow adorns?
 "Yea, a crown, in very surety,
 But of thorns."

If I find him, if I follow,
 What his guerdon here?
 "Many a sorrow, many a labor,
 Many a tear."

If I still hold closely to him,
 What hath he at last?
 "Sorrow vanquished, labor ended,
 Jordan passed."

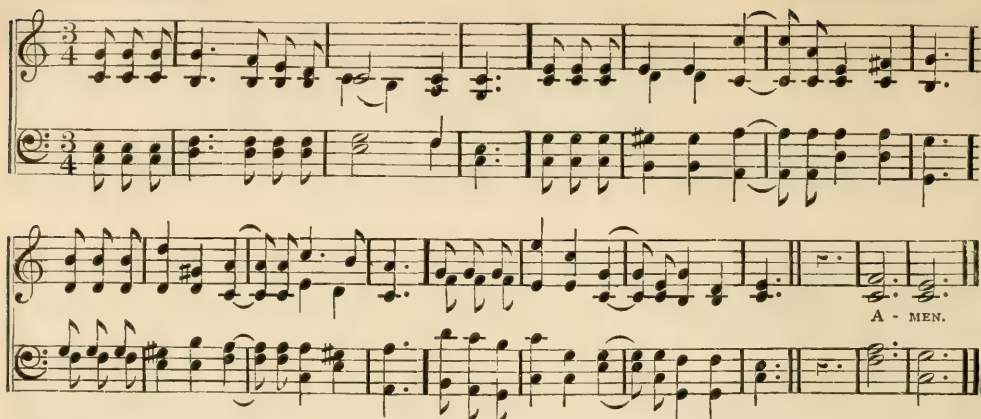
If I ask him to receive me,
 Will he say me nay?
 "Not till earth and not till heaven
 Pass away."

Finding, following, keeping, struggling,
 Is he sure to bless?
 "Saints, apostles, prophets, martyrs,
 Answer, Yes."

Saint Stephen the Sabaite, d. 794.
 Freely tr. by J. M. Neale.

FAREHAM. 10.10: 10.10.

Sir JOHN GOSS.

614. *"Whom have I in heaven but thee? and there is none upon earth that I desire besides thee."*

THOU Life within my life, than self more near!
 Thou veiled Presence infinitely clear!
 From all illusive shows of sense I flee,
 To find my centre and my rest in thee.

Below all depths thy saving mercy lies,
 Through thickest glooms I see thy light arise;
 Above the highest heavens thou art not found
 More surely than within this earthly round.

Take part with me against these doubts that rise,
 And seek to throne thee far in distant skies!
 Take part with me against this self that dares
 Assume the burden of these sins and cares!

How shall I call thee who art always here,
 How shall I praise thee who art still most dear,
 What may I give thee save what thou hast given?
 And who but thee have I in earth or heaven?

Eliza Scudder.

615.

"Until the day breaks, and the shadows flee away."

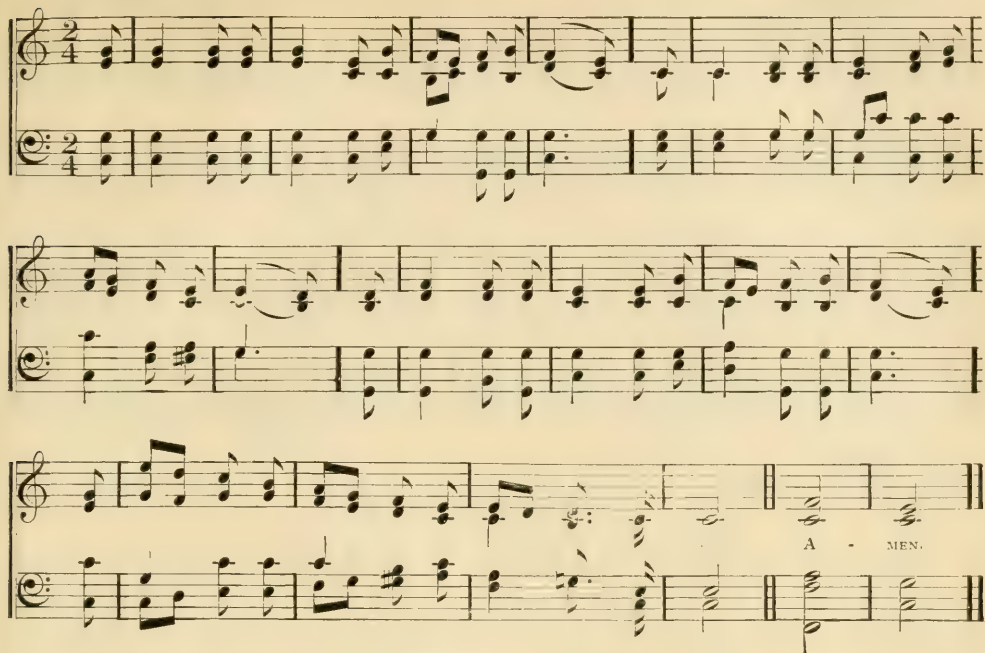
DARK is the sky that overhangs my soul,
 The mists are thick that through the valley roll,
 But, as I tread, I cheer my heart and say,
 When the day breaks, the shadows flee away.

God maketh all things good unto his own;
 For them in every darkness light is sown;
 He will make good the gloom of this my day,—
 Till that day break, and shadows flee away.

Samuel J. Stone.

FOLSOM. II. II. II. II.

From MOZART.



616.

"Faint, yet pursuing."

THOUGH faint, yet pursuing, we go on our way;
 The Lord is our Leader, his word is our stay;
 Though suffering, and sorrow, and trial be near,
 The Lord is our Refuge, and whom can we fear?

He raiseth the fallen, he cheereth the faint;
 The weak and oppressed,—he will hear their complaint;
 The way may be weary, and thorny the road,
 But how can we falter? our help is in God!

And to his green pastures our footsteps he leads;
 His flock in the desert how kindly he feeds!
 The lambs in his bosom he tenderly bears,
 And brings back the wanderers safe from the snares.

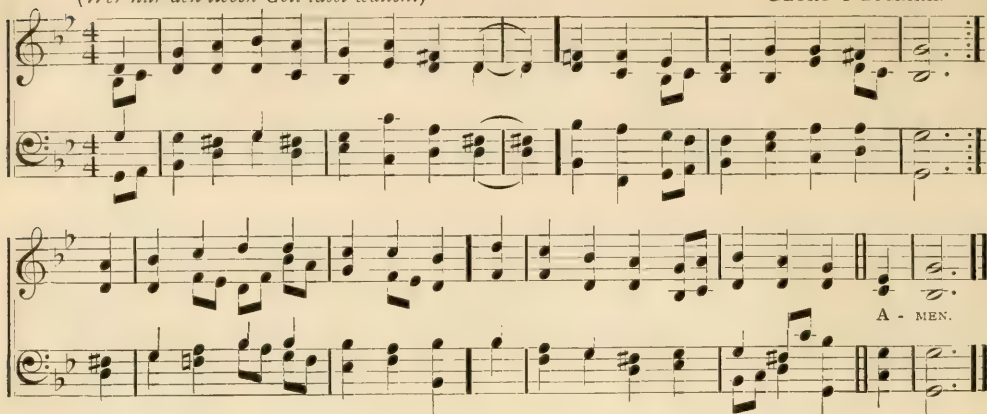
Though clouds may surround us, our God is our light;
 Though storms rage around us, our God is our might;
 So faint, though pursuing, still onward we go;
 The Lord is our Leader; no fear can we know.

Benjamin Beddome.

NEUMARK. 9.8:9.8:8.8.

(Wer nur den lieben Gott lässt walten.)

GEORG NEUMARK.



617.

"Cast thy burden upon the Lord, and he shall sustain thee."

If thou but suffer God to guide thee,
 And hope in him through all thy ways,
 He'll give thee strength, whate'er betide thee,
 And bear thee through the evil days;
 Who trusts in God's unchanging love,
 Builds on the Rock that nought can move.

What can these anxious cares avail thee,
 These never-ceasing moans and sighs?
 What can it help, if thou bewail thee
 O'er each dark moment as it flies?
 Our cross and trials do but press
 The heavier for our bitterness.

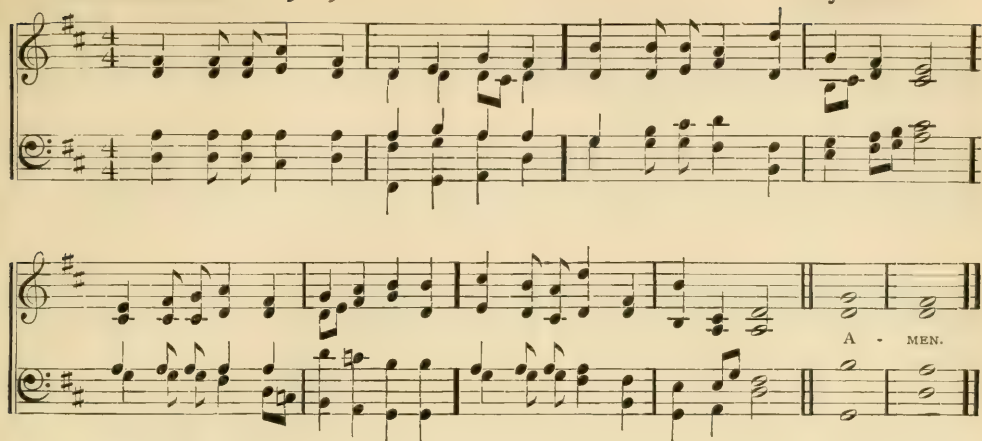
Only be still, and wait his leisure
 In cheerful hope, with heart content
 To take whate'er thy Father's pleasure,
 And all-discerning love, hath sent;
 Nor doubt our inmost wants are known
 To him who chose us for his own.

Sing, pray, and keep his ways unswerving,
 So do thine own part faithfully,
 And trust his word, though undeserving,
 Thou yet shalt find it true for thee;
 God never yet forsook at need
 The soul that trusted him indeed. AMEN.

Georg Neumark, 1657. Tr. by Catherine Winkworth.

SACRAMENT. 9.8:9.8.

E. J. HOPKINS.



618.

"Under his wings shalt thou trust."

WHAT comforts, Lord, to those are given
 Who seek in thee their home and rest!
 They find on earth an opening heaven,
 And in thy peace are amply blest.

Their tranquil joy no troubles banish;
 Their hiding-place is safe above!
 The dismal clouds of night must vanish
 At dawning of thy light of love.

In thee, O Lord, I seek protection;
 To thee I take my eager flight;
 I yield my feet to thy direction;
 Behold! my ways are in thy sight.

If thou through thorny paths wilt lead me,
 I'll simply trust in thee, O Lord!
 The clouds at thy command must feed me,
 And rocks refreshing drink afford.

Wolfgang C. Dessler. 1692.

RODIGAST. 8.7:8.7:4.4:8.8.*(Was Gott thut, das ist wohlgethan.)*

J. PACHELBEL. (1653-1706) (?)

619.*"He is the Rock, his work is perfect: for all his ways are judgment."*

WHATE'ER my God ordains is right,
 Holy his will abideth;
 I will be still whate'er he doth,
 And follow where he guideth.
 He is my God;
 Though dark my road,
 He holds me that I shall not fall,
 And so to him I leave it all.

Whate'er my God ordains is right,
 He never will deceive me;
 He leads me by the proper path,
 I know he will not leave me,
 And take content
 What he hath sent;
 His hand can turn my griefs away,
 And patiently I wait his day.

Whate'er my God ordains is right;
 Though now this cup in drinking
 May bitter seem to my faint heart,
 I take it all unshrinking;
 Tears pass away
 With dawn of day;
 Sweet comfort yet shall fill my heart,
 And pain and sorrow shall depart.

Whate'er my God ordains is right,
 Here shall my stand be taken;
 Though sorrow, need, or death be mine,
 Yet am I not forsaken;
 My Father's care
 Is around me there;
 He holds me that I shall not fall,
 And so to him I leave it all. AMEN.

S. Rodigast

MILMAN. 7-7-7:4-4-4-4.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

A - MEN

620.

Psalm cxxx.

FROM the depths of grief and fear,
 Lord ! to thee my soul repairs :
 From thy heaven bow down thine ear ;
 Let thy mercy meet my prayers.

Oh, if thou mark'st
 What 's done amiss,
 What soul so pure
 Can see thy bliss ?

But with thee sweet mercy stands,
 Sealing pardons, working fear :
 Wait my soul, wait on his hands ;
 Wait mine eye, oh, wait mine ear !

If he his eye
 Or tongue affords,
 Watch all his looks,
 Catch all his words.

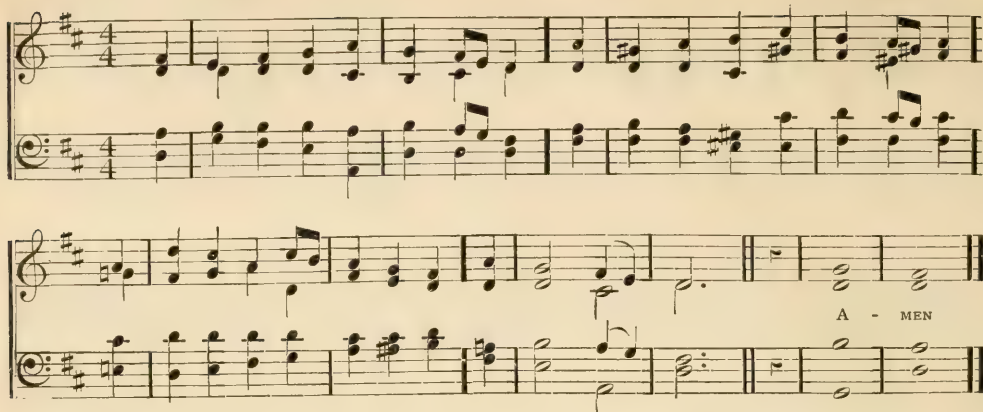
As a watchman waits for day,
 Looks for light, and looks again ;
 When the night grows old and gray,
 To be relieved he calls again ;

So look, so wait,
 So long mine eyes,
 To see my Lord,
 My Sun arise.

Phineas Fletcher. 1584-1650.

LUX ÆTERNA. 8.8.8:4.

CHARLES GOUNOD.



621.

"Thy will be done."

My God, my Father, while I stray,
Far from my home, on life's rough way,
Oh, teach me from my heart to say,
"Thy will be done!"

Though dark my path and sad my lot,
Let me be "still" and murmur not,
Or breathe the prayer divinely taught, —
"Thy will be done!"

Though thou hast called me to resign
What most I prized, it ne'er was mine:
I have but yielded what was thine, —
"Thy will be done!"

Should grief or sickness waste away
My life in premature decay,
My Father, still I strive to say,
"Thy will be done!"

Let but my fainting heart be blest
With thy sweet Spirit for its guest,
My God, to thee I leave the rest, —
"Thy will be done!"

Renew my will from day to day;
Blend it with thine, and take away
All that now makes it hard to say,
"Thy will be done!" AMEN.

Charlotte Elliott. 1836.

622.

"The Lord is my rock, and my fortress, my strength, in whom I will trust."

My God, my Father, look on me,
For I am weary and opprest;
I come to cast myself on thee, —
Thou art my Rest.

Look down on me, for I am weak;
I feel the toilsome journey's length;
Thine aid omnipotent I seek, —
Thou art my Strength.

I am bewildered on my way;
Dark and tempestuous is the night;
Oh, send thou forth some cheering ray, —
Thou art my Light.

I hear the storms around me rise;
But when I dread the impending shock,
My spirit to the refuge flies, —
Thou art my Rock.

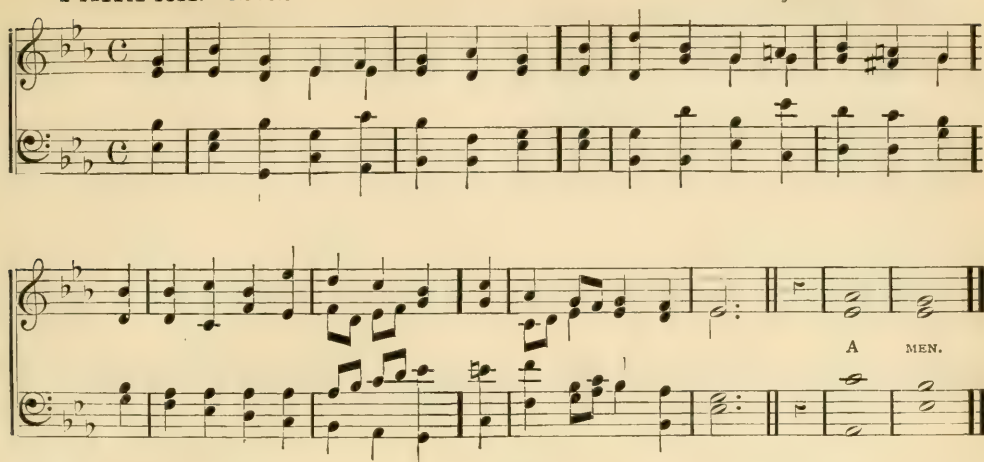
Standing alone on Jordan's brink,
In that tremendous latest strife,
Thou wilt not suffer me to sink, —
Thou art my Life.

Thou wilt my every want supply,
E'en to the end, whate'er befall;
Through life, in death, eternally,
Thou art my All. AMEN.

Charlotte Elliott.

FAIRFAX. 8.8:8.6.

Sir JOSEPH BARNEY.



623. "Return unto thy rest, O my soul."

TO-DAY, beneath thy chastening eye,
I crave alone for peace and rest,
Submissive in thy hand to lie,
And feel that it is best.

A marvel seems the universe,
A miracle our life and death;
A mystery which I cannot pierce,
Around, above, beneath.

In vain I task my aching brain,
In vain the sage's thought I scan;
I only feel how weak and vain,
How poor and blind, is man!

And now my spirit sighs for home,
And longs for light whereby to see,
And, like a weary child, would come,
O Father, unto thee!

Though oft, like letters traced on sand,
My weak resolves have passed away,
In mercy lend thy helping hand
Unto my prayer to-day. AMEN.

John G. Whittier.

624. "Could ye not watch one hour?"

SHALL we grow weary in our watch,
And murmur at the long delay,
Impatient of our Father's time
And his appointed way?

Alas! a deeper test of faith
Than prison cell or martyr's stake,
The self-abasing watchfulness
Of silent prayer may make.

Easier to smite with Peter's sword
Than "watch one hour" in humbling prayer;
Life's "great things," like the Syrian lord,
Our hearts can do and dare.

But oh, we shrink from Jordan's side,
From waters which alone can save;
And murmur for Abana's banks
And Pharpar's brighter wave.

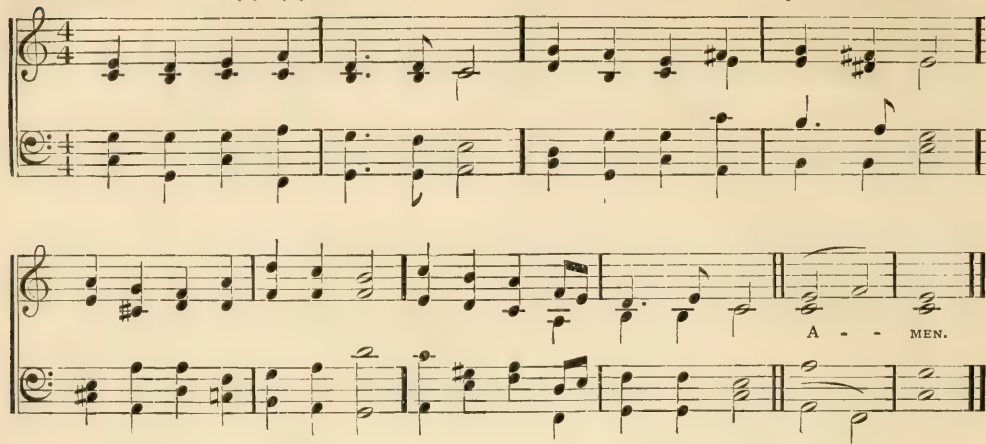
O thou, who in the garden's shade
Didst wake thy weary ones again,
Who slumbered at that fearful hour
Forgetful of thy pain;

Bend o'er us now, as over them,
And set our sleep-bound spirits free,
Nor leave us slumbering in the watch
Our souls should keep with thee! AMEN.

John G. Whittier.

KESWICK. 7-7: 7-7.

Sir JOSEPH BARNBY.



625.

"Trust in him at all times."

WHAT within me and without
Hourly on my spirit weighs,
Burdening heart and soul with doubt,
Darkening all my weary days;

In it I behold thy will,
God, who givest rest and peace;
And my heart is calm and still,
Waiting till thou send release.

In thy might all things I bear,
In thy love find bitter sweet,
And, with all my grief and care,
Sit in patience at thy feet.

O my soul, why art thou vexed?
Let things go e'en as they will;
Though to thee they seem perplexed,
Yet his order they fulfil.

Let thy mercy's wings be spread
O'er me, keep me close to thee;
In the peace thy love doth shed,
Let me dwell eternally.

Be my All; in all I do
Let me only seek thy will;
Where the heart to thee is true,
All is peaceful, calm, and still. AMEN.

August H. Francke. 1711.
Tr. by Catherine Winkworth.

626.

"Lead us not into temptation, but deliver us from evil."

HEAVENLY FATHER, to whose eye
Future things unfolded lie!
Through the desert, where I stray,
Let thy counsels guide my way.

Lord! uphold me day by day;
Shed a light upon my way;
Guide me through perplexing snares;
Care for me in all my cares.

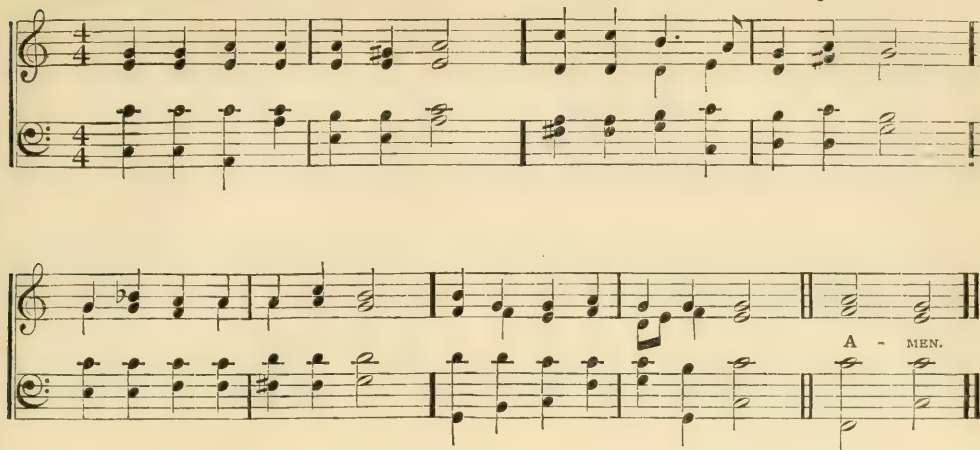
Should thy wisdom, Lord, decree
Trials long and sharp for me,
Pain or sorrow, care or shame,—
Father! glorify thy name.

Let me neither faint nor fear,
Feeling still that thou art near;
In the course my Saviour trod,
Tending home to thee, my God. AMEN.

Josiah Conder.

SUBMISSION. 7-7-7-7.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



627.

Psalm xci.

OH, how safe, how happy he,
 Lord of hosts, who dwells with thee !
 Sheltered 'neath almighty wings,
 Guarded by the King of kings !

Thou my hope, my refuge art ;
 Touch with grace my rebel heart,
 Draw me home unto thy breast,
 Give me there eternal rest !

Hark the voice of Love divine !
 "Fear not, trembler, thou art mine !
 Fear not, I am at thy side,
 Strong to succor, sure to guide.

"Call on me in want or woe,
 I will keep thee here below ;
 And, thy day of conflict past,
 Bear thee to myself at last !"

Henry Francis Lyte.

628.

"They who on the Lord rely."

THEY who on the Lord rely,
 Safely dwell, though danger 's nigh ;
 Lo ! his sheltering wings are spread
 O'er each faithful servant's head.

When they wake, or when they sleep,
 Angel guards their vigils keep ;
 Death and danger may be near,
 Faith and love have nought to fear.

Harriet Auber. 1829.

629.

"My times are in thy hand."

SOVEREIGN Ruler of the skies,
 Ever gracious, ever wise,
 All my times are in thy hand,
 All events at thy command, —

Times of sickness, times of health ;
 Times of penury and wealth ;
 Times of trial and of grief ;
 Times of triumph and relief.

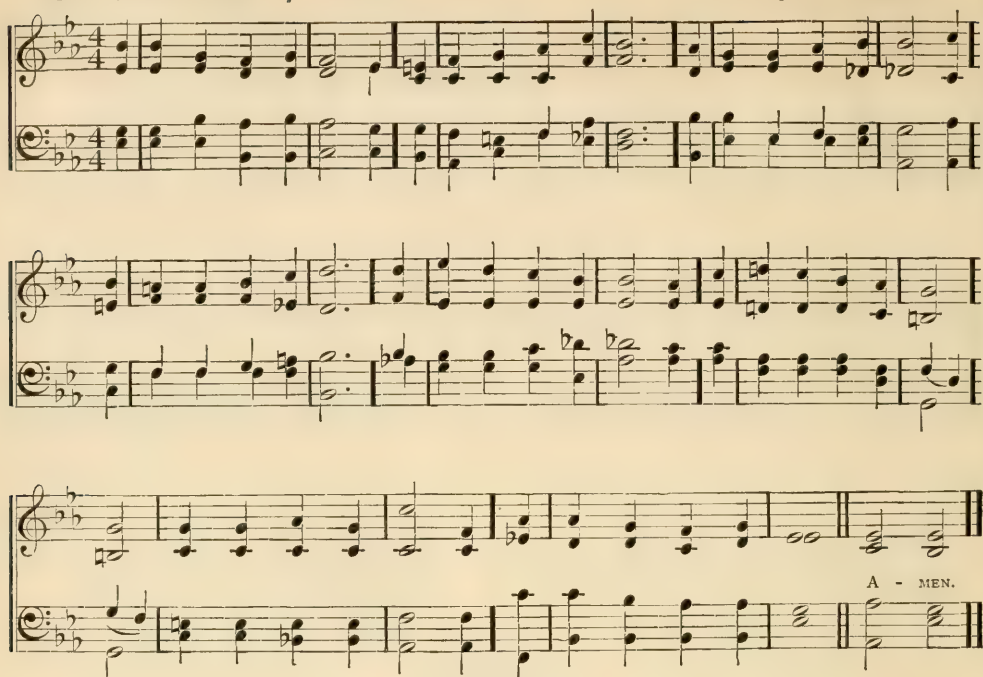
O thou Gracious, Wise, and Just !
 In thy hands my life I trust :
 Have I something dearer still ?
 I resign it to thy will.

Thee at all times will I bless ;
 Having thee, I all possess ;
 How can I bereavèd be,
 Since I cannot part with thee ?

John Ryland. 1777.

ST. ANSELM. 7.6. Double.

Sir JOSEPH BARNEY.



630.

"That ye should follow his steps."

O HAPPY band of pilgrims,
 If onward ye will tread
 With Jesus as your Fellow
 To Jesus as your Head !
 Oh, happy if ye labor
 As Jesus did for men ;
 Oh, happy if ye hunger
 As Jesus hungered then !

The trials that beset you,
 The sorrows ye endure,
 The manifold temptations
 That death alone can cure, —

What are they but bright jewels
 Of right celestial worth ?
 What are they but the ladder
 Set up to heaven on earth ?

The Cross that Jesus carried
 Ye carry in his love :
 The Crown that Jesus weareth
 Ye too shall wear above.
 O happy band of pilgrims,
 Look upward to the skies,
 Where such a light affliction
 Shall win you such a prize.

Adapted from the Greek by John M. Neale.†

JESU, MAGISTER BONE. 7.6. Double.

Rev. J. B. DYKES

A - MEN.

631.

"I call to remembrance my song in the night."

IN time of tribulation,
 Hear, Lord, my feeble cries ;
 With humble supplication
 To thee my spirit flies :
 Remembered songs of gladness
 Through night's lone silence brought,
 Strike notes of deeper sadness,
 And stir desponding thought.

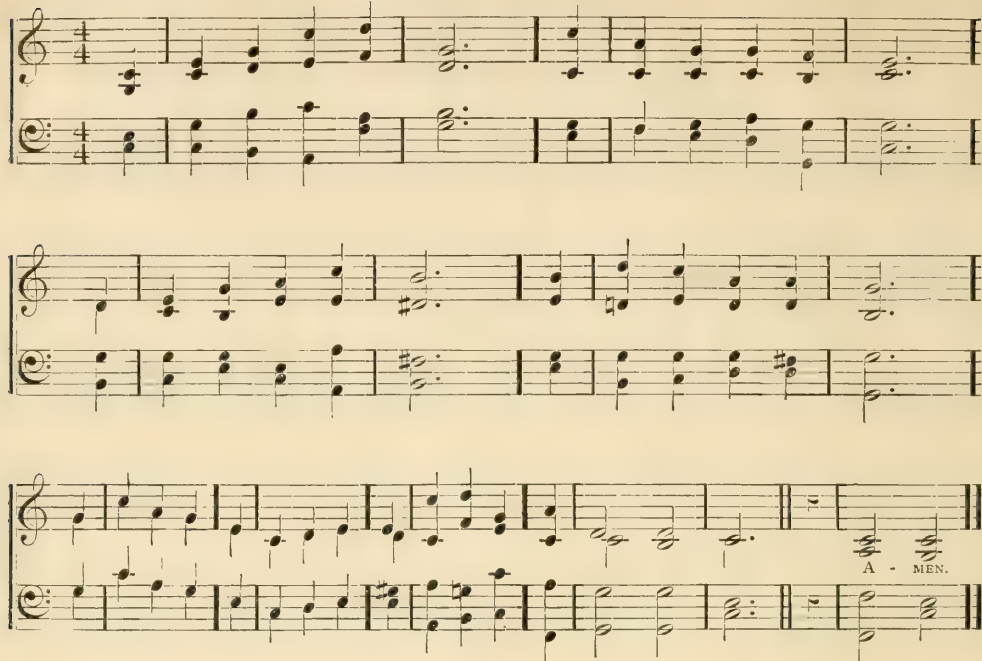
Hath God cast off forever?
 Can time his truth impair?
 His tender mercy never
 Shall I presume to share?
 Hath he his loving-kindness
 Shut up in endless wrath?
 No ; this is mine own blindness,
 That cannot see his path.

I call to recollection
 The years of his right hand ;
 And, strong in his protection,
 Again through faith I stand.
 Thy deeds, O Lord, are wonder ;
 Holy are all thy ways ;
 The secret place of thunder
 Shall utter forth thy praise. AMEN.

James Montgomery

CHRIST CHURCH. 6.6:6.6:4.4:4.4. (H.M.)

CHARLES STEGGALL.



632.

"I sought the Lord, and he heard me, and delivered me from all my fears."

LET not his praises grow
 On prosperous heights alone ;
 But in the vales below
 Let his great love be known.
 Let no distress
 Curb and control
 My wingèd soul,
 And praise suppress.

Though sin and death conspire
 To rob thee of thy praise,
 Still towards thee I'll aspire,
 And thou dull hearts canst raise.
 Open thy door ;
 And, when grim death
 Shall stop this breath,
 I'll praise thee more.

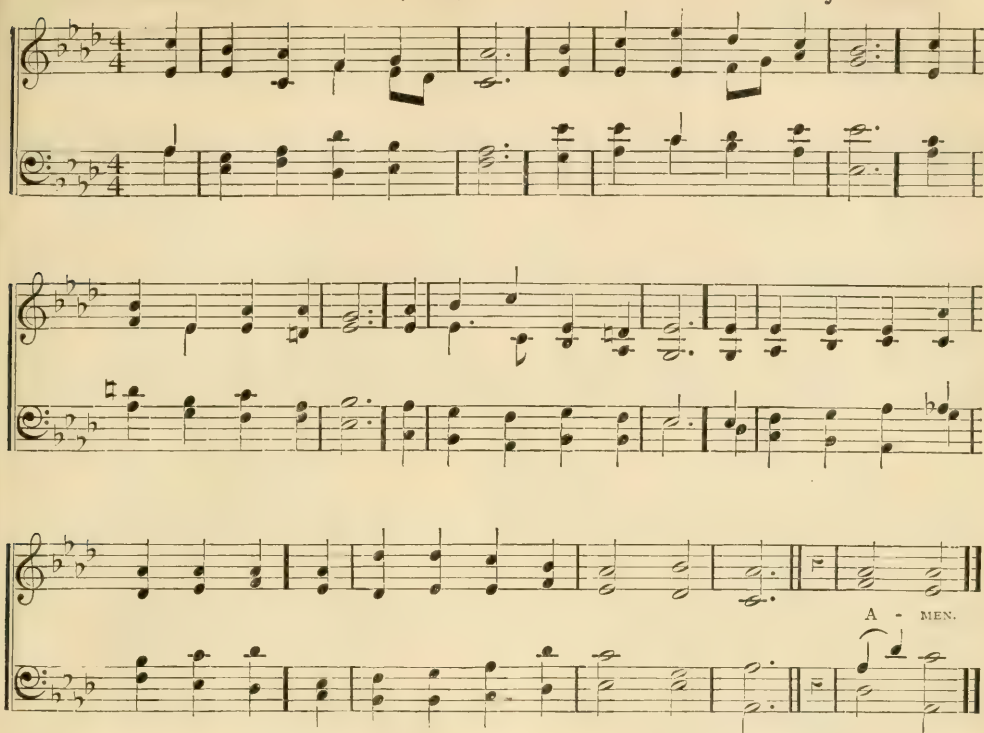
With thy triumphant flock
 Then I shall numbered be ;
 Built on the eternal rock.
 His glory we shall see.
 The heavens so high
 With praise shall ring,
 And all shall sing
 In harmony.

The sun is but a spark
 From the eternal light :
 Its brightest beams are dark
 To that most glorious sight.
 There the whole choir,
 With one accord,
 Shall praise the Lord
 For evermore. AMEN.

Richard Baxter.

ST. GODRIC. 6.6.6.6:8.8. (H.M.)

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



633.

"Thou art with me, thy rod and thy staff they comfort me."

THOU, infinite in love,
 Guide this bewildered mind,
 Which, like the trembling dove,
 No resting-place can find
 On the wild waters! — God of light,
 Through the thick darkness lead me right!

Bid the fierce conflict cease,
 And fear and anguish fly;
 Let there again be peace,
 As in the days gone by:
 In Jesus' name I cry to thee,
 Remembering Gethsemane.

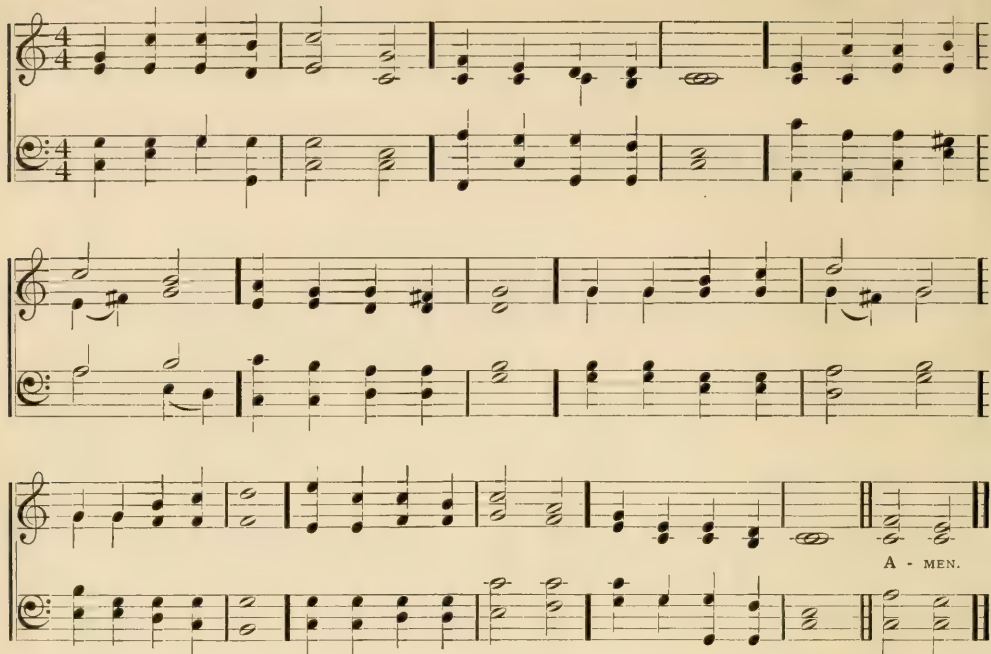
Fain would earth's true and dear
 Save me in this dark hour;
 And art not thou more near;
 Art thou not love and power?
 Vain is the help of man, — but thou
 Canst send deliverance even now.

Though through the future's shade
 Pale phantoms I descry,
 Let me not shrink dismayed,
 But ever feel thee nigh;
 There may be grief and pain and care,
 But, O my Father! thou art there.

Sarah E. Miles.

MAGI. 6.5. Double.

HENRY LAHEE.



634. *"Our light affliction, which is but for a moment, worketh for us a far more exceeding and eternal weight of glory."*

OH, let him whose sorrow
No relief can find,
Trust in God, and borrow
Ease for heart and mind.
God will never leave thee,
All thy want he knows,
Feels the pains that grieve thee,
Sees thy cares and woes.

Raise thine eyes to heaven
When thy spirits quail,
When, by tempests driven,
Heart and courage fail.
When in grief we languish,
He will dry the tear,
Who his children's anguish
Soothes with succor near.

Heinrich S. Oswald.
Tr by Frances E. Cox.

635. *"Weeping may endure for a night, but joy cometh in the morning."*

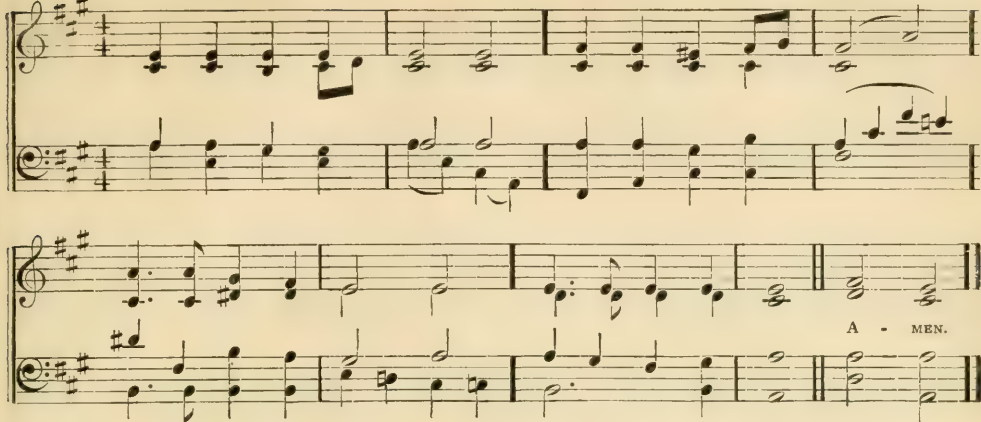
YEA, I will extol thee,
Lord of life and light !
For thine arm upheld me,
Turned my foes to flight.
Grief may, like a stranger,
For a night sojourn,
Yet shall joy to-morrow
With the sun return.

Thou hast turned my mourning
Into minstrelsy,
Girded me with gladness,
Set my thralldom free ;
Thee my ransomed powers
Henceforth shall adore, —
Thee, my great Deliverer,
Bless for evermore. AMEN.

James Montgomery

MERRIAL. 6.5: 6.5.

Sir JOSEPH BARNEY.



636.

Light in Darkness.

PURER yet and purer
 I would be in mind,
 Dearer yet and dearer
 Every duty find ;
 Hoping still and trusting
 God without a fear,
 Patiently believing
 He will make all clear ;
 Calmer yet and calmer
 Trial bear and pain,
 Surer yet and surer
 Peace at last to gain ;
 Suffering still and doing,
 To his will resigned,
 And to God subduing
 Heart and will and mind.
 Higher yet and higher,
 Out of clouds and night,
 Nearer yet and nearer
 Rising to the light, —
 Light serene and holy,
 Where my soul may rest,
 Purified and lowly,
 Sanctified and blest.

Anonymous.

637.

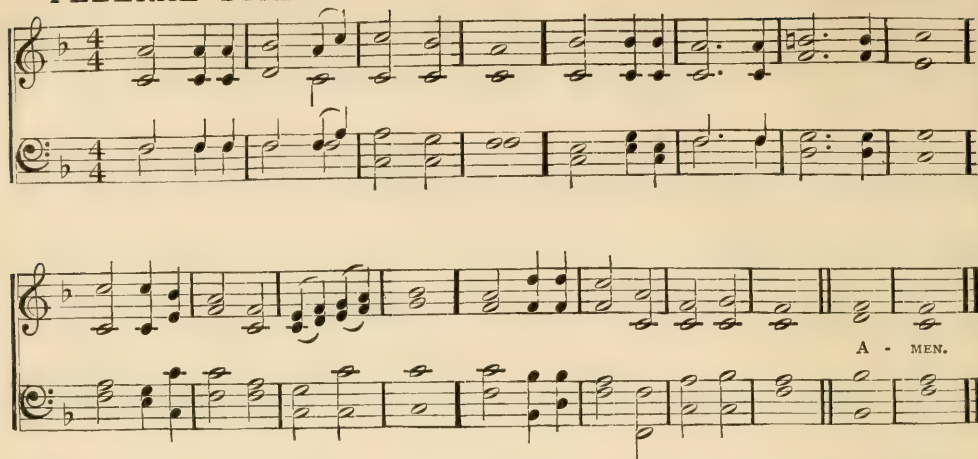
The Silent Hour.

As the storm retreating
 Leaves the vales in peace,
 Let the world's vain noises
 O'er our spirits cease.
 Sounds of wrath and striving,
 Man with man at war,
 Hearts with Heaven contending, —
 Hear we now no more.
 Now the hours of stillness,
 Wondrous visions show ;
 Heaven unfolds before us,
 Angels come and go.
 Holy human faces,
 From earth's shadows free,
 Look with love upon us,
 Bid us patient be.
 Almost we discern them,
 Almost read their smile,
 Almost hear them saying,
 "Wait a little while."
 Thus in hours of stillness,
 Faith to Heaven shall rise,
 Till death's last, deep silence
 Quite unseals our eyes.

Theodore C. Williams.

FEDERAL STREET. L.M.

H. K. OLIVER.



638.

"I will trust in the Lord."

My God, I thank thee ! may no thought
E'er deem thy chastisements severe ;
But may this heart, by sorrow taught,
Calm each wild wish, each idle fear.

Thy mercy bids all nature bloom ;
The sun shines bright, and man is gay ;
Thine equal mercy spreads the gloom
That darkens o'er his little day.

Full many a throb of grief and pain
Thy frail and erring child must know ;
But not one prayer is breathed in vain,
Nor does one tear unheeded flow.

Thy various messengers employ ;
Thy purposes of love fulfil ;
And, 'mid the wreck of human joy,
May kneeling faith adore thy will. AMEN.

Andrews Norton.

639.

"I will arise, and go unto my Father."

To thine eternal arms, O God,
Take us, thine erring children, in ;
From dangerous paths too boldly trod,
From wandering thoughts and dreams of sin.

Those arms were round our childish ways,
A guard through helpless years to be ;
Oh, leave not our maturer days,
We still are helpless without thee !

We trusted hope and pride and strength :
Our strength proved false, our pride was vain ;
Our dreams have faded all at length, —
We come to thee, O Lord, again !

A guide to trembling steps yet be,
Give us of thine eternal powers !
So shall our paths all lead to thee,
And life smile on like childhood's hours.

T. W. Higginson. 1847.

640.

"The gift of God is eternal life."

My God, in thee all fulness lies,
All want in me from thee apart ;
In thee my soul hath endless joys,
In me is but an aching heart.

Thou seest whatsoe'er we need,
Thou seest it, and pitiest me ;
Thy swift compassions hither speed,
Ere yet my woes are told to thee.

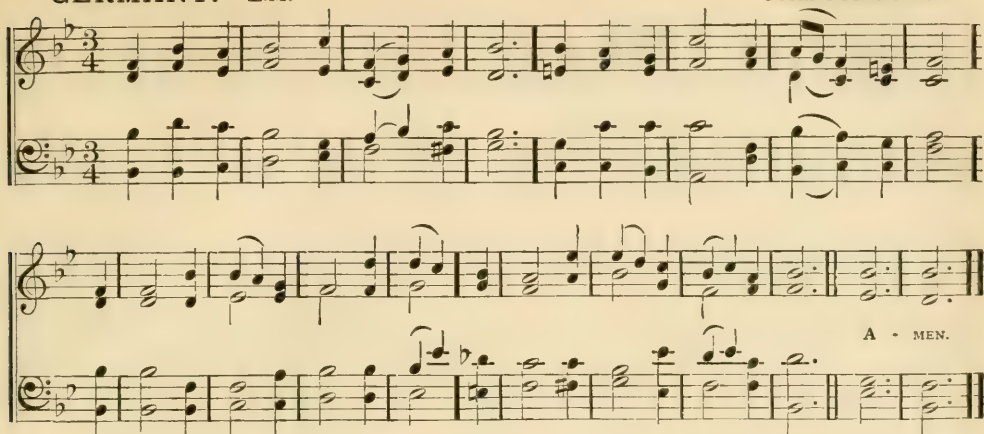
I leave to thee whate'er is mine,
And in thy will I calmly rest ;
I know that richest gifts are thine :
Thou canst and thou wilt make me blest.

J. S. Hoffmann

Tr. by Catherine Winkworth.

GERMANY. L.M.

From BEETHOVEN.



A - MEN.

641. "I will trust in the covert of thy wings."

God of my life, whose gracious power
Through various deaths my soul hath led,
Or turned aside the fatal hour,
Or lifted up my sinking head, —

In all my ways thy hand I own,
Thy ruling providence I see :
Oh, help me still my course to run,
And still direct my paths to thee.

Whither, oh, whither should I fly,
But to my loving Father's breast,
Secure within thine arms to lie,
And safe beneath thy wings to rest?

I have no skill the snare to shun ;
But thou, O God, my wisdom art :
I ever into ruin run ;
But thou art greater than my heart.

Foolish and impotent and blind,
Lead me a way I have not known ;
Bring me where I my heaven may find, —
The heaven of loving thee alone. AMEN.

Charles Wesley.

642.

Hymn of Trust.

O LOVE Divine, that stooped to share
Our sharpest pang, our bitterest tear,
On thee we cast each earth-born care ;
We smile at pain while thou art near.

Though long the weary way we tread,
And sorrow crown each lingering year,
No path we shun, no darkness dread ;
Our hearts still whispering, thou art near !

When drooping pleasure turns to grief,
And trembling faith is changed to fear,
The murmuring wind, the quivering leaf,
Shall softly tell us, thou art near !

On thee we fling our burdening woe,
O Love Divine, forever dear !
Content to suffer while we know,
Living and dying, thou art near.

Oliver Wendell Holmes.

643.

Grateful Reliance on God.

How rich the blessings, O my God,
Which teach this grateful heart to glow !
How kindly poured, and free bestowed,
The rivers of thy mercy flow !

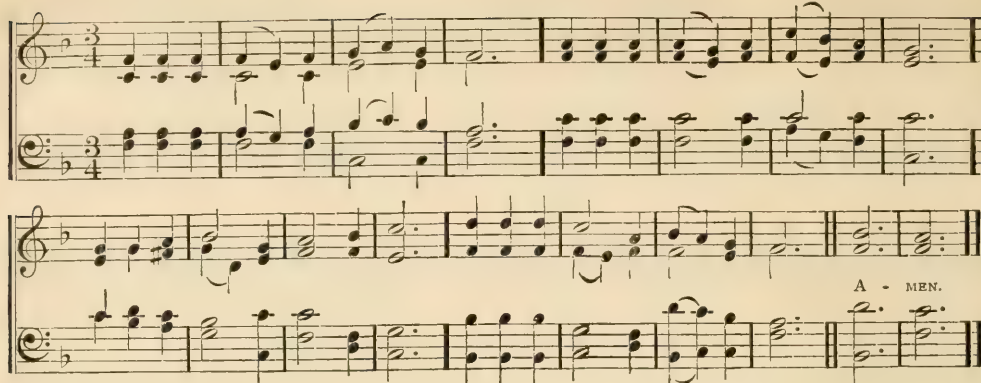
How calmly rolls the sea of life !
Secure in thine immortal trust,
The soul has hushed her secret strife,
Nor longer shudders at the dust.

Though sorrow's cloud awhile o'ercast
The dawn of earthly hope and joy,
She knows that it must soon be past,
And will unveil eternity.

Jane E. (Roscoe) Hornblower.

HURSLEY. L.M.

Arranged from PETER RITTER, by W. H. MONK.



644.

Made Perfect through Suffering.

I BLESS thee, Lord, for sorrows sent
To break my dream of human power ;
For now, my shallow cisterns spent,
I find thy founts, and thirst no more.

I take thy hand, and fears grow still ;
Behold thy face, and doubts remove :
Who would not yield his wavering will
To perfect truth and boundless love ?

That love this restless soul doth teach
The strength of thine eternal calm ;
And tune its sad and broken speech
To join, on earth, the angels' psalm.

Oh, be it patient in thy hands,
And drawn, through each mysterious hour,
To service of thy pure commands,
The narrow way to love and power. AMEN.

Samuel Johnson.

645.

"He will be our guide even unto death."

O THOU by long experience tried,
Near whom no grief can long abide,
My Lord ! how full of sweet content
My years of pilgrimage are spent.

To me remains nor place nor time :
My country is in every clime ;
I can be calm and free from care
On any shore, since thou art there.

Could I be cast where thou art not,
That were indeed a dreadful lot ;
But regions none remote I call,
Secure of finding thee in all. AMEN.

Madame Guion.

Tr. by W. Cowper. †

646.

The Bitter Cup.

THY will be done ! I will not fear
The fate provided by thy love :
Though clouds and darkness shroud me here,
I know that all is bright above.

The stars of heaven are shining on, [tears ;
Though these frail eyes are dimmed with
And though the hopes of earth be gone,
Yet are not ours the immortal years ?

Father, forgive the heart that clings,
Thus trembling, to the things of time ;
And bid the soul, on angel wings,
Ascend into a purer clime.

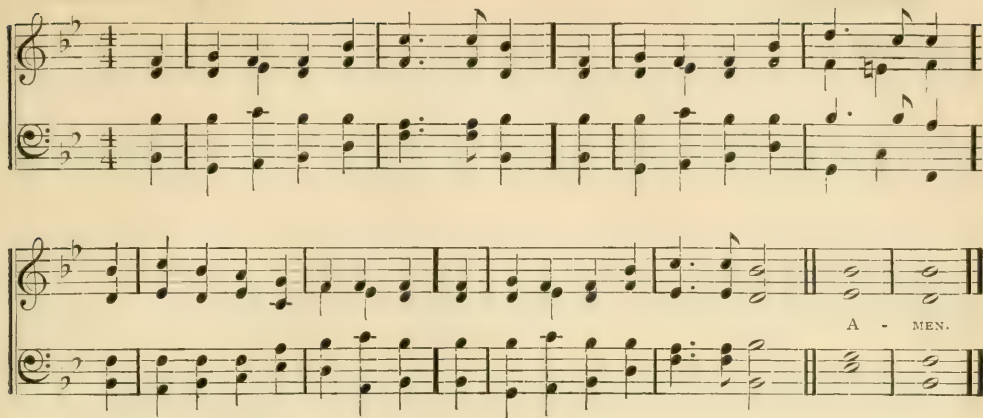
There shall no doubts disturb its trust,
No sorrows dim celestial love ;
But these afflictions of the dust,
Like shadows of the night, remove.

That glorious life will well repay
This life of toil and care and woe :
O Father ! joyful on my way,
To drink thy bitter cup, I go.

Jane E. (Roscoe) Hornblower.

LAUDS. L.M.

R. REDHEAD.



647.

"He healeth the broken in heart."

OUR God is good, in every place
His love is known, his help is found,
His mighty arm and tender grace
Bring good from ills that hem us round.

He who can heaven and earth control,
Who spreads the clouds o'er sea and land,
Whose presence fills the mighty whole,
In each true heart is close at hand.

When sins and follies long forgot
Upon thy tortured conscience prey;
Oh, come to God, and fear him not,
His love shall sweep them all away.

Those whom the thoughtless world forsakes,
Who stand bewildered with their woe,
God gently to his bosom takes,
And bids them all his fulness know.

What though thou tread with bleeding feet
A thorny path of grief and gloom?
Thy God will choose the way most meet
To lead thee heavenward, lead thee home.

J. F. Zihn. 1682.

648.

The Hope of Man.

THE past is dark with sin and shame,
The future dim with doubt and fear;
But, Father, yet we praise thy name,
Whose guardian love is always near.

For man has striven, ages long,
With faltering steps, to come to thee;
And, in each purpose high and strong,
The influence of thy grace could see.

He could not breathe an earnest prayer,
But thou wast kinder than he dreamed,
As age by age brought hopes more fair,
And nearer still thy kingdom seemed.

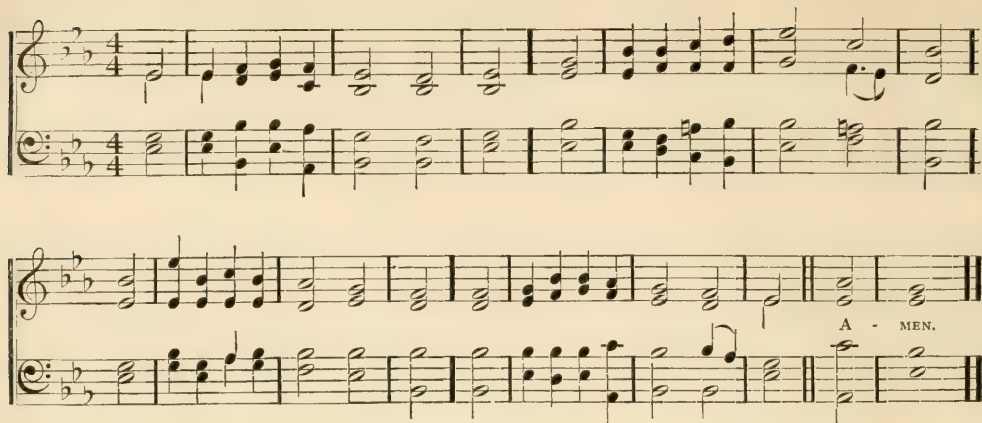
But never rose within his breast
A trust so calm and deep as now:
Shall not the weary find a rest?
Father, Preserver, answer thou!

'Tis dark around, 't is dark above,
But through the shadow streams the sun:
We cannot doubt thy certain love;
And Man's true aim shall yet be won!

T. W. Higginson. 1847.

UXBRIDGE. L.M.

LOWELL MASON.

649. *"A pillar of fire by night."*

WHEN Israel, of the Lord beloved,
Out of the land of bondage came,
Her fathers' God before her moved,
An awful guide, in smoke and flame.

By day, along the astonished lands
The cloudy pillar glided slow ;
By night, Arabia's crimsoned sands
Returned the fiery column's glow.

There rose the choral hymn of praise,
And trump and timbrel answered keen ;
And Zion's daughters poured their lays,
With priests' and warriors' voice between.

No portents now our foes amaze ;
Forsaken Israel wanders lone ;
Our fathers would not know thy ways,
And thou hast left them to their own.

But present still, though now unseen,
When brightly shines the prosperous day,
Be thoughts of thee a cloudy screen
To temper the deceitful ray !

And, oh, when stoops on Judah's path,
In shade and storm, the frequent night,
Be thou, long-suffering, slow to wrath,
A burning and a shining light. AMEN.

Sir Walter Scott.

650. *Trust in God.*

BE still, my heart : these anxious cares
To thee are burdens, thorns, and snares ;
They cast dishonor on thy Lord,
And contradict his gracious word.

Brought safely by his hand thus far,
Why wilt thou now give place to fear ?
How canst thou want if he provide,
Or lose thy way with such a guide ?

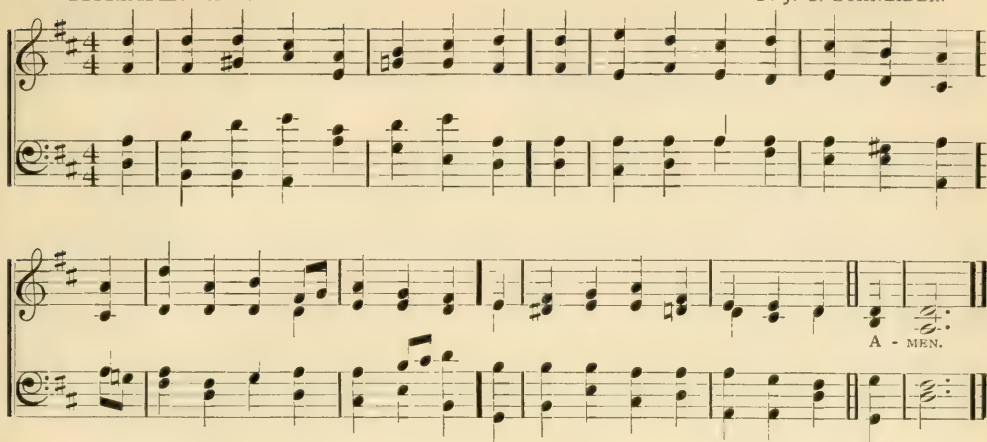
Did ever trouble yet befall,
And he refuse to hear thy call ?
And has he not his promise passed
That thou shalt overcome at last ?

He who has helped me hitherto
Will help me all my journey through,
And give me daily cause to raise
New trophies to his endless praise.

John Newton.

HALLE. L.M.

F. J. C. SCHNEIDER.

651. *"There is a river, the streams whereof shall make glad the city of God."*

God is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade ;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

Let mountains from their seats be hurled
Down to the deep, and buried there ;
Convulsions shake the solid world,
Our faith shall never yield to fear.

Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
In sacred peace our souls abide ;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God :
Life, love, and joy still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

That sacred stream, thine holy word,
That all our raging fear controls :
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting souls.

Isaac Watts.

652. *"How unsearchable are his judgments."*

LORD, my weak thought in vain would climb
To search the starry vault profound ;
In vain would wing her flight sublime,
To find creation's utmost bound.

But weaker yet that thought must prove
To search thy great eternal plan,
Thy sovereign counsels, born of love
Long ages ere the world began.

When my dim reason would demand
Why that, or this, thou dost ordain,
By some vast deep I seem to stand,
Whose secrets I must ask in vain.

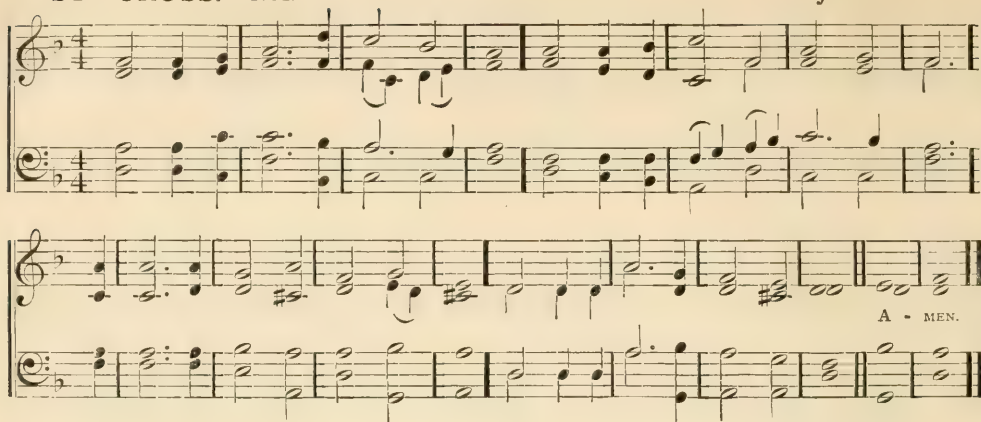
When doubts disturb my troubled breast,
And all is dark as night to me,
Here, as on solid rock, I rest, —
That so it seemeth good to thee.

Be this my joy, that evermore
Thou rulest all things at thy will ;
Thy sovereign wisdom I adore,
And calmly, sweetly, trust thee still. AMEN.

Ray Palmer.

ST. CROSS. L.M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



653.

"God is love."

WHEN darkness long has veiled my mind,
And smiling day once more appears,
Then, O my Father, then I find
The folly of my doubts and fears.

Straight I upbraid my wandering heart,
And blush that I should ever be
Thus prone to act so base a part,
Or harbor one hard thought of thee.

Oh, let me then at length be taught
What I am still so slow to learn, —
That God is love, and changes not,
Nor knows the shadow of a turn !

Sweet truth, and easy to repeat ;
But when my faith is sharply tried,
I find myself a learner yet,
Unskilful, weak, and apt to slide.

But, O my God ! one look from thee
Subdues the disobedient will,
Drives doubt and discontent away,
And thy rebellious child is still.

William Cowper.

654.

"Blessed are they that mourn, for they shall be comforted."

DEEM not that they are blest alone
Whose days a peaceful tenor keep ;
The God who loves our race has shown
A blessing for the eyes that weep.

The light of smiles shall fill again
The lids that overflow with tears,
And weary hours of woe and pain
Are promises of happier years.

Oh, there are days of sunny rest
For every dark and troubled night ;
And grief may bide, an evening guest,
But joy shall come with morning light.

William Cullen Bryant.

655.

"Thou heardest the voice of my supplications when I cried unto thee."

GOD of my life, to thee I call,
Afflicted at thy feet I fall ;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail.

Friend of the friendless and the faint,
Where should I lodge my deep complaint ?
Where, but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor ?

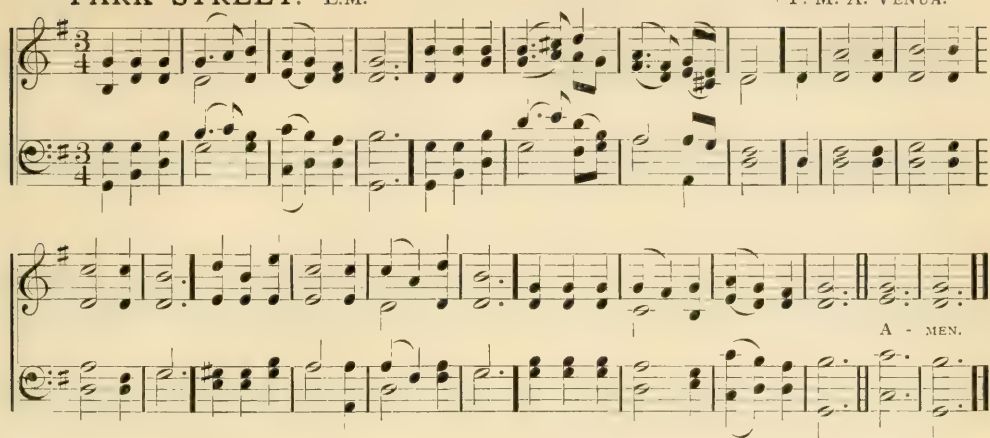
Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse the mourner's plea ?
Does not thy word still fixed remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain ?

That were a grief I could not bear,
Didst thou not hear and answer prayer ;
But a prayer-hearing, answering God
Supports me under every load.

William Cowper.

PARK STREET. L.M.

F. M. A. VENUA.



656. *"Wait on the Lord; be of good courage, and he shall strengthen thine heart."*

WAIT on the Lord, ye heirs of hope !
And let his word support your soul :
Well can he bear your courage up,
And all your foes and fears control.

He waits his own well-chosen hour
The intended mercy to display ;
And his paternal pity moves,
While wisdom dictates the delay.

Blest are the humble souls, that wait
With sweet submission to his will ;
Harmonious all their passions move,
And in the midst of storms are still ; —

Still, till their Father's well-known voice
Wakens their silence into songs ;
Then earth grows vocal with his praise,
And heaven the grateful shout prolongs.

Philip Doddridge.

657. *"Thou art my rock and my fortress."*

Be thou, O Rock of Ages, nigh !
So shall each murmuring thought be gone ;
And grief, and fear, and care shall fly
As clouds before the mid-day sun.

Speak to my warring passions peace ;
Say to my trembling heart "Be still ;"
Thy power my strength and fortress is,
For all things serve thy sovereign will.

Charles Wesley.

658. *"Lead me in a plain path."*

O THOU, to whose all-searching sight
The darkness shineth as the light !
Search, prove my heart ; it pants for thee :
Oh, burst these bonds, and set it free !

If in this darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way :
No foes, no violence, I fear ;
No fraud, while thou, my God, art near.

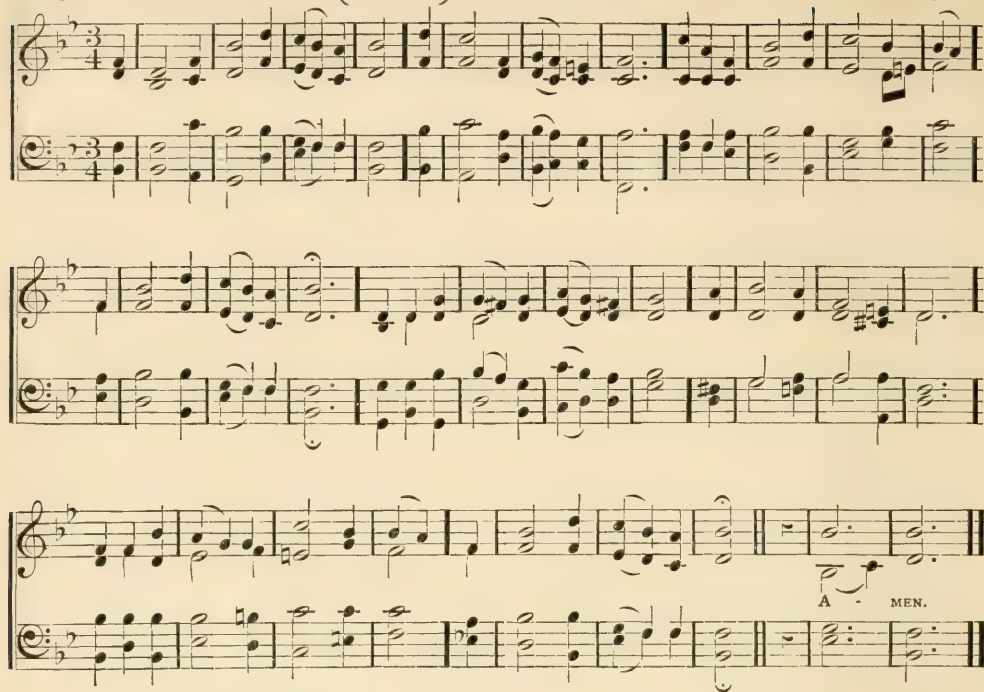
When rising floods my soul o'erflow,
When sinks my heart in waves of woe,
O Lord, thy timely aid impart,
And raise my head, and cheer my heart !

If rough and thorny be the way,
My strength proportion to my day ;
Till toil and grief and pain shall cease,
Where all is calm and joy and peace.

Gerhard Tersteegen. 1731.

ST. MATTHEW. (CROFT.) C.M. Double.

W. CROFT.

659. *A Song of Trust.**"O God, in thee, in thee, have I trusted."*

O LOVE Divine, of all that is
 The sweetest still and best,
 Fain would I come and rest my heart
 Upon thy faithful breast.
 I pray thee turn me not away,
 For, sinful though I be,
 Thou knowest everything I need,
 And all my need of thee.

I do not pray because I would ;
 I pray because I must :
 There is no meaning in my prayer
 But thankfulness and trust ;
 And thou wilt hear the thought I mean,
 And not the words I say ;
 Wilt hear the thanks among the words
 That only seem to pray.

Thou dost not wait until I urge
 My wayward steps to thee,
 But in the darkness of my life
 Art coming still to me.
 And, even while it sighed, my heart
 Has sung itself to rest,
 O Love Divine, forever near,
 Upon thy faithful breast.

John W. Chadwick.

660. *"Help us, Lord."*

O God, that mad'st the earth and sky,
 The darkness and the day,
 Give ear to this thy family,
 And help us when we pray.
 For wide the waves of bitterness
 Around our vessel roar,
 And heavy grows the pilot's heart,
 To view the rocky shore.

BRATTLE STREET. C.M. Double.

Arranged from PLEYEL.

The cross our Master bore for us,
 For him we fain would bear;
 But mortal strength to weakness turns,
 And courage to despair.
 Then mercy on our failings, Lord;
 Our sinking faith renew;
 And, when his sorrows visit us,
 Oh, send his patience too! AMEN.

Reginald Heber.

661. *"My times are in thy hand."*

WHILE thee I seek, protecting Power,
 Be my vain wishes stilled;
 And may this consecrated hour
 With better hopes be filled.
 Thy love the powers of thought bestowed,
 To thee my thoughts would soar;
 Thy mercy o'er my life has flowed, —
 That mercy I adore.

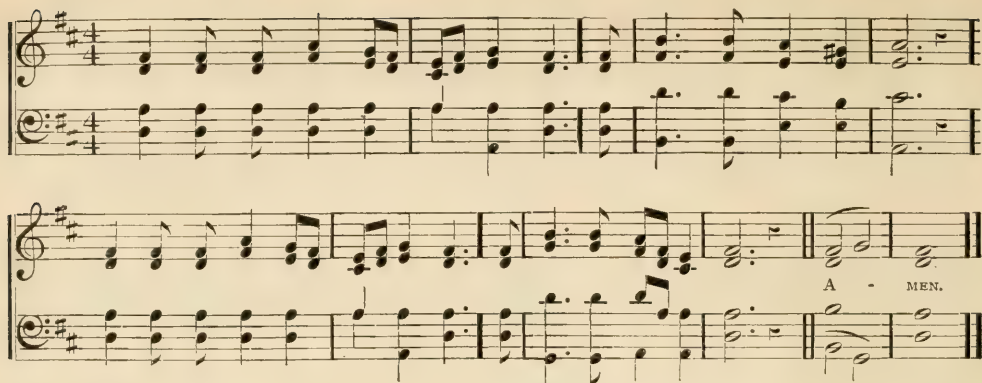
In each event of life, how clear
 Thy ruling hand I see!
 Each blessing to my soul more dear,
 Because conferred by thee.
 In every joy that crowns my days,
 In every pain I bear,
 My heart shall find delight in praise,
 Or seek relief in prayer.

When gladness wings my favored hour,
 Thy love my thoughts shall fill;
 Resigned, when storms of sorrow lower,
 My soul shall meet thy will.
 My lifted eye, without a tear,
 The lowering storm shall see;
 My steadfast heart shall know no fear, —
 That heart shall rest on thee.

Heien Maria Williams. 1785.

NAOMI. C.M.

Arranged from NÄGELI, by LOWELL MASON.



662.

The One Petition.

FATHER, whate'er of earthly bliss
Thy sovereign hand denies,
Accepted at thy throne of grace,
Let this petition rise, —

“Give me a calm, a thankful heart,
From every murmur free ;
The blessings of thy grace impart,
And let me live to thee ;

“Let the sweet hope that thou art mine,
My path of life attend ;
Thy presence through my journey shine,
And bless its happy end.” AMEN.

Anne Steele.

663.

Resignation.

O LORD, my best desire fulfil ;
And help me to resign
Life, health, and comfort to thy will,
And make thy pleasure mine.

Why should I shrink from thy command,
Whose love forbids my fears ;
Or tremble at the gracious hand
That wipes away my tears ?

No : rather let me freely yield
What most I prize, to thee,
Who never hast a good withheld,
Or wilt withhold, from me.

William Cowper. 1779.

664.

The Mystery and Benignity of Providence.

God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform :
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his vast designs,
And works his sovereign will.

Ye fearful saints, fresh courage take ;
The clouds ye so much dread
Are big with mercy, and will break
In blessings on your head.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace :
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

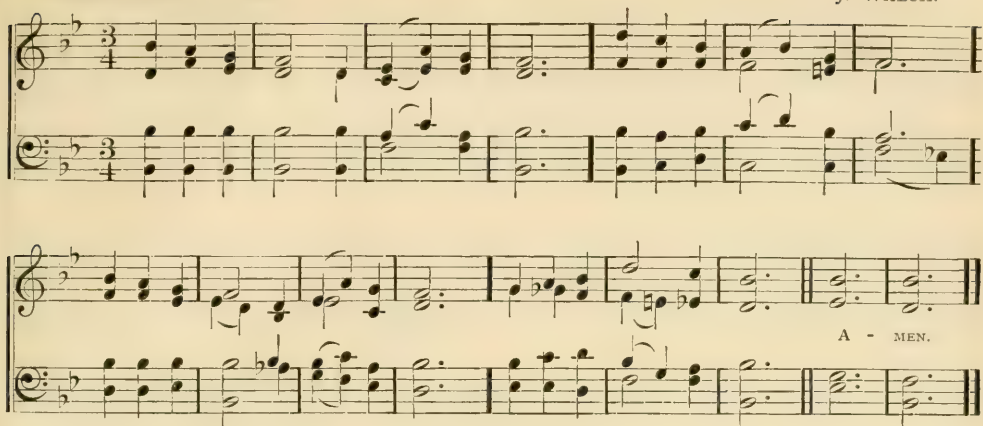
His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour :
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain :
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

William Cowper

SAWLEY. C.M.

J. WALCH.

665. *"Faith is the evidence of things unseen."*

OH for a faith that will not shrink,
 Though pressed by every foe ;
 That will not tremble on the brink
 Of any earthly woe ;—

That will not murmur nor complain
 Beneath the chastening rod,
 But, in the hour of grief or pain,
 Will lean upon its God ;—

A faith that shines more bright and clear
 When tempests rage without ;
 That when in danger knows no fear,
 In darkness feels no doubt ;—

A faith that keeps the narrow way
 Till life's last hour is fled,
 And, with a pure and heavenly ray,
 Lights up a dying bed !

Lord, give us such a faith as this,
 And then, whate'er may come,
 We'll taste e'en here the hallowed bliss
 Of an eternal home. AMEN.

William H. Bathurst.

666. *"Thy will be done."*

ONE prayer I have,—all prayers in one,—
 When I am wholly thine :
 Thy will, my God, thy will be done ;
 And let that will be mine.

All-wise, almighty, and all-good,
 In thee I firmly trust ;
 Thy ways, unknown or understood,
 Are merciful and just.

May I remember that to thee,
 Whate'er I have I owe ;
 And back in gratitude from me
 May all thy bounties flow.

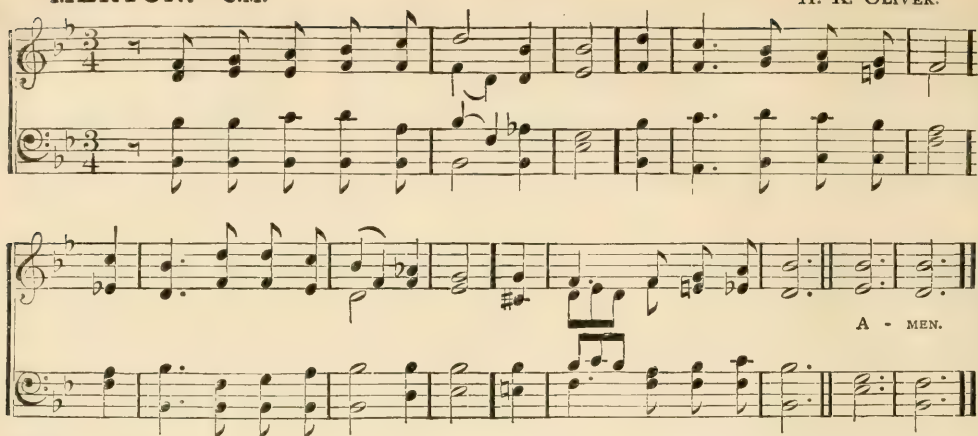
Thy gifts are only then enjoyed,
 When used as talents lent ;
 Those talents only well employed
 When in thy service spent.

And, though thy wisdom takes away,
 Shall I arraign thy will ?
 No : let me bless thy name, and say,
 "The Lord is gracious still." AMEN.

James Montgomery.

MERTON. C.M.

H. K. OLIVER.

667. *"Whom the Lord loveth he chasteneth."*

BENEATH thine hammer, Lord, I lie

With contrite spirit prone :

Oh, mould me till to self I die,

And live to thee alone !

With frequent disappointments sore,

And many a bitter pain,

Thou laborest at my being's core

Till I be formed again.

Smite, Lord ! thine hammer's needful wound

My baffled hopes confess ;

Thine anvil is the sense profound

Of mine own nothingness.

Smite, till, from all its idols free,

And filled with love divine,

My heart shall know no good but thee,

And have no will but thine.

Frederic H. Hedge.

668. *"All things work together for good to them that love God"*

BEAR on, my soul ! thy bitter cross

In every trial here

Shall bear thee to thy heaven above,

But shall not enter there.

Bear on, my soul ! on God rely ;

Deliverance soon will come :

A thousand ways the Father hath

To bring his children home.

And thou, my shepherd, friend, and guide,

Hast led me kindly on, —

Taught me to rest my fainting head

Upon thy heart alone.

So comforted and so sustained,

With dark events I strove,

And found, when rightly understood,

All messengers of love.

Frances M. Cowper. †

669. *"Though he slay me, yet will I trust in him."*

THY way is in the deep, O Lord !

E'en there we'll go with thee :

We'll meet the tempest at thy word,

And walk upon the sea !

Poor tremblers at his rougher wind,

Why do we doubt him so ?

Who gives the storm a path, will find

The way our feet shall go.

A moment may his hand be lost, —

Drear moment of delay ! —

We cry, "Lord ! help the tempest-tost," —

And safe we're borne away.

Come, Lord of peace ! our griefs dispel,

And wipe our tears away ;

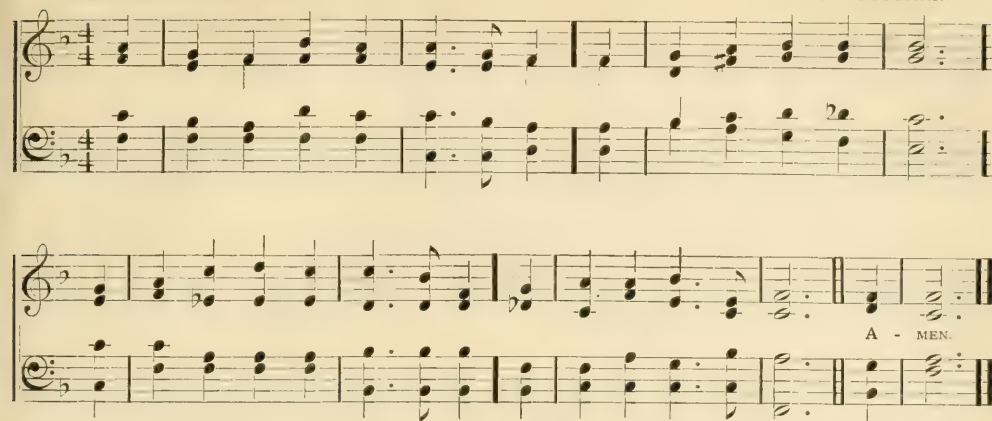
'T is thine, to order all things well,

And ours, to bless the sway. AMEN.

James Martineau. 1840.

DALEHURST. C.M.

ARTHUR COTTMAN.

670. *"Thou, which hast showed me great and sore troubles, shalt quicken me again."*

O FATHER, compass me about
With love, for I am weak ;
Forgive, forgive my sinful doubt,
Thy pitying glance I seek.

I know that I am in thy hands,
Whose thoughts are peace toward me,
That ever sure thy counsel stands, —
Could I but build on thee !

Though mountains crumble into dust,
Thy covenant standeth fast ;
Who follows thee in pious trust
Shall reach the goal at last.

Take courage, then, my soul, nor steep
Thy days and nights in tears,
Thou soon shalt cease to mourn and weep,
Though dark are now thy fears.

He comes, he comes, the Strong to save,
He comes nor tarries more ;
His light is breaking o'er the wave,
The clouds and storms are o'er !

Johann F. L. Dreves.
Tr. by Catherine Winkworth.

671. *"All thy waves and thy billows are gone over me."*

To thee, my God, whose Presence fills
The earth, and seas, and skies,
To thee, whose name, whose heart is Love,
With all my powers I rise.

Troubles in long succession roll ;
Wave rushes upon wave ;
Pity, oh pity, my distress !
Thy child, thy suppliant save !

Oh, bid the roaring tempest cease ;
Or give me strength to bear
Whate'er thy holy will appoints,
And save me from despair !

To thee, my God, alone I look,
On thee alone confide ;
Thou never hast deceived the soul
That on thy grace relied.

Though oft thy ways are wrapped in clouds
Mysterious and unknown,
Truth, Righteousness, and Mercy stand
The pillars of thy throne. AMEN.

Thomas Gibbons.

LYTE. S.M.

JOHN P. WILKES.



672.

Psalm cxxxvii.

FAR from my heavenly home,
Far from my Father's breast,
Fainting I cry, Blest Spirit, come,
And speed me to my rest.

Upon the willows long
My harp has silent hung :
How should I sing a cheerful song
Till thou inspire my tongue?

My spirit homeward turns,
And fain would thither flee :
My heart, O Zion, droops and yearns,
When I remember thee.

To thee, to thee I press,
A dark and toilsome road ;
When shall I pass the wilderness,
And reach the saints' abode?

God of my life, be near :
On thee my hopes I cast ;
Oh, guide me through the desert here,
And bring me home at last. AMEN.

Henry Francis Lyte.

673.

*"Our light affliction, which is but for a moment.
worketh for us a far more exceeding and
eternal weight of glory."*

OH, what, if we are Christ's,
Is earthly shame or loss?
Bright shall the crown of glory be,
When we have borne the cross.

Keen was the trial once,
Bitter the cup of woe,
Where martyred saints, baptized in blood,
Christ's sufferings shared below.

Bright is their glory now,
Boundless their joy above,
Where, on the bosom of their God,
They rest in perfect love.

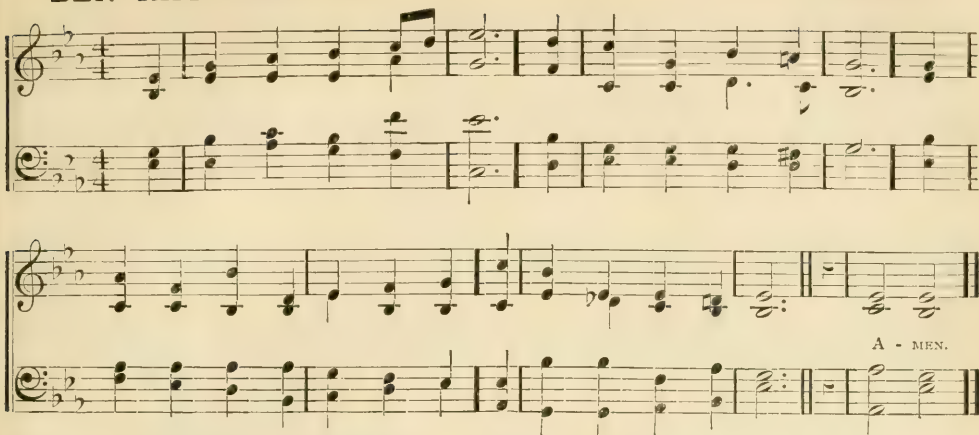
Lord ! may that grace be ours,
Like them in faith to bear
All that of sorrow, grief, or pain,
May be our portion here.

Enough, if thou at last
The word of blessing give,
And let us rest beneath thy feet,
Where saints and angels live.

Sir Henry W. Baker

BEN RHYDDING. S.M.

A. R. REINAGLE.



A - MEN.

674. "The cup which my Father hath given me,
shall I not drink it?"

AWAY, my needless fears,
And doubts no longer mine!
A ray of heavenly light appears,
A messenger divine.

Thrice comfortable hope
That calms my stormy breast;
My Father's hand prepares the cup,
And what he wills is best.

He knows whate'er I want;
He sees my helplessness;
And always readier is to grant
Than I to ask his grace.

My fearful heart he reads,
Secures my soul from harms,
And, underneath, his mercy spreads
Its everlasting arms.

Here is firm footing; here,
My soul, is solid rock,
To break the waves of grief and fear,
And trouble's rudest shock.

This only can sustain
When earth and heaven remove:
Oh, turn thee to thy rest again,
Thy God's eternal love!

Charles Wesley.

675. "Thou very present Aid."

THOU very present Aid
In suffering and distress,
The soul which still on thee is stayed
Is kept in perfect peace.

Sorrow and fear are gone,
Whene'er thy face appears;
It stills the sighing orphan's moan,
And dries the widow's tears.

It hallows every cross;
It sweetly comforts me;
And makes me now forget my loss,
And lose myself in thee.

Charles Wesley. 1749.

676. "He that keepeth Israel shall neither slumber
nor sleep."

THOU seest my feebleness;
Father, be thou my power,
My help and refuge in distress,
My fortress and my tower.

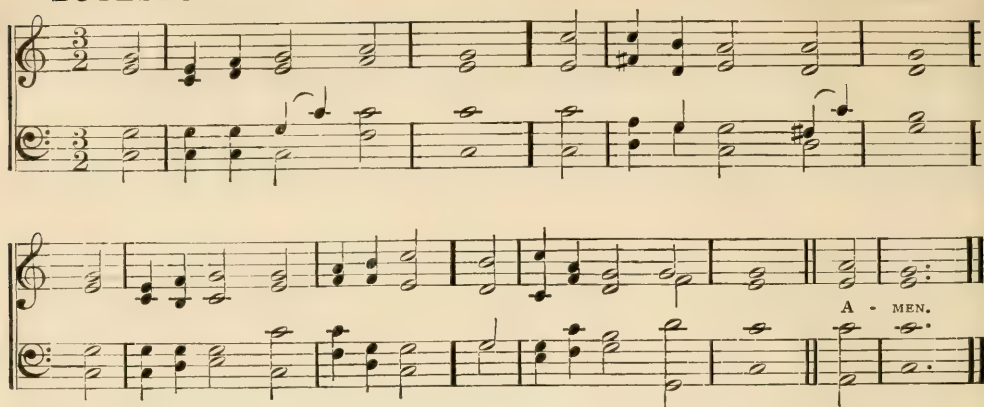
Myself I cannot save,
Myself I cannot keep,
But strength in thee I surely have,
Whose eyelids never sleep.

My soul to thee alone,
Now therefore I commend;
Thou, Father, love me as thine own,
And love me to the end. AMEN.

Charles Wesley.

BOYLSTON. S.M.

LOWELL MASON.

677. *"Let us labor to enter into that rest."*

OH, where shall rest be found, —
Rest for the weary soul?
'T were vain the ocean-depths to sound,
Or pierce to either pole.

The world can never give
The bliss for which we sigh;
'T is not the whole of life to live,
Nor all of death to die.

Beyond this vale of tears,
There is a life above,
Unmeasured by the flight of years;
And all that life is love:

Here would we end our quest:
Alone are found in thee
The life of perfect love, — the rest
Of immortality.

James Montgomery.

678. *"Sing us one of the songs of Zion."*

YOUR harps, ye trembling saints,
Down from the willows take;
Loud to the praise of love divine
Bid every string awake.

Though in a foreign land,
We are not far from home;
And nearer to our house above
We every moment come.

His grace will to the end
Stronger and brighter shine;
Nor present things, nor things to come,
Shall quench the spark divine.

Fastened within the veil,
Hope be your anchor strong;
His loving Spirit the sweet gale
That wafts you smooth along.

Or should the surges rise,
And peace delay to come,
Blest is the sorrow, kind the storm,
That drives us nearer home.

When we in darkness walk,
Nor feel the heavenly flame,
Then is the time to trust our God,
And rest upon his name.

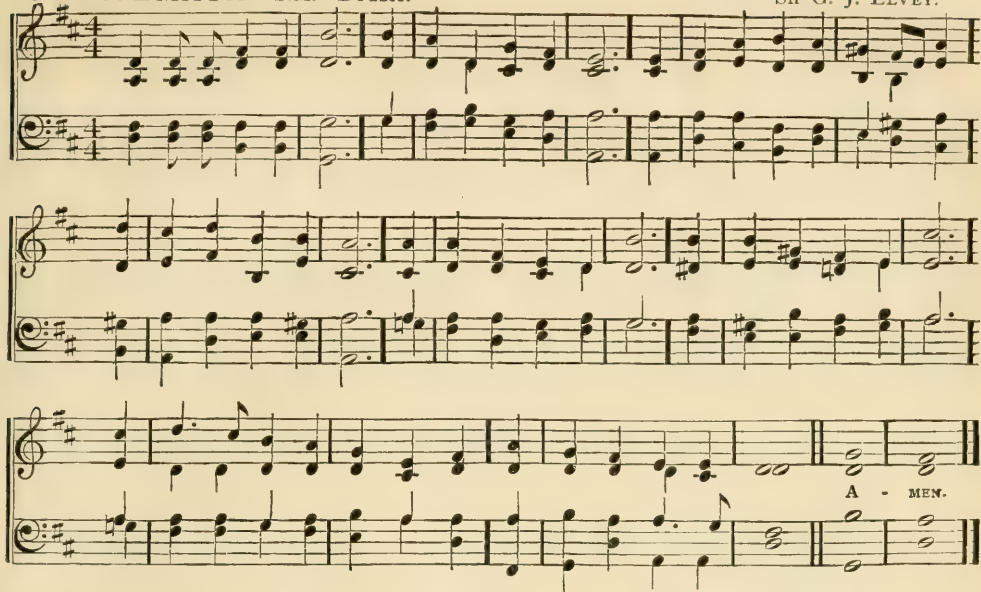
Soon shall our doubts and fears
Subside at his control;
His loving-kindness shall break through
The midnight of the soul.

Still on his plighted love
At all events rely;
The very hidings of his face
Shall train thee up to joy.

Augustus M. Toplady.

DIADEMATA. S.M. Double.

Sir G. J. ELVEY.



679. "Cast thy burden upon the Lord."

COMMIT thou all thy griefs
And ways into his hands,
To his sure truth and tender care,
Who earth and heaven commands, —
Who points the clouds their course,
Whom winds and seas obey,
He shall direct thy wandering feet,
He shall prepare thy way.
Thy everlasting truth,
Father ! thy ceaseless love,
Sees all thy children's wants, and knows
What best for each will prove.
Thou everywhere hast sway,
And all things serve thy might ;
Thy every act pure blessing is,
Thy path unsullied light.

Paul Gerhardt. Tr. John Wesley.

680. "Trust in the Lord."

GIVE to the winds thy fears ;
Hope, and be undismayed :
God hears thy sighs and counts thy tears ;
God shall lift up thy head.

Through waves and clouds and storms,
He gently clears thy way :
Wait thou his time ; so shall this night
Soon end in joyous day.

Still heavy is thy heart ?
Still sink thy spirits down ?
Cast off the weight, let fear depart,
And every care be gone.
Far, far above thy thought
His counsel shall appear,
When fully he the work hath wrought
That caused thy needless fear.

Thou seest our weakness, Lord !
Our hearts are known to thee :
Oh, lift thou up the sinking hand,
Confirm the feeble knee !
Let us in life, in death,
Thy steadfast truth declare,
And publish, with our latest breath,
Thy love and guardian care !

Paul Gerhardt. Tr. John Wesley.

HEAVEN. 10.6:10.6:7.6:7.6.

MELCHIOR FRANCK, d. 1639.

681.

"The city of the great King"

JERUSALEM, thou city fair and high,
 Would God I were in thee!
 My longing heart fain, fain, to thee would fly,
 It will not stay with me;
 Wide from the world outleaping,
 O'er hill and vale and plain,
 My soul's strong wing is sweeping,
 Thy portals to attain.

O happy day, and yet far happier hour,
 When wilt thou come at last?
 When fearless to my Father's love and power,
 Whose promise standeth fast,

My soul I gladly render;
 For surely will his hand
 Lead her with guidance tender
 To heaven her fatherland.

Oh, what the nation, what the glorious host,
 Comes sweeping swiftly down?
 The chosen ones on earth who wrought the most,
 The church's brightest crown,
 Our Lord hath sent to meet me,
 As in the far-off years
 Their words oft came to greet me
 In yonder land of tears.

QUANTOCK. 7-7-7:5.

Sir JOSEPH BARNEY.



And when within that lovely Paradise
At last I safely dwell,
From out my blissful soul what songs shall rise,
What joy my lips shall tell,
While holy saints are singing
Hosannas o'er and o'er,
Pure hallelujahs ringing
Around me evermore.

Unnumbered choirs before the shining throne
Their joyful anthems raise,
Till heaven's glad halls are echoing with the
tone
Of that great hymn of praise,
And all its host rejoices,
And all its blessed throng
Unite their myriad voices
In one eternal song.

John Matthias Meyfart. 1630.
Tr. Catherine Winkworth. †

When the strife of sin is stilled,
When the foe within is killed,
Be thy gracious word fulfilled, —
Peace for evermore !

When the darkness melts away,
At the breaking of thy day,
Bid us hail the cheering ray, —
Light for evermore !

When the heart by sorrow tried
Feels at length its throbs subside,
Bring us, where all tears are dried,
Joy for evermore !

When for vanished days we yearn,
Days that never can return,
Teach us in thy love to learn
Love for evermore !

When the breath of life is flown,
When the grave must claim its own,
Lord of Life ! be ours thy crown, —
Life for evermore. AMEN.

John Ellerton.

682.

"Even life for evermore."

WHEN the day of toil is done,
When the race of life is run,
Father, grant thy wearied one
Rest for evermore.

VOX ANGELICA. 11.10: 11.10: 5.4: 5.6.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

A - MEN.

683.

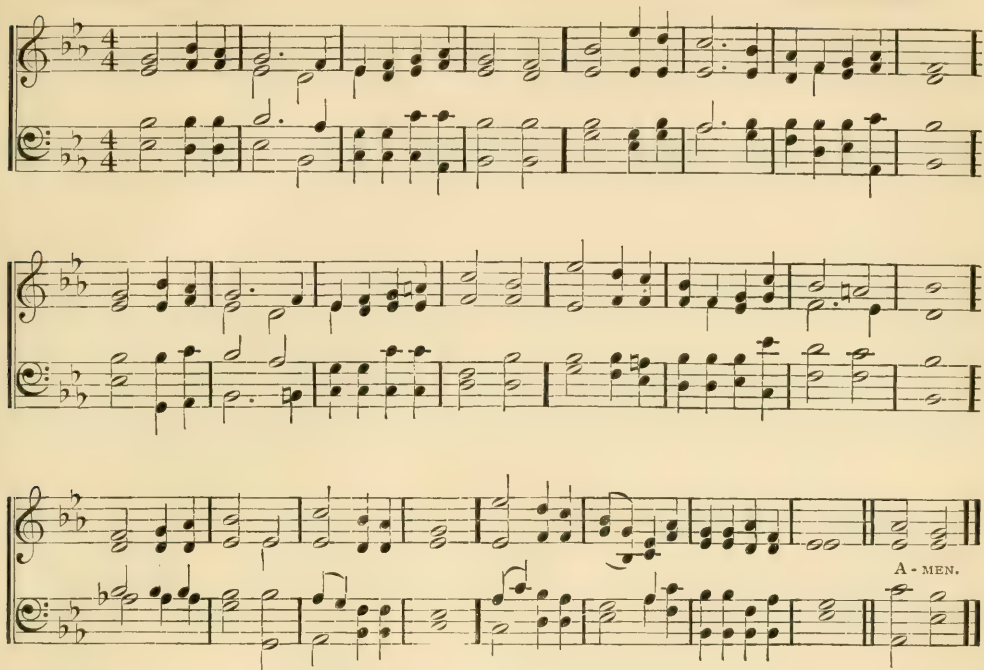
"The night is far spent, and the day is at hand."

HARK! hark, my soul! Angelic songs are swelling
 O'er earth's green fields and ocean's wave-beat shore:
 How sweet the truth those blessed strains are telling
 Of that new life when sin shall be no more!

Angels of Jesus,
 Angels of light,
 Singing to welcome
 The pilgrims of the night.

PILGRIMS. II. 10: 11. 10: 5. 4: 5. 6.

HENRY SMART.



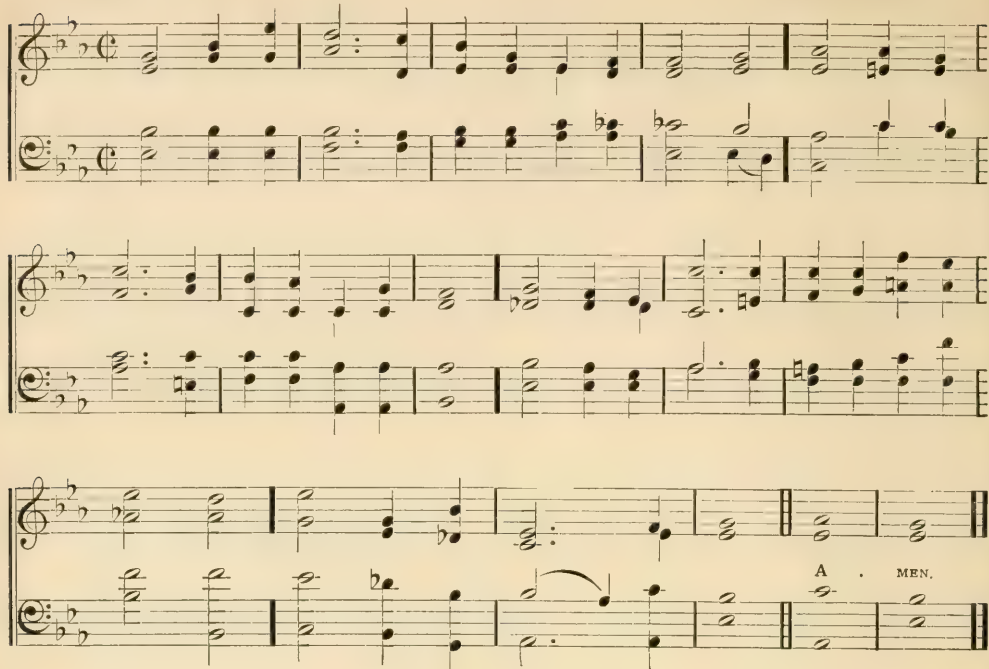
Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
 "Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
 And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
 The music of the Gospel leads us home.
 Angels of Jesus, etc.

Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
 The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
 And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
 Kind Shepherd, turn their weary steps to thee.
 Angels of Jesus, etc.

Rest comes at length, though life be long and dreary,
 The day must dawn, and darksome night be past;
 All journeys end in welcome to the weary,
 And heaven, the heart's true home, will come at last.
 Angels of Jesus, etc.

BURNLEY. II.10:11.6.

Sir JOSEPH BARNEY.



684.

"We know that if our earthly house of this tabernacle were dissolved, we have a building of God, a house not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

WHEN on my day of life the night is falling,
And, in the winds from unsunned spaces
blown,

I hear far voices out of darkness calling
My feet to paths unknown,

Thou, who hast made my home of life so
pleasant,

Leave not its tenant when its walls decay ;
O Love Divine, O Helper ever present,
Be thou my strength and stay !

Be near me when all else is from me drifting :
Earth, sky, home's pictures, days of shade
and shine,

And kindly faces to my own uplifting
The love which answers mine.

I have but thee, my Father ! let thy spirit
Be with me then to comfort and uphold ;
No gate of pearl, no branch of palm I merit,
Nor street of shining gold.

Suffice it if — my good and ill unreckoned,
And both forgiven through thy abounding
grace —

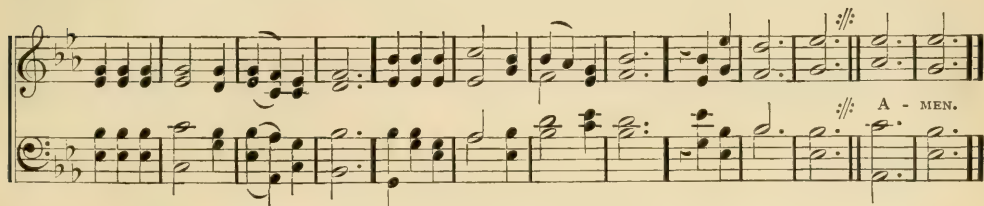
I find myself by hands familiar beckoned
Unto my fitting place.

Some humble door among thy many mansions,
Some sheltering shade where sin and striv-
ing cease,

And flows forever, through heaven's green
expansions
The river of thy peace.

PALESTRINA. 8.8.8:4.

From PALESTRINA.



There, from the music round about me stealing,
 I fain would learn the new and holy song,
 And find at last, beneath thy trees of healing,
 The life for which I long.

John G. Whittier.

685.

"He is not a God of the dead, but of the living: for all live unto him."

ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA! ALLELUIA!

O LORD of Life, where'er they be,
 Safe in thine own eternity,
 Our dead are living unto thee.

Alleluia!

All souls are thine, and, here or there,
 They rest within thy sheltering care;
 One providence alike they share.

Alleluia!

Thy word is true, thy ways are just;
 Above the requiem, "Dust to dust,"
 Shall rise our psalm of grateful trust.

Alleluia!

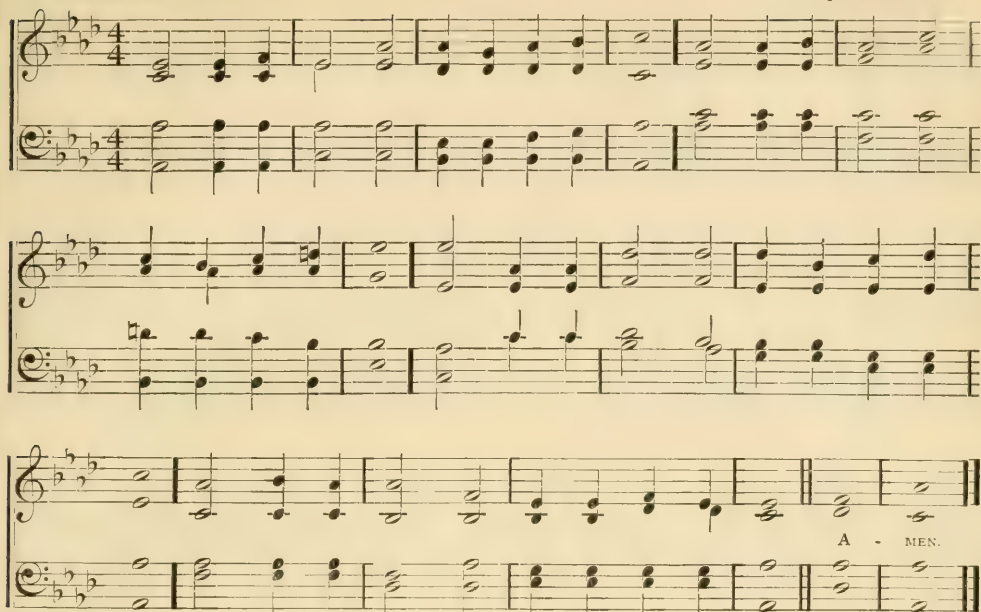
O happy they in God who rest,
 No more by fear and doubt oppressed;
 Living or dying they are blest.

Alleluia! AMEN.

Frederick L. Hosmer.

ELLERS. 10.10 : 10.10.

E. J. HOPKINS.



687.

"I have fought a good fight, I have finished my course, I have kept the faith."

Go to the grave in all thy glorious prime,
 In full activity of zeal and power :
 A Christian cannot die before his time ;
 The Lord's appointment is the servant's hour.

Go to the grave : at noon from labor cease ;
 Rest on thy sheaves ; thy harvest-task is done ;
 Come from the heat of battle, and in peace,
 Soldier, go home ; with thee the fight is won.

Go to the grave ; for there thy Saviour lay
 In death's embraces, ere he rose on high ;
 And all the ransomed, by that narrow way,
 Pass to eternal life beyond the sky.

Go to the grave : no, take thy seat above ;
 Be thy pure spirit present with the Lord,
 Where thou for faith and hope hast perfect love,
 And open vision for the written word.

James Montgomery.

SARUM. 10.10.10. With Alleluia.

Sir JOSEPH BARNEY.

Al - le - lu - ia! Al - le - lu - ia! A - MEN.

688.

"We are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."

For all the saints, who from their labors rest,
 Who thee by faith before the world confessed,
 Thy name, O Jesus, be forever blessed.

Alleluia.

Thou wast their rock, their fortress, and their
 might ;

Thou, Lord, their Captain in the well-fought
 fight ;

Thou, in the darkness drear, the Light of light,

Alleluia.

Oh, may thy soldiers, faithful, true, and bold,
 Fight as the saints who nobly fought of old,
 And win, with them, the victor's crown of
 gold.

Alleluia.

O blest Communion, fellowship divine !
 We feebly struggle, they in glory shine ;
 Yet all are one in thee, for all are thine.

Alleluia.

And when the strife is fierce, the warfare long,
 Steals on the ear the distant triumph-song,
 And hearts are brave again, and arms are
 strong.

Alleluia.

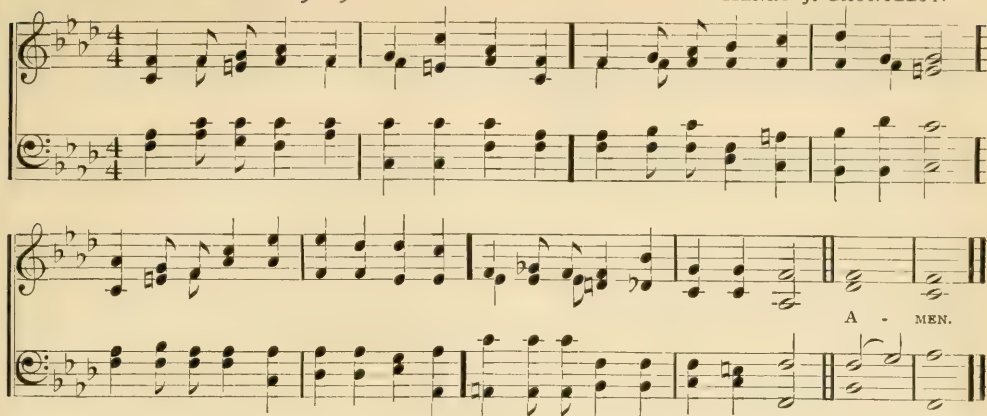
The golden evening brightens in the west :
 Soon, soon to faithful warriors comes the rest ;
 Sweet is the calm of Paradise the blessed.

Alleluia.

William Walsham How.

VOX DOMINI. 9.8:9.8.

HENRY J. GAUNTLETT.



689.

"That where I am, there ye may be also."

As from the lighted hearths behind me
 I pass with slow, reluctant feet,
 What waits me in the land of strangeness?
 What face shall smile, what voice shall greet?

I shrink from unaccustomed glory,
 I dread the myriad-voicèd strain;
 Give me the unforgotten faces,
 And let my lost ones speak again.

He will not chide my mortal yearning,
 Who is our Brother and our Friend,
 In whose full life, divine and human,
 The heavenly and the earthly blend.

Mine be the joy of soul communion,
 The sense of spiritual strength renewed,
 The reverence for the pure and holy,
 The dear delight of doing good.

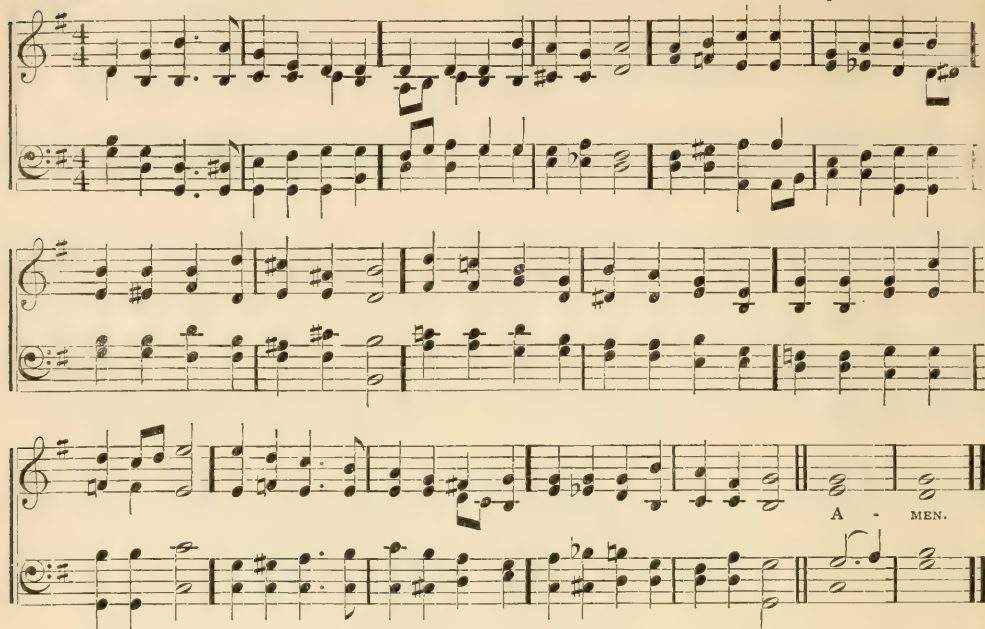
Forgive my human words, O Father!
 I go thy larger truth to prove;
 Thy mercy shall transcend my longing;
 I seek but love, and thou art Love!

I go to find my lost and mourned for
 Safe in thy sheltered goodness still,
 And all that hope and faith foreshadow,
 Made perfect in thy holy will! AMEN.

John G. Whittier.

SANCTUARY. 8.7. Double.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



690.

"Alleluia, Lord, to thee."

HARK ! the sound of holy voices,
 Chanting at the crystal sea,
 Alleluia, alleluia,
 Alleluia, Lord, to thee :
 Multitude, which none can number,
 Like the stars in glory stands,
 Clothed in white apparel, holding
 Palms of victory in their hands.

Patriarch, and holy prophet,
 Who prepared the way of Christ,
 King, apostle, saint, and martyr,
 Confessor, evangelist,
 Sainly maiden, godly matron,
 Widows who have watched to prayer,
 Joined in holy concert, singing
 To the Lord of all, are there.

Marching with thy cross their banner,
 They have triumphed, following
 Thee, the Captain of salvation,
 Thee, their Saviour and their King.

Gladly, Lord, with thee they suffered,
 Gladly, Lord, with thee they died ;
 And by death to life immortal
 They were born and glorified.

Christopher Wordsworth.

691. *"He that humbleth himself shall be exalted."*

KING of Saints, to whom the number
 Of thy starry host is known,
 Many a name, by man forgotten,
 Lives forever round thy throne ;
 Lights, which earth-born mists have darkened,
 There are shining full and clear,
 Princes in the court of heaven,
 Nameless, unremembered here.

None can tell us ; all are written
 In the Lamb's great book of life,
 All the faith and prayer and patience,
 All the toiling and the strife ;
 There are told thy hidden treasures ;
 Number us, O Lord, with them,
 When thou makest up the jewels
 Of thy living diadem. AMEN.

John Ellerton.

MORGENSTERNE. 8.7: 8.7: 7.7.*(Liebe, die Du mich zum Bilde.)*

DARMSTÄDTER GESANGBUCH, 1698.

A - MEN.

692.

"These are they which came out of great tribulation."

WHO are these, like stars appearing,
 These, before God's throne who stand?
 Each a golden crown is wearing, —
 Who are all this glorious band?
 Alleluia! hark they sing,
 Praising loud their heavenly King!

WHO are these of dazzling brightness,
 These in God's own truth arrayed,
 Clad in robes of purest whiteness,
 Robes whose lustre ne'er shall fade,
 Ne'er be touched by time's rude hand, —
 Whence comes all this glorious band?

THESE are they whose hearts were riven,
 Sore with woe and anguish tried,
 Who in prayer full oft have striven

With the God they glorified;
 Now, their painful conflict o'er,
 God has bid them weep no more.

THESE, the Almighty contemplating,
 Did as priests before him stand,
 Soul and body always waiting
 Day and night at his command:
 Now in God's most holy place
 Blest they stand before his face.

CAST my lot in earth and heaven
 With thy saints most like to thee,
 Let my bonds be also riven,
 Make thy child who loves thee free;
 Near the throne where thou dost shine,
 May a place at last be mine! AMEN.

H. T. Schenck. Tr. Frances Cox and C. Winkworth

BLESSED CITY. 8.7. Six lines.

CHARLES GOUNOD.

693.

"The holy city, new Jerusalem."

BLESSED City, heavenly Salem,
 Vision dear of peace and love,
 Who, of living stones upbuilded,
 Art the joy of heaven above,
 And with angel cohorts circled,
 As a bride to earth dost move !

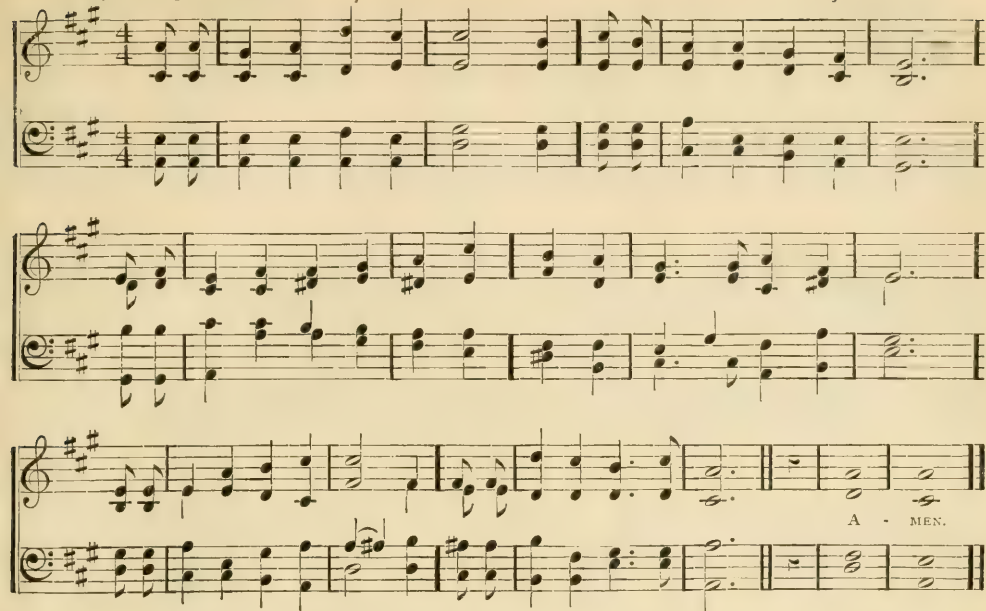
Bright with pearls her portal glitters ;
 It is open evermore ;
 And, on wings of love ascending,
 Thither faithful souls may soar,
 Who, for Christ's dear name, in this world
 Pain and tribulation bore.

Many a blow and biting sculpture
 Polished well those stones elect,
 In their places now compacted
 By the heavenly Architect,
 Who therewith hath willed forever
 That his palace should be decked.

Latin Hymn, eighth century. Tr. John Mason Neale. †

LIGHT'S ABODE. 8.7. Six lines.

E. J. HOPKINS.



694.

"The glory of God did lighten it."

LIGHT'S abode, celestial Salem,
 Vision whence true peace doth spring,
 Brighter than the heart can fancy,
 Mansion of the highest King ;
 Oh how glorious are the praises
 Which of thee the prophets sing.

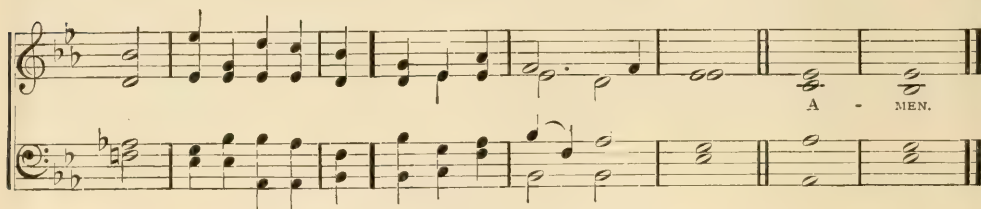
There forever and forever
 Alleluia is outpoured ;
 For unending, for unbroken
 Is the feast-day of the Lord ;
 All is pure, and all is holy,
 That within thy walls is stored.

Now with gladness, now with courage,
 Bear the burden on thee laid,
 That hereafter there thy labors
 May with endless gifts be paid,
 And in everlasting glory
 Thou with joy mayst stand arrayed.

Latin Hymn, thirteenth Century. Tr. John Mason Neale.

PARADISE. 8.6:8.6: 6.6.6.6.

Sir JOSEPH BARNEY.



695.

"Having a desire to depart, and to be with Christ, which is far better."

O PARADISE ! O Paradise !

Who doth not crave for rest,
Who would not seek the happy land
Where they that loved are blest?

Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

O Paradise, O Paradise,
I want to sin no more,
I want to be as pure on earth
As on thy spotless shore ;

Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through
In God's most holy sight.

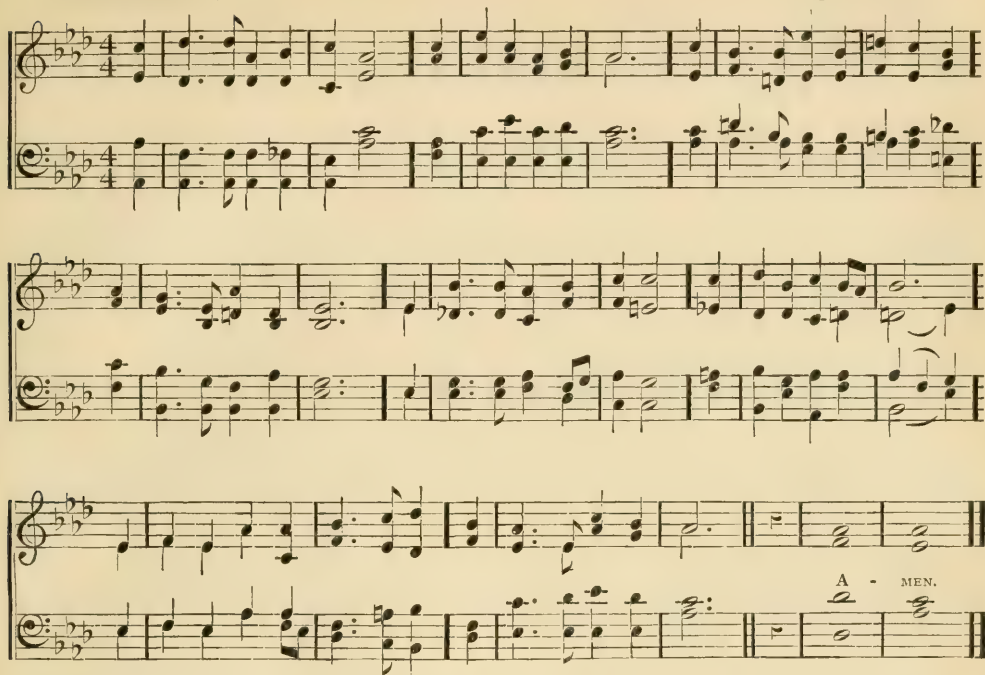
O Paradise ! O Paradise !
I feel 't will not be long ;
Patience ! I almost think I hear
Faint fragments of thy song.

Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

* Frederick W. Faber.

ALFORD. 7.6:8.6. Double.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



696.

"All nations shall flow unto it."

TEN thousand times ten thousand,
 In sparkling raiment bright,
 The armies of the ransomed saints
 Throng up the steeps of light :
 'T is finished, all is finished,
 Their fight with death and sin ;
 Fling open wide the golden gates,
 And let the victors in.

What rush of alleluias
 Fills all the earth and sky !
 What ringing of a thousand harps
 Bespeaks the triumph nigh !
 O day, for which creation
 And all its tribes were made !
 O joy, for all its former woes,
 A thousand-fold repaid !

Oh, then what raptured greetings
 On Canaan's happy shore,
 What knitting severed friendships up,
 Where partings are no more !
 Then eyes with joy shall sparkle,
 That brimmed with tears of late,
 Orphans no longer fatherless,
 Nor widows desolate.

Ten thousand times ten thousand,
 In sparkling raiment bright,
 The armies of the ransomed saints
 Throng up the steeps of light :
 'T is finished, all is finished,
 Their fight with death and sin ;
 Fling open wide the golden gates,
 And let the victors in.

Henry Alford.

RAPTURE. 7. Double.

From HAYDN.

A - MEN.

697.

"What are these which are arrayed in white robes?"

WHAT are these in bright array,
 This innumerable throng,
 Round the altar night and day,
 Hymning one triumphant song :
 "Worthy is the Lamb once slain,
 Blessing, honor, glory, power,
 Wisdom, riches, to obtain,
 New dominion every hour."

These through fiery trials trod ;
 These from great affliction came ;
 Now before the throne of God,
 Sealed with his almighty name,

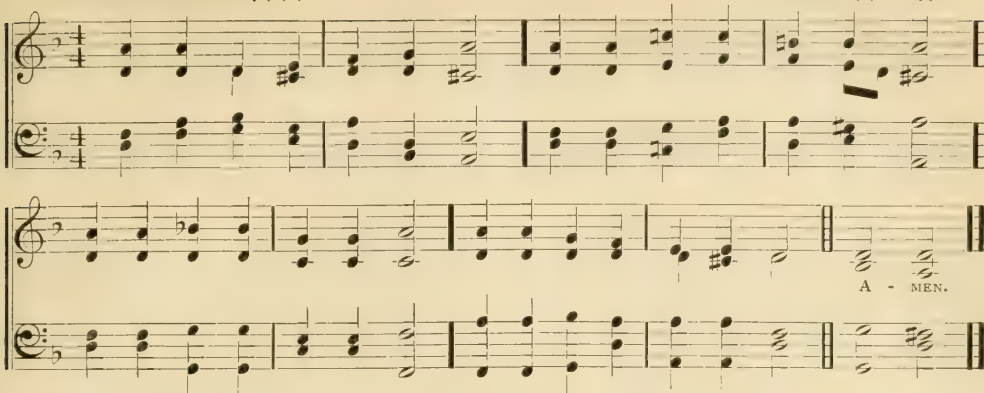
Clad in raiment pure and white,
 Victor palms in every hand,
 Through their dear Redeemer's might
 More than conquerors they stand.

Hunger, thirst, disease, unknown,
 On immortal fruits they feed ;
 Them the Lamb amidst the throne
 Shall to living fountains lead ;
 Joy and gladness banish sighs,
 Perfect love dispels all fears,
 And forever from their eyes
 God shall wipe away the tears.

James Montgomery.

HEINLEIN. 7-7-7-7.

PAUL HEINLEIN. (?) 1677.



A - MEN.

698. *"Giving thanks unto the Father, which hath made us meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light."*

THEY whose course on earth is o'er,
Think they of their brethren more?
They before the throne who bow,
Feel they for their brethren now?

Yea, the holy dead have still
Part in all our joy and ill;
Keeping all our steps in view,
Guiding them, it may be, too.

We, by enemies distressed, —
They, in Paradise at rest;
We, the captives, — they, the freed, —
We and they are one indeed.

One in all we seek and shun;
One, because our Lord is One;
One in heart, and one in love;
We below, and they above.

So with them our hearts we raise,
Share their work, and join their praise;
Rendering worship, thanks, and love
To our glorious God above. AMEN.

John Mason Neale.†

699. *"Well done, good and faithful servant; enter thou into the joy of your Lord."*

CALMLY, calmly lay him down:
He hath fought a noble fight,
He hath battled for the right,
He hath won the fadeless crown.

Memories, all too bright for tears,
Crowd around us from the past;
He was faithful to the last,
Faithful through long toilsome years.

All that makes for human good,
Freedom, righteousness, and truth, —
These, the objects of his youth,
Unto age he still pursued.

Hoping, trusting, lay him down.
Many in the realms above
Look for him with eyes of love,
Wreathing his immortal crown.

William Gaskell.

700. *"Blessed are the dead who die in the Lord."*

BURST thy shackles, drop thy clay,
Sweetly breathe thyself away;
Singing, to thy crown remove,
Swift of wing, and fired with love.

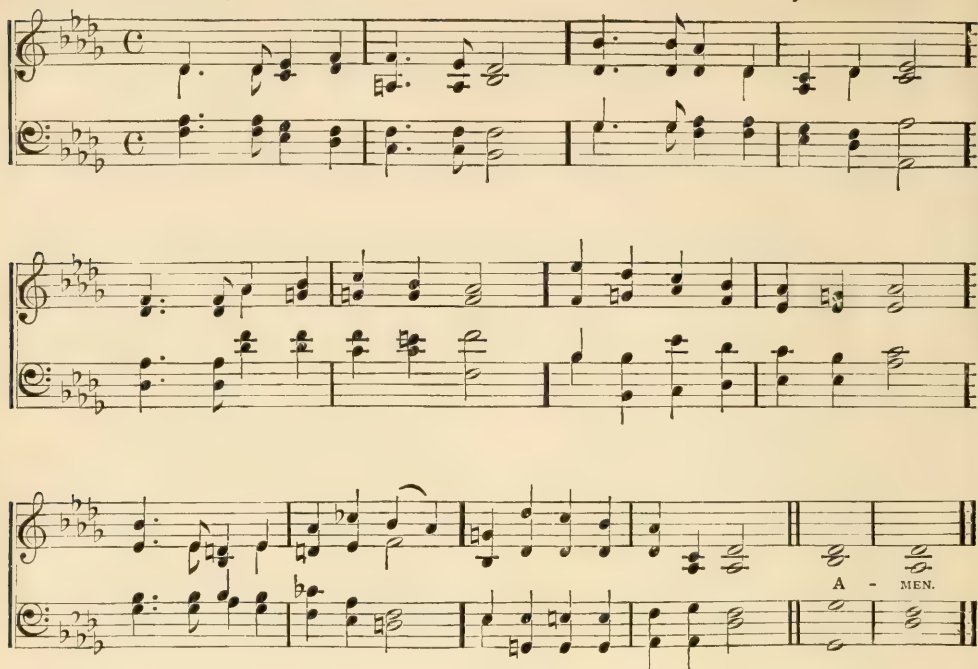
Safe is the expanded wave,
Gentle as a summer's eve;
Not one object of his care
Ever suffered shipwreck there.

See the haven full in view;
Love divine shall bear thee through;
Trust to that propitious gale;
Weigh thy anchor, spread thy sail.

Augustus M. Toplady.

STAINER. 7. Six lines.

Sir JOHN STAINER.



701.

*The Abode of Saints.**"These are they which came out of great tribulation."*

NEED it is we raise our eyes
Up from earth towards the skies ;
Thinking of the souls that rest
In the mansions of the blest ;
Lest we faint in our distress,
Through exceeding heaviness.

Thee in them, O Lord most high,
Them in thee we glorify :
Noble athletes, that went home
Through the sea of martyrdom ;
And the saints, through toil and shame
Brave confessors of thy name.

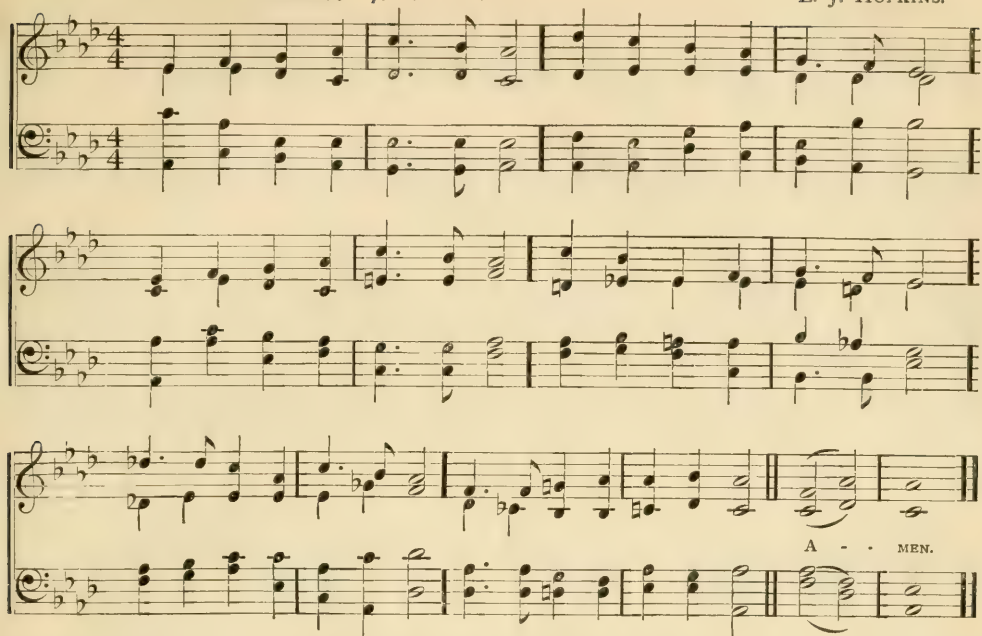
Glory, Lord, to thee alone,
Who hast glorified thine own ;
For their zeal, their truth, their sighs,
Prayerful hearts and tearful eyes,
Faithful lips and fearless breast,
Love and beauty, toils and rest !

Let their praises, heavenly King,
Let the blessed hymn they sing,
Some, though faintest, echo gain
In our own poor broken strain ;
Till one day shall join all powers
In one anthem,— theirs and ours. AMEN.

John Mason Neale. † 1866.

ST. ATHANASIUS. 7. Six lines.

E. J. HOPKINS.



702.

*Burial of a Child.**"I shall go to him, but he shall not return to me."*

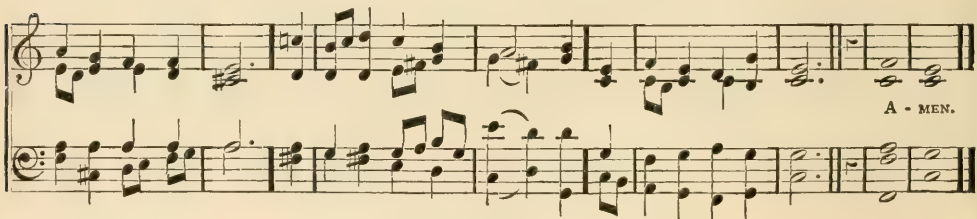
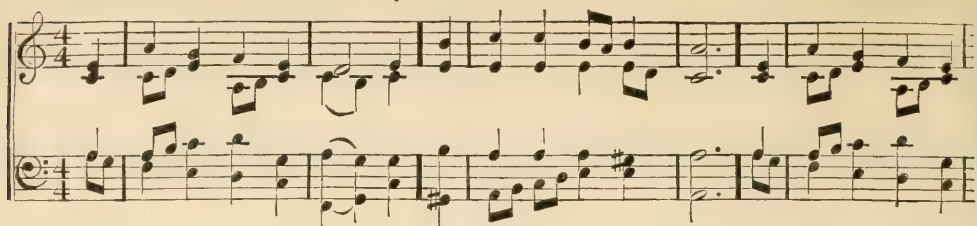
LET no hopeless tears be shed ;
 Holy is this narrow bed :
 Death eternal life bestows,
 Open heaven's portal throws ;
 And no peril waits at last
Him who now away hath passed.

Not salvation hardly won,
 Not the meed for race well run ;
 But the pity of the Lord
 Gives his child a full reward ;
 Grants the prize without the course ;
 Crowns, without the battle's force.

God, who loveth innocence,
 Hastens to take his darling hence.
 Lord ! when this sad life is done,
 Join us to thy little one ;
 And, in thine own tender love,
 Bring us to the ranks above. AMEN.

PASSION CHORALE, 7.6. Double.

HASSLER.



A - MEN.

703. "They that sow in tears shall reap in joy."

THE precious seed of weeping
 To-day we sow once more,
 The form of one now sleeping,
 Whose pilgrimage is o'er.
 Ah, death but safely lands him
 Where we, too, would attain ;
 Our Father's voice demands him,
 And death to him is gain.

He has what we are wanting,
 He sees what we believe ;
 The sins on earth so haunting
 Have there no power to grieve ;
 Safe in his Father's keeping,
 Who sent him calm release ;
 'T is only we are weeping,
 He dwells in perfect peace.

C. J. P. Spitta.

704. "Here have we no continuing city, but we seek one to come."

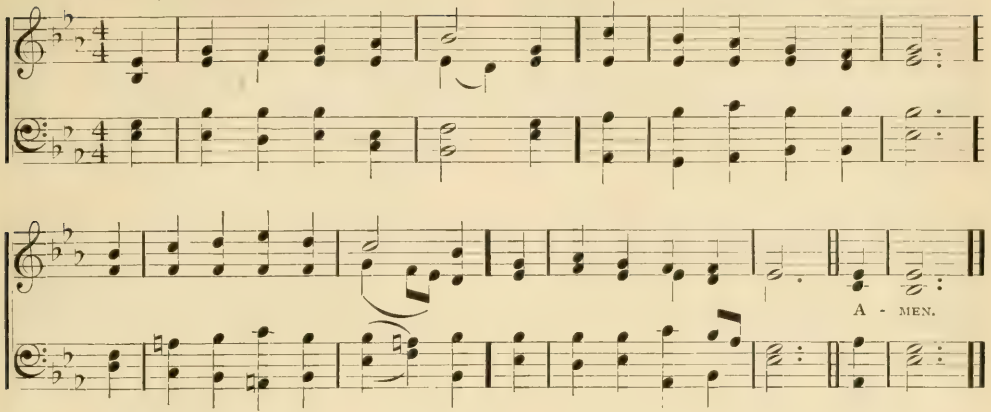
BRIEF life is here our portion,
 Brief sorrow, short-lived care ;
 The life that knows no ending,
 The tearless life is there.
 O happy retribution !
 Short toil, eternal rest ;
 For mortals and for sinners
 A mansion with the blest.

The morning shall awaken,
 The shadows shall decay,
 And each true-hearted servant
 Shall shine as doth the day.
 There God, our King and Portion,
 In fulness of his grace,
 Shall we behold forever,
 And worship face to face.

S. Bernard of Cluny. 1145. Tr. J. Mason Neale.

HEIDELBERG. 7.6:7.6.*(Christus, der ist mein Leben.)*

MELCHIOR VULPIUS, 1609.

**705.***"She is not dead, but sleepeth."*

SHE is not dead, but sleepeth :
 Why in your hearts this strife ?
 He, who hath kept, still keepeth
 The never-dying life.

For what to us seems dying,
 Is but a second birth,
 A spirit upward flying
 From the broken shell of earth.

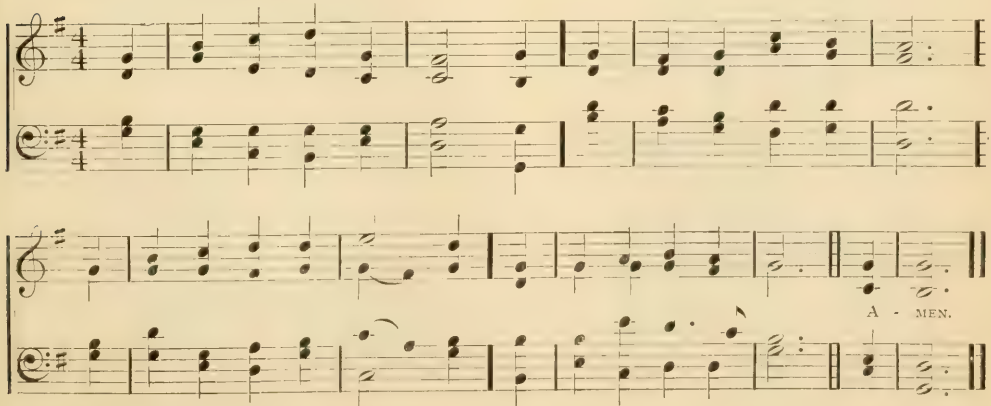
We are the dead, the buried,
 We, who do yet survive,
 In sin and sense interrèd —
 The dead ! They are alive.

Freed from this earthly prison,
 They seek another sphere :
 They are not dead, but risen !
 And God is with them there.

William H. Furness.

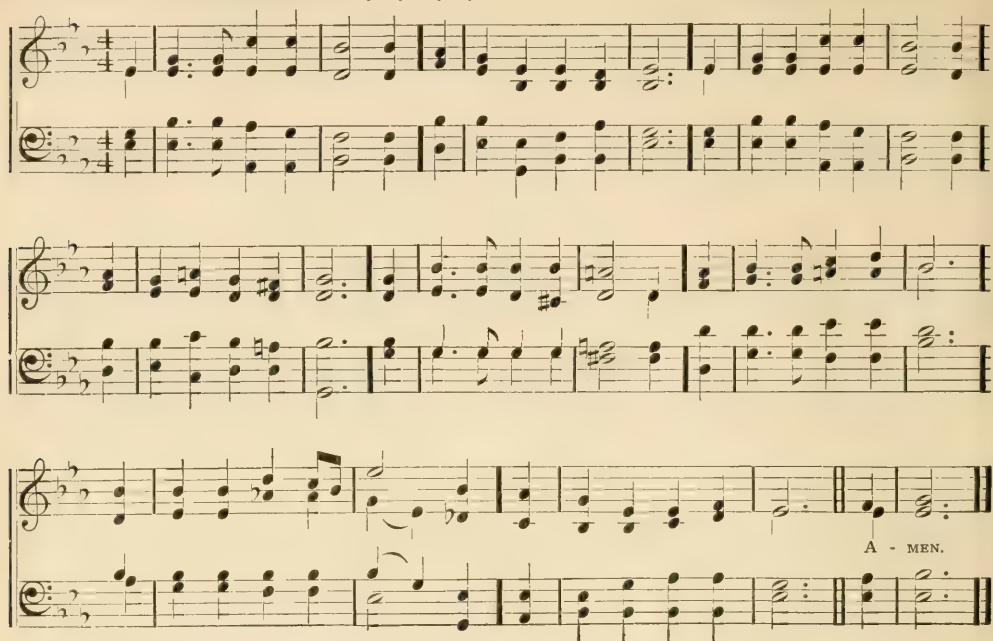
ST. ALPHEGE. 7.6:7.6.

H. J. GAUNTLETT.



THE HOMELAND. 7.6.7.6:7.6.7.6.

Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



706.

"He turneth the shadow of death into morning."

AROUND my path life's mysteries
 Their deepening shadows throw;
 And as I gaze and ponder,
 They dark and darker grow.
 Yet still, amid the darkness,
 I feel the light is near;
 And in the awful silence
 God's voice I seem to hear:

But hear it as the thunder,
 Or murmuring of the sea;
 The secret it is telling, —
 But tells it not to me.
 Yet hark! a voice above me,
 Which says, "Wait, trust, and pray:
 The night will soon be over;
 And light will come with day."

Amen! the light and darkness
 Are both alike to thee:
 Then to thy waiting servant
 Alike they both shall be.
 That great, unending future!
 I cannot pierce its shroud;
 But I nothing doubt, nor tremble:
 God's bow is on the cloud.

To him I yield my spirit;
 On him I lay my load:
 Fear ends with death; beyond it
 I nothing see but God:
 Thus moving toward the darkness,
 I calmly wait his call:
 Seeing and fearing nothing;
 Hoping and trusting all!

Samuel Greg.

EWING. 7.6. Double.

ALEXANDER EWING.

707.

"The city of the great King."

JERUSALEM, the golden !
 With milk and honey blest ;
 Beneath thy contemplation
 Sink heart and voice opprest.
 I know not, oh, I know not
 What joys await us there,
 What radiancy of glory,
 What bliss beyond compare.

They stand, those halls of Zion,
 All jubilant with song,
 And bright with many an angel,
 And all the martyr throng.

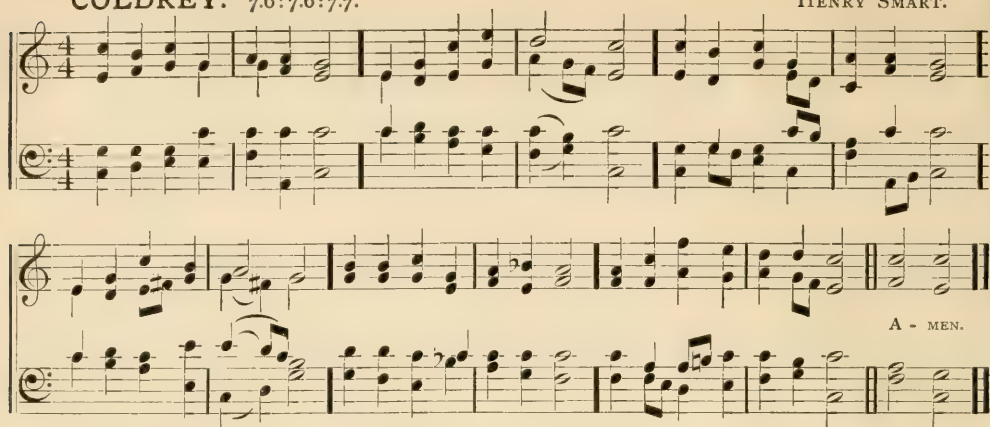
The Prince is ever in them,
 The daylight is serene ;
 The pastures of the blessed
 Are decked in glorious sheen.

There is the throne of David ;
 And there, from care released,
 The shout of them that triumph,
 The song of them that feast.
 And they, who with their Leader,
 Have conquered in the fight,
 Forever and forever
 Are clad in robes of white.

S. Bernard of Cluny. 1145. Tr. J. M. Neale.

COLDREY. 7.6:7.6:7.7.

HENRY SMART.



A - MEN.

708.

"That where I am, there ye may be also."

WHEN for me the silent oar
 Parts the Silent River,
 And I stand upon the shore
 Of the strange Forever,
 Shall I miss the loved and known,
 Shall I vainly seek mine own?

Can the bonds that make us here
 Know ourselves immortal,
 Drop away, like foliage sere,
 At life's inner portal?
 What is holiest below
 Must forever live and grow.

He who on our earthly path
 Bids us help each other, —
 Who his Well-Belovèd hath
 Made our Elder Brother, —
 Will but clasp the chain of love
 Closer, when we meet above.

Therefore dread I not to go
 O'er the Silent River.
 Death, thy hastening oar I know,
 Bear me, thou Life-giver,
 Through the waters, to the shore
 Where mine own have gone before!

Lucy Larcom.

THE BLESSED HOME. 6. Double.

Sir JOHN STAINER.



709.

Our Blessed Home.

THERE is a blessed home
Beyond this land of woe,
Where trials never come,
Nor tears of sorrow flow ;
Where faith is lost in sight,
And patient hope is crowned,
And everlasting light
Its glory throws around.

Look up, ye saints of God,
Nor fear to tread below
The path your Saviour trod
Of daily toil and woe ;
Wait but a little while
In uncomplaining love,
His own most gracious smile
Shall welcome you above.

Sir Henry W. Baker. 1861.

710.

The blood of the Martyrs is the seed of the Church.

FLUNG to the heedless winds,
Or on the waters cast,
Their ashes shall be watched,
And gathered at the last ;
And from that scattered dust,
Around us and abroad,
Shall spring a plenteous seed
Of witnesses for God.

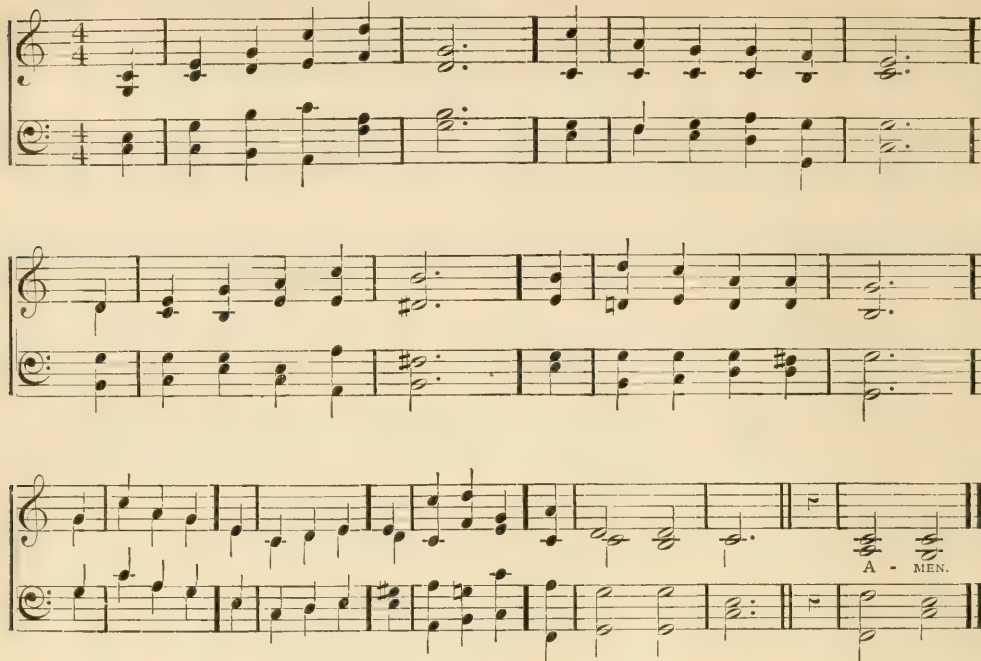
The Father hath received
Their latest living breath ;
Yet vain is Satan's boast
Of victory in their death :
Still, still, though dead, they speak,
And trumpet-tongued proclaim
To many a waking land
The one prevailing name.

Martin Luther, 1523.

Tr. by John A. Messenger (?) 1843.

CHRIST CHURCH. 6.6:6.6:4.4:4.4. (H.M.)

CHARLES STEGGALL.



711.

"There shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying."

JERUSALEM on high
 My song and city is,
 My home whene'er I die,
 The centre of my bliss ;
 O happy place !
 When shall I be,
 My God, with thee,
 To see thy face ?

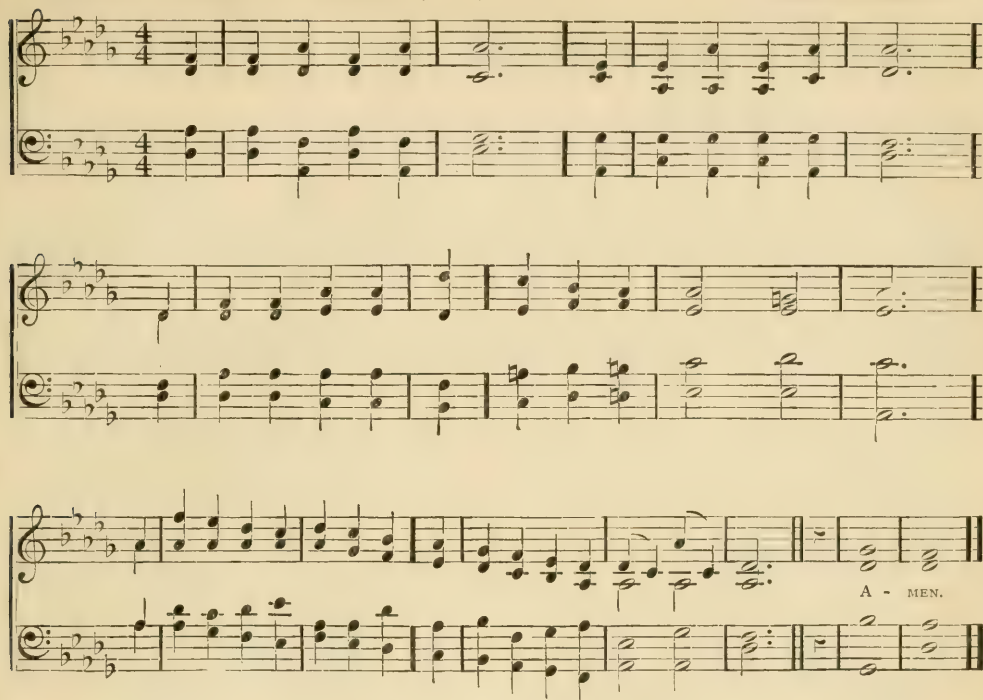
No sun by day shines there,
 No moon by silent night ;
 Oh, no ! these needless are ;
 The Lamb's the city's Light :
 O happy place !
 When shall I be,
 My God, with thee,
 To see thy face ?

There will temptation cease,
 My frailties there will end ;
 There shall I rest in peace,
 In the arms of my best Friend.
 O happy place !
 When shall I be,
 My God, with thee,
 To see thy face ?

No tears from any eyes
 Drop in that holy choir ;
 But Death itself there dies,
 And sighs themselves expire.
 O happy place !
 When shall I be,
 My God, with thee,
 To see thy face ?

SAFE HOME. 6.6:6.6:8.8. (H.M.)

Sir ARTHUR SULLIVAN.



712.

"He shall be saved, yet so as by fire."

SAFE home, safe home in port !
 Rent cordage, shattered deck,
 Torn sails, provisions short,
 And only not a wreck :
 But oh the joy upon the shore,
 To tell our voyage-perils o'er !

The prize, the prize secure !
 The athlete nearly fell ;
 Bare all he *could* endure,
 And bare not always well :
 But he may smile at troubles gone,
 Who sets the victor-garland on !

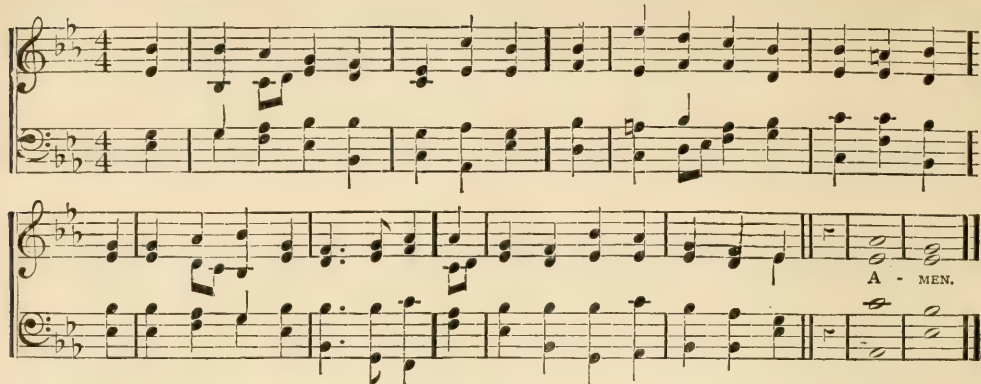
No more the foe can harm ;
 No more of leaguered camp,
 And cry of night-alarm,
 And need of ready lamp :
 And yet how nearly he had failed, —
 How nearly had that foe prevailed !

The exile is at home !
 O nights and days of tears
 O longings not to roam,
 O sins, and doubts, and fears :
 What matter now this bitter fray ?
 The king has wiped those tears away.

Adapted from the Greek, by J. M. Neale.

MELCOMBE. L.M.

SAMUEL WEBBE. Arranged by W. H. MONK.



713. "Everlasting joy shall be unto them."

Oh, when the hours of life are past,
And death's dark shade arrives at last,
It is not sleep, it is not rest, —
'T is glory opening to the blest !

There parted hearts again shall meet
In union holy, calm, and sweet ;
There grief find rest, and nevermore
Shall sorrow call them to deplore.

No storms shall ride the troubled air ;
No voice of passion enter there ;
But all be peaceful as the sigh
Of evening gales, that breathe and die.

For there the God of mercy sheds
His purest influence on their heads,
And gilds the spirits round the throne
With glory radiant as his own.

W. B. O. Peabody.

714. "And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes."

LAMB of God's fold ! 't is well with thee !
Thy sufferings all are ended now ;
His hand from every pain set free
The burdened breast and weary brow.

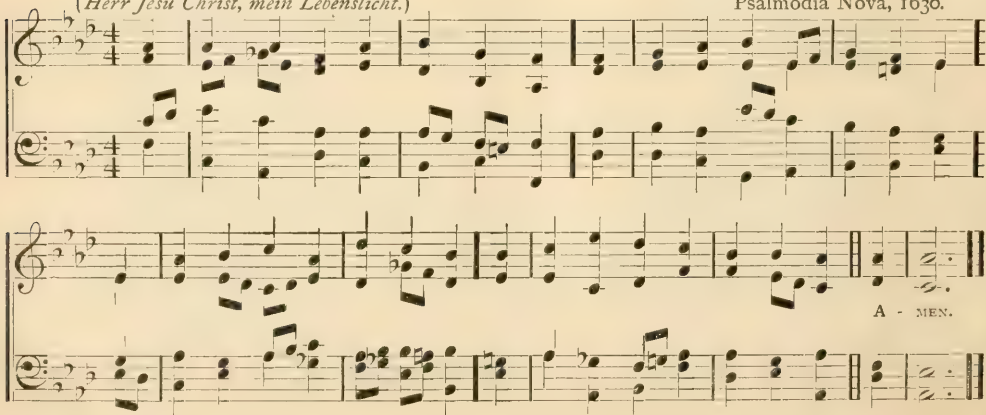
The fluttering heart is laid to rest
On God's great heart for evermore ;
The wounded bird hath reached its nest,
The sea is past, the storm is o'er.

Charles T. Brooks.

BRESLAU. L.M.

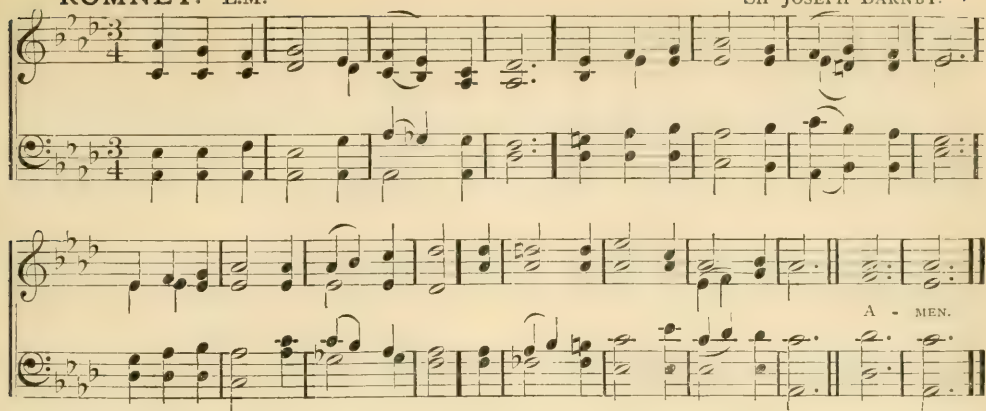
(Herr Jesu Christ, mein Lebenslicht.)

Psalmody Nova, 1630.



ROMNEY. L.M.

Sir JOSEPH BARNEY.



715. "Let me die the death of the righteous."

How blest the righteous when he dies !
 When sinks a weary soul to rest !
 How mildly beam the closing eyes !
 How gently heaves the expiring breast !
 So fades a summer cloud away ;
 So sinks the gale when storms are o'er ;
 So gently shuts the eye of day ;
 So dies a wave along the shore.

A holy quiet reigns around, —
 A calm which life nor death destroys ;
 And nought disturbs that peace profound
 Which his unfettered soul enjoys.
 Life's duty done, as sinks the clay,
 Light from its load the spirit flies,
 While heaven and earth combine to say,
 "How blest the righteous when he dies !"

Anna Lætitia Barbauld.

716. "God himself shall be with them, and be their God."

GOD giveth quietness at last !
 The common way once more is passed
 From pleading tears and lingerings fond
 To fuller life and love beyond.
 Fold the rapt soul to your embrace,
 Dear ones familiar with the place !
 While to the gentle greetings there
 We lift the silence of a prayer.

What to shut eyes hath God revealed?
 What hear the ears that death has sealed?
 What undreamed beauty passing show
 Requires the loss of all we know?

O Silent Land to which we move !
 Enough, if there alone be love,
 And mortal need can ne'er outgrow
 What it is waiting to bestow !

John G. Whittier. †

717. "He is not a God of the dead, but of the living : for all live unto him."

THEY who are lost to earthly eyes
 Have but flung off their mortal clay,
 And, clothed in robes of heavenly dyes,
 Attend us on our lowly way.

And oft their spirits breathe in ours
 The hope and strength and love of theirs,
 Which bloom as bloom the early flowers
 In breath of summer's viewless airs.

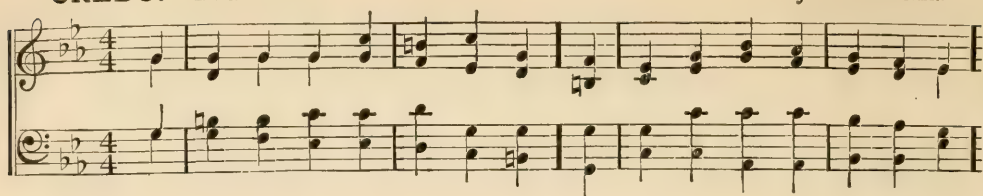
And silent aspirations start,
 In promptings of their purer thought,
 Which gently lead the troubled heart
 To joys not even hope had wrought.

Let living faith serenely pour
 Her sunlight on our pathway dim,
 And death can have no terrors more ;
 But holy joy shall walk with him.

George S Burleigh.

CREDO. L.M. Six lines.

Sir JOHN STAINER.

*A little slower.*

A - MEN.

718.

"He is not the God of the dead, but of the living."

God of the living, in whose eyes
Unveiled thy whole creation lies !
All souls are thine ; we must not say
That those are dead who pass away ;
From this our world of flesh set free,
We know them living unto thee.

Released from earthly toil and strife,
With thee is hidden still their life ;
Thine are their thoughts, their words, their
powers,
All thine, and yet most truly ours ;
For well we know, where'er they be,
Our dead are living unto thee.

Not spilt like water on the ground,
Not wrapped in dreamless sleep profound,
Not wandering in unknown despair

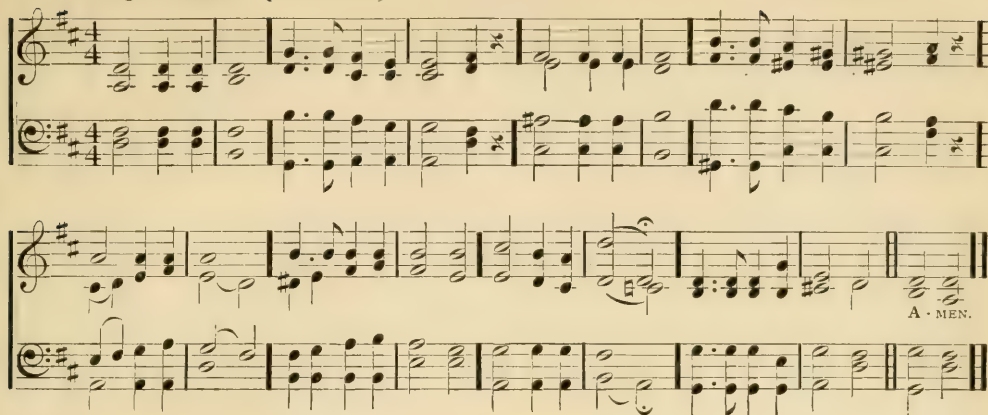
Beyond thy voice, thine arm, thy care ;
Not left to lie like fallen tree ;
Not dead, but living unto thee.

Thy word is true, thy will is just ;
To thee we leave them, Lord, in trust ;
And thank thee for the love which gave
Thy Son to fill a human grave,
That none might fear the world to see
Where all are living unto thee.

O Breather into man of breath,
O Holder of the keys of death,
O Giver of the life within,
Save us from death, the death of sin ;
That body, soul, and spirit be
Forever living unto thee ! AMEN.

REQUIEM. (BARNBY.) 4.6:4.6:4.6:4.6.

Sir JOSEPH BARNBY.



719.

"There remaineth therefore a rest to the people of God."

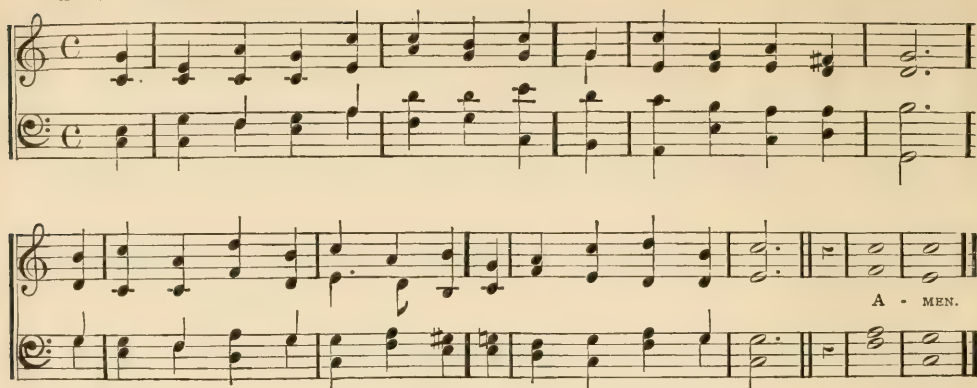
REST, spirit, rest,
 Free from care and sorrow;
 Upon God's breast,
 Through th' eternal morrow.
 Rest, sweetly rest,
 Death no more shall sever;
 No more distressed,
 All is well forever.

Rest, spirit free,
 In green pastures feeding,
 With all the flock,
 The good Shepherd leading.
 The souls are blest
 In that home abiding;
 In him they rest,
 In his love confiding.

Life's night is past,
 All its care and sadness;
 Brightly at last
 Dawns the day of gladness.
 God's blessed voice
 Comforts those now weeping,
 Bidding rejoice, —
 All are in his keeping.

ST. ANN'S. C.M.

WILLIAM CROFT.

**720.** *"The armies in heaven followed him."*

THE Son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain ;
His blood-red banner streams afar :
Who follows in his train ?

Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain,
Who patient bears his cross below, —
He follows in his train.

A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid :
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light arrayed.

They climbed the steep ascent of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain ;
O God ! to us may grace be given
To follow in their train ! AMEN.

Reginald Heber.

721. *"Meet to be partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light."*

THE glorious universe around,
The heavens with all their train,
Sun, moon, and stars, are firmly bound
In one mysterious chain.

God in creation thus displays
His wisdom and his might ;
While all his works with all his ways
Harmoniously unite.

In one fraternal bond of love,
One fellowship of mind,
The saints below and saints above
Their bliss and glory find.

Here, in their house of pilgrimage,
Thy statutes are their song ;
There, through one bright, eternal age,
Thy praises they prolong. AMEN.

James Montgomery.

722. *"When thou walkest through the fire, thou shalt not be burned."*

GLORY to God ! whose witness-train,
Those heroes bold in faith,
Could smile on poverty and pain,
And triumph even in death.

Oh, may that faith our hearts sustain,
Wherein they fearless stood,
When, in the power of cruel men,
They poured their willing blood.

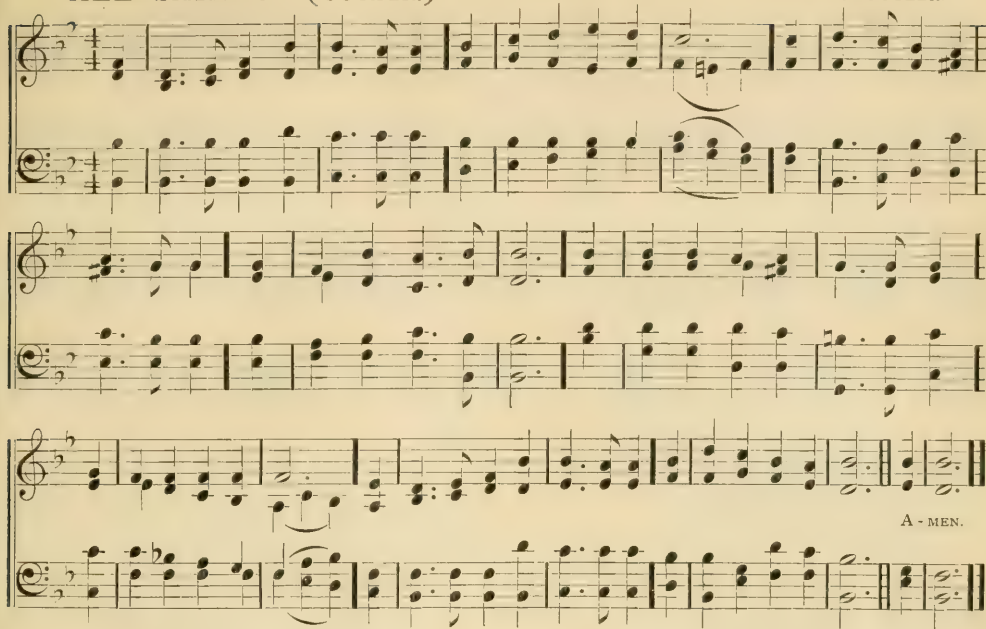
God whom we serve, our God, can save,
Can damp the scorching flame,
Can build an ark, can smoothe the wave,
For such as love his name.

Lord ! if thine arm support us still
With its eternal strength,
We shall o'ercome the mightiest ill,
And conquerors prove at length.

N. L. Zinzendorf. 1726.

ALL SAINTS. (CUTLER.) C.M. Double.

HENRY S. CUTLER.



A - MEN.

723. *"Partakers of the inheritance of the saints in light."*

COME, let us join our friends above
That have obtained the prize,
And on the eagle wings of love
To joy celestial rise.

Let all the saints terrestrial sing
With those to glory gone :
For all the servants of our King
In earth and heaven are one.

One family, we dwell in him,
One Church, above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.
One army of the living God,
To his command we bow :
Part of his host hath crossed the flood,
And part is crossing now.

His militant, embodied host,
With wishful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
And reach that heavenly land.

Oh, that we now might grasp our Guide !
Oh, that the word were given !

Come, Lord of hosts, the waves divide,
And land us all in heaven. AMEN.

Charles Wesley.

724. *"Sorrow not, even as others which have no hope."*

WE would not dare their bliss to mourn
Who in the Lord have died, —
To wail, as over souls forlorn,
O'er spirits glorified.

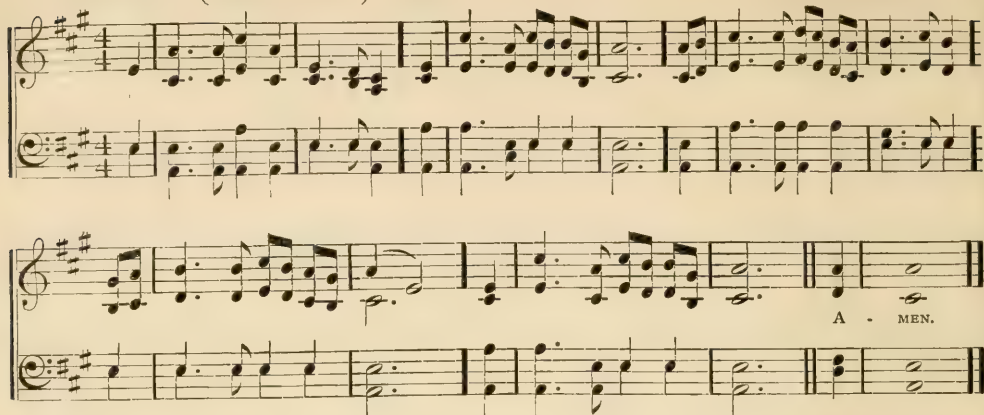
Lord ! they have parted in thy fear :
Lord ! they abide in thee ;
Lord ! grant us grace, their followers here,
Their fellows there to be.

To thee our thanks melodious soar
For every work they wrought ;
Thee, thee most sweetly we adore
For all the joy they brought.
Their heavenly glory makes us bright ;
Their cheer our cheer doth move ;
We take a dear divine delight
In their full bliss above. AMEN.

Thomas H. Gill.

RHINE. (HOMELAND.) C.M.

From BURGMÜLLER.



725. *"And the city had no need of the sun, neither of the moon to shine on it; for the glory of the Lord did lighten it."*

O MOTHER dear, Jerusalem !
When shall I come to thee ?
When shall my sorrows have an end ?
Thy joys when shall I see ?

O happy harbor of God's saints !
O sweet and pleasant soil !
In thee no sorrow can be found,
Nor grief, nor care, nor toil.

No murky cloud o'ershadows thee,
Nor gloom, nor darksome night ;
But every soul shines as the sun ;
For God himself gives light.

O my sweet home, Jerusalem !
Thy joys when shall I see ?
The King that sitteth on thy throne
In his felicity ?

Thy gardens and thy goodly walks
Continually are green,
Where grow such sweet and pleasant flowers
As nowhere else are seen.

O mother dear, Jerusalem !
When shall I come to thee ?
When shall my sorrows have an end ?
Thy joys when shall I see ?

Daniel Dickson. †

726. *The Promised Land.*

THERE is a land of pure delight,
Where saints immortal reign ;
Infinite day excludes the night,
And pleasures banish pain.

There everlasting spring abides,
And never-withering flowers :
Death, like a narrow sea, divides
This heavenly land from ours.

Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood
Stand dressed in living green ;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

But timorous mortals start and shrink
To cross this narrow sea ;
And linger, shivering on the brink,
And fear to launch away.

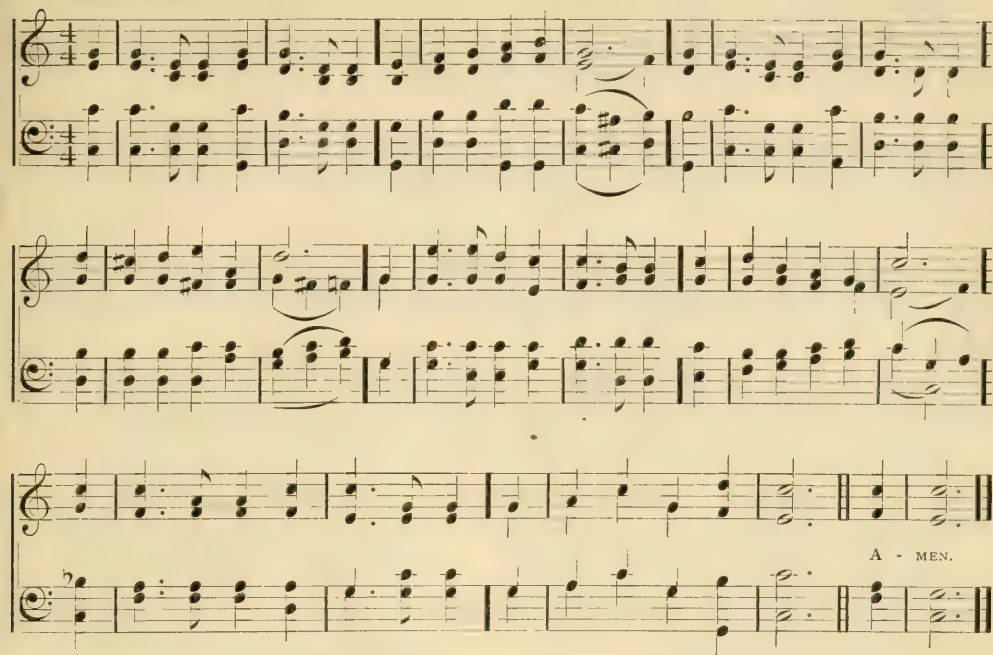
Oh, could we make our doubts remove,
Those gloomy doubts that rise,
And see the Canaan, that we love,
With unclouded eyes ;

Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er, —
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold flood,
Should fright us from the shore.

Isaac Watts. 1709.

MATERNA. C.M. Double.

S. A. WARD.



A - MEN.

727.

"He that doeth the will of God abideth forever."

It singeth low in every heart,
 We hear it each and all, —
 A song of those who answer not,
 However we may call;
 They throng the silence of the breast,
 We see them as of yore, —
 The kind, the brave, the true, the sweet,
 Who walk with us no more.

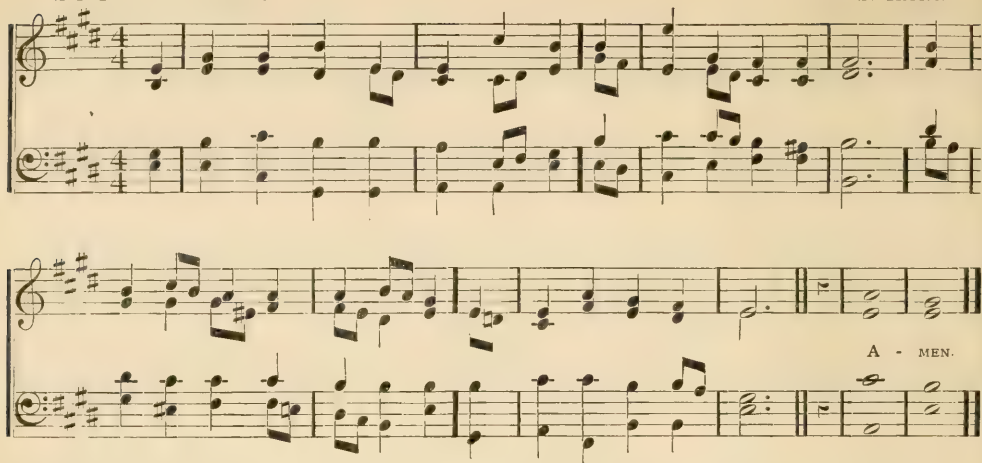
'Tis hard to take the burden up,
 When these have laid it down;
 They brightened all the joy of life,
 They softened every frown;
 But, oh! 't is good to think of them,
 When we are troubled sore;
 Thanks be to God that such have been,
 Though they are here no more!

More homelike seems the vast unknown,
 Since they have entered there;
 To follow them were not so hard,
 Wherever they may fare;
 They cannot be where God is not,
 On any sea or shore;
 Whate'er betides, thy love abides,
 Our God, forevermore. AMEN.

John W. Chadwick.

SOUTHWELL. C.M.

H. S. IRONS.

728. *"Of whom the whole family in heaven and earth is named."*

THUS heaven is gathering one by one,
In its capacious breast,
All that is pure and permanent,
And beautiful and blest ;

The family is scattered yet,
Though of one home and heart,
Part militant in earthly gloom,
In heavenly glory part.

But who can speak the rapture, when
The circle is complete,
And all the children sundered now
Around one Father meet?

One fold, one Shepherd, one employ,
One everlasting home :
Our Father's house, from whose dear rest
No wanderer e'er shall roam.

E. H. Bickersteth. †

729. *"The things which are seen are temporal, but the things which are not seen are eternal."*

THERE is a state unknown, unseen,
Where parted souls must be ;
And but a step doth lie between
That world of souls and me.

I see no light, I hear no sound,
When midnight shades are spread ;
Yet angels pitch their tents around,
And guard my quiet bed.

The things unseen, O God ! reveal ;
My spirit's vision clear,
Till I shall feel and see and know
The heavenly world is near.

Impart the faith that soars on high,
Beyond this earthly strife ;
That holds sweet converse with the sky,
And lives eternal life. AMEN.

John Taylor. (?)

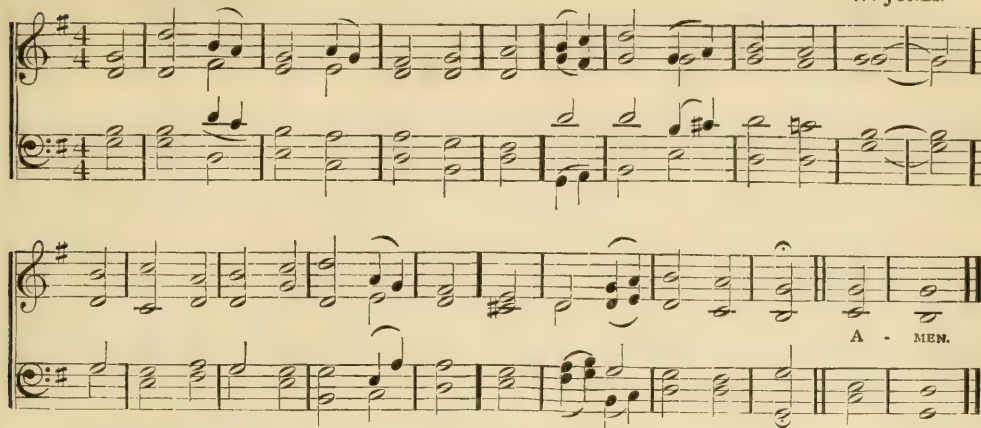
730. *"I am persuaded that neither death nor life, shall separate us from the love of God."*

I KNOW not what the future hath
Of marvel or surprise,
Assured alone that life and death
His mercy underlies.

And if my heart and flesh are weak
To bear an untried pain,
The bruised reed he will not break,
But strengthen and sustain.

ST. STEPHEN'S. C.M.

W. JONES.



No offering of my own I have,
Nor works my faith to prove :
I can but give the gifts he gave,
And plead his love for love.

And so beside the silent sea
I wait the muffled oar :
No harm from him can come to me
On ocean or on shore.

I know not where his islands lift
Their fronded palms in air ;
I only know I cannot drift
Beyond his love and care.

John G. Whittier.

731. *The Communion of Saints.*

THE saints on earth, and those above,
But one communion make :
Joined to their Lord in bonds of love,
All of his grace partake.

One family, we dwell in him ;
One Church above, beneath ;
Though now divided by the stream, —
The narrow stream of death.

One army of the living God,
To his command we bow :
Part of the host have crossed the flood,
And part are crossing now.

O God ! be thou our constant guide :
Then, when the word is given,
Bid death's cold flood its waves divide,
And land us safe in heaven.

Charles Wesley.†

732.*"All live in him."*

LORD ! if our dwelling-place thou art,
With all thine own we dwell ;
Oh, never may the faithful part
Who love the Lord full well.
Death has no bidding to divide
The souls that dwell in thee :
Yes, all who in the Lord abide
Are of one family.

They mingle still their songs, their prayers,
Thy people, Lord, are one,
Thy people in the vale of tears,
Thy people near the throne.

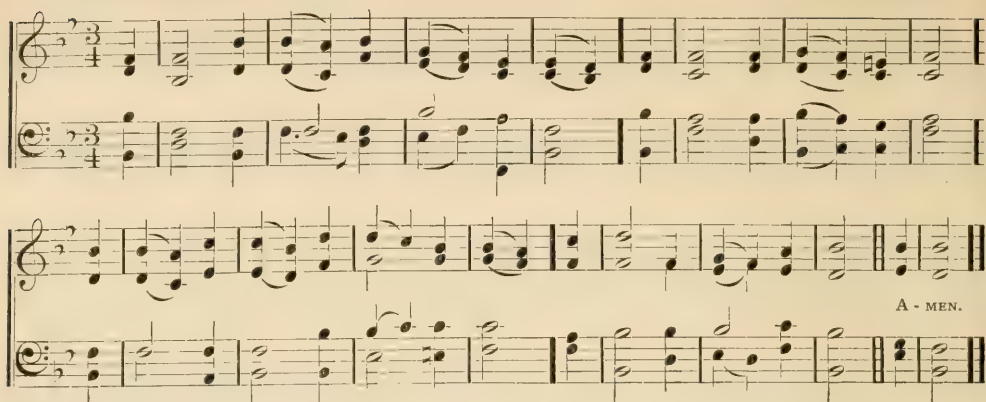
The souls most precious to us here
May from this home have fled ;
But still we make one household dear ;
One Lord is still our head.

Midst cherubim and seraphim
They mind their Lord's affairs ;
Oh ! if we bring our work to him,
Our work is one with theirs.

Thomas H. Gill.†

COVENTRY. C.M.

Old Tune.

**733.** *"In my Father's house are many mansions."*

I CANNOT think of them as dead
Who walk with me no more ;
Along the path of life I tread
They have but gone before.

The Father's house is mansioned fair
Beyond my vision dim ;
All souls are his, and here or there
Are living unto him.

And still their silent ministry
Within my heart hath place
As when on earth they walked with me
And met me face to face.

Their lives are made forever mine ;
What they to me have been
Hath left henceforth its seal and sign
Engraven deep within.

Mine are they by an ownership
Nor time nor death can free ;
For God hath given to Love to keep
Its own eternally.

Frederick L. Hosmer.

734. *"Seeing we are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."*

THE dead are like the stars by day,
Withdrawn from mortal eye,
Yet holding unperceived their way
Through the unclouded sky.

By them, through holy hope and love,
We feel, in hours serene,
Connected with a world above,
Immortal and unseen.

For death his sacred seal hath set
On bright and by-gone hours ;
And they we mourn are with us yet,
Are more than ever ours ; —

Ours, by the pledge of love and faith,
By hopes of heaven on high ;
By trust, triumphant over death,
In immortality.

Bernard Barton

735. *"I have fought a good fight ; I have finished my course."*

CAPTAIN and Saviour of the host
Of Christian chivalry ;
We bless thee for our comrade true
Now summoned up to thee.

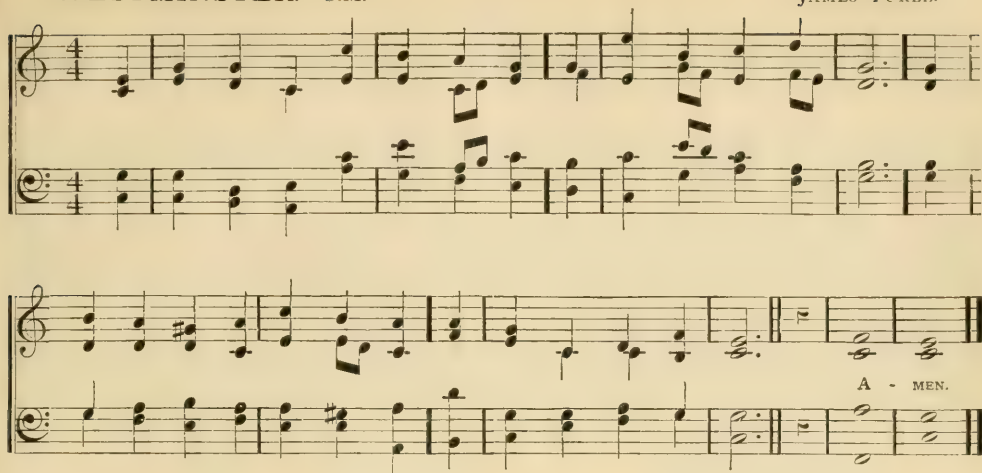
We bless thee for his every step
In faithful following thee ;
And for his good fight fought so well,
And crowned with victory.

We bless thee that his humble love
Hath met with such regard ;
We bless thee for his blessedness,
And for his rich reward. AMEN.

George Rawson.

WESTMINSTER. C.M.

JAMES TURLE.

736. *"The hope which entereth into that within the veil."*

THEY passed away from sight and hand,
A slow, successive train :
To memory's heart, a gathered band,
Our lost ones come again.

Dear thoughts that once our union made,
Death does not disallow :
We prayed for them while here they stayed,
And what shall hinder now?

Our Father, give them perfect day,
And portions with the blest ;
Oh, pity, if they went astray,
And pardon for the best !

As they may need, still deign to bring
The helping of thy grace,
The shadow of thy guardian wing,
Or shining of thy face.

For all their sorrows here below
Be boundless joy and peace ;
For all their love, a heavenly glow
That nevermore shall cease.

O Lord of souls ! when ours shall part,
To try the farther birth,
Let faith go journeying with the heart
To those we loved on earth.

Nathaniel L. Frothingham.

737. *"More than conquerors, through him that loved us."*

GIVE me the wings of faith to rise
Within the veil, and see
The saints above, — how great their joys,
And bright their glories be.

Once they were mourning here below,
And wet their couch with tears ;
They wrestled hard, as we do now,
With sins and doubts and fears.

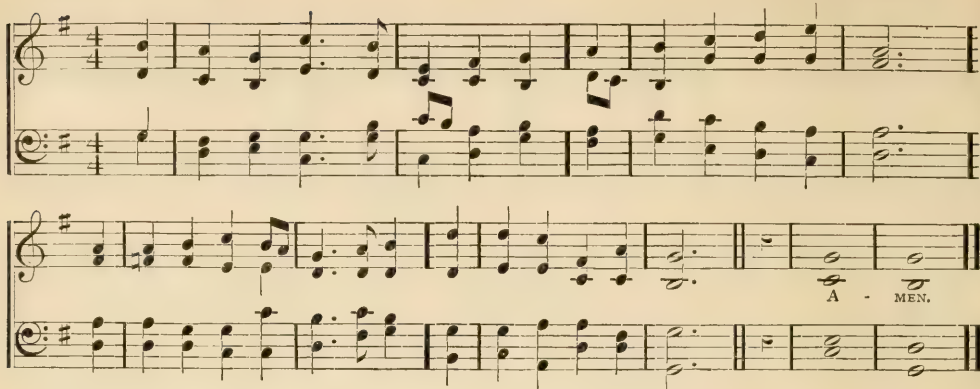
I ask them whence their victory came ;
They, with united breath,
Ascribe their conquest to the Lamb,
Their triumph to his death.

Our glorious Leader claims our praise,
For his own pattern given ;
While the long cloud of witnesses
Show the same path to heaven.

Isaac Watts.

FAITH. C.M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.

738. *"The spirit shall return unto God who gave it."*

CALM on the bosom of thy God,
 Young spirit, rest thee now ;
 E'en while with us thy footstep trod,
 His seal was on thy brow.
 Dust, to its narrow house beneath ;
 Soul, to its home on high :
 They that have seen thy look in death
 No more may fear to die.
 Lone are the paths, and sad the hours,
 Since thy dear form is gone ;
 But oh ! a brighter home than ours,
 In heaven, is now thine own.

Felicia D. Hemans. 1822.

739. *"What are these which are arrayed in white robes, and whence came they?"*

How bright these glorious spirits shine !
 Whence all their white array ?
 How came they to the blissful seats
 Of everlasting day ?
 Lo ! they have come from sufferings great
 To dwell among the blest ;
 They bore the cross, and scorned the shame,
 And now in God they rest.
 Now with triumphal palms they stand
 Before the throne on high,
 And serve the God they love, amidst
 The glories of the sky.

His presence fills each heart with joy,
 Tunes every mouth to sing ;
 By day, by night, the sacred courts
 With glad hosannas ring.

Hunger and thirst are felt no more,
 Nor suns with scorching ray ;
 God is their Sun, whose cheering beams
 Diffuse eternal day.

The Lamb, which dwells amidst the throne,
 Shall o'er them still preside,
 Feed them with nourishment divine,
 And all their footsteps guide.

'Mong pastures green he 'll lead his flock,
 Where living streams appear ;
 And God the Lord from every eye
 Shall wipe off every tear.

Isaac Watts. †

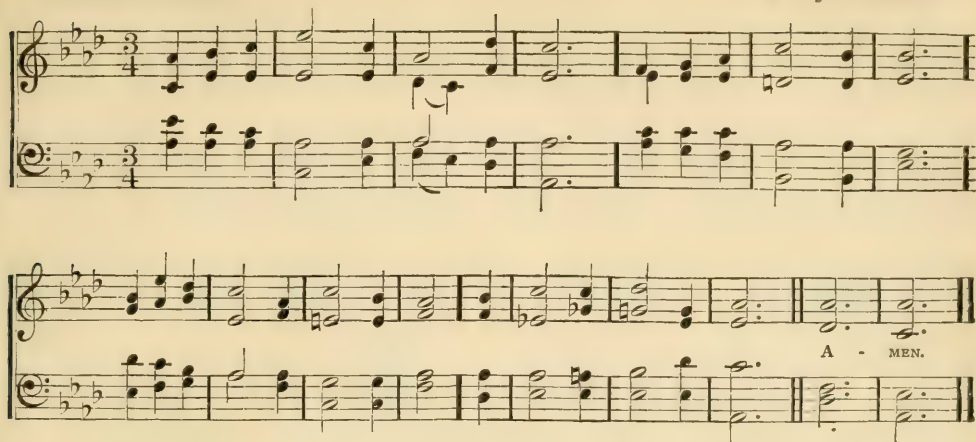
740. *"Seeing that we also are compassed about with so great a cloud of witnesses."*

ANOTHER hand is beckoning us,
 Another call is given ;
 And glows once more with angel-steps
 The path which reaches heaven.

Alone unto our Father's will
 One thought hath reconciled ;
 That he whose love exceedeth ours
 Hath taken home his child.

BEATITUDO. C.M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



Fold her, O Father! in thine arms,
And let her henceforth be
A messenger of love between
Our human hearts and thee.

Still let her mild rebuking stand
Between us and the wrong,
And her dear memory serve to make
Our faith in goodness strong. AMEN.

John G. Whittier.

741.

The New Heaven.

LET whosoever will, inquire
Of spirit or of seer,
To shape unto the heart's desire
The new life's vision clear.

My God, I rather look to thee
Than to these fancies fond,
And wait, till thou reveal to me
That fair and far Beyond.

Oh, joy! to hear with sense new-born
The angels' greeting strains,
And sweet to see the first fair morn
Gild the celestial plains.

But sweeter far to trust in thee
While all is yet unknown,
And through the death-dark cheerily
To walk with thee alone.

In thee my powers, my treasures live,
To thee my life must tend;
Giving thyself, thou all dost give,
O soul-sufficing friend!

And wherefore should I seek above
Thy city in the sky,
Since firm in faith and deep in love
Its broad foundations lie, —

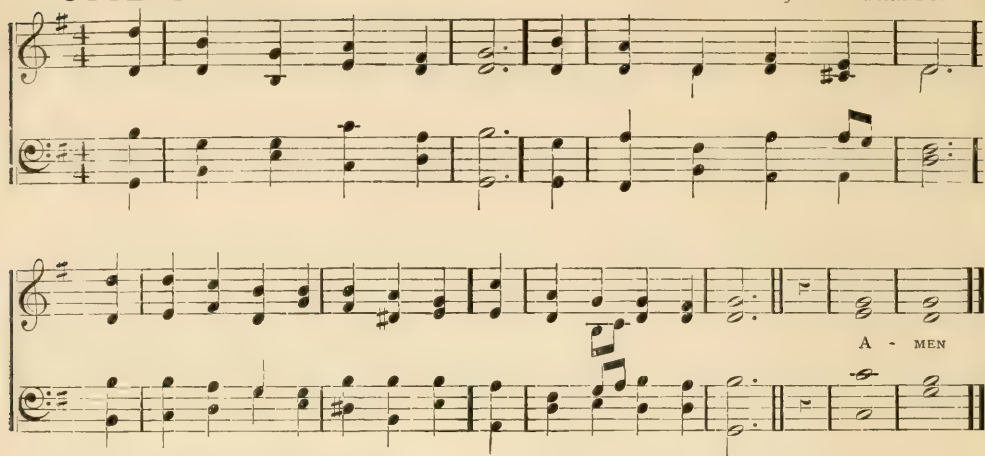
Since in a life of peace and prayer,
Nor known on earth, nor praised,
By humblest toil, by ceaseless care,
Its holy towers are raised?

Where pain the soul hath purified,
And penitence hath shriven,
And truth is crowned and glorified,
There — only there — is heaven.

Eliza Scudder.

OTTERY. S.M.

Sir JOSEPH BARNEY.



742.

*"Partakers of the inheritance of the saints
in light."*

For all thy saints, O Lord,
Who strove in thee to live,
Who followed thee, obeyed, adored,
Our grateful hymn receive.

For all thy saints, O Lord,
Accept our thankful cry,
Who counted thee their great reward,
And strove in thee to die.

They all in life and death,
With thee, their Lord, in view,
Learned from thy Holy Spirit's breath
To suffer and to do.

Thy mystic members, fit
To join thy saints above,
In one communion ever knit,
And fellowship of love.

For this, thy name we bless,
And humbly beg that we
May follow them in holiness,
And live and die in thee. AMEN.

Richard Mant.†

743.

*"Awake, thou that sleepest, and Christ shall
give thee light."*

O SPIRIT, freed from earth,
Rejoice, thy work is done !
The weary world 's beneath thy feet,
Thou brighter than the sun !

Arise, put on the robes
That the redeemed win :
Now sorrow hath no part in thee,
Thou sanctified within !

Awake, and breathe the air
Of the celestial clime :
Awake to love which knows no change,
Thou who hast done with time !

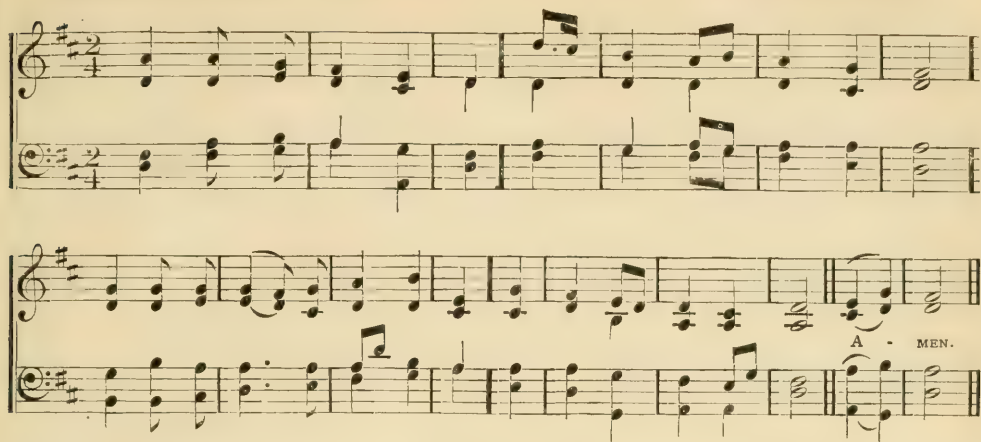
Awake, lift up thine eyes !
See, all heaven's host appears !
And be thou glad exceedingly,
Thou who hast done with tears !

Ascend ! thou art not now
With those of mortal birth :
The living God hath touched thy lips,
Thou who hast done with earth !

Mary Howitt. 1834. †

MORNINGTON. S.M.

LORD MORNINGTON.



744. "Then shall we be forever with the Lord."

"FOREVER with the Lord !"

Amen ; so let it be ;

Life from the dead is in that word,

'T is immortality.

Here in the body pent,

Absent from him I roam,

Yet nightly pitch my moving tent

A day's march nearer home.

My Father's house on high !

Home of my soul, how near

At times to faith's foreseeing eye

Thy golden gates appear !

Yet clouds will intervene,

And all my prospect flies ;

Like Noah's dove, I flit between

Rough seas and stormy skies.

Anon the clouds depart,

The winds and waters cease,

While sweetly o'er my gladdened heart

Expands the bow of peace.

Beneath its glowing arch,

Along the hallowed ground,

I see cherubic armies march,

A camp of fire around.

James Montgomery.

745. "Hold thou me up, and I shall stand."

I HEAR at morn and even,

At noon and midnight hour,

The choral harmonies of heaven

Earth's Babel-tongues o'erpower.

Then, then I feel that he

(Remembered or forgot),

The Lord, is never far from me,

Though I perceive him not.

All that I am, have been,

All that I yet may be,

He sees at once, as he hath seen,

And shall forever see.

"Forever with the Lord !"

Father, if 't is thy will,

The promise of that faithful word,

Even here to me fulfil.

Be thou at my right hand,

Then can I never fail ;

Uphold thou me, and I shall stand,

Fight, and I must prevail.

So when my latest breath

Shall rend the veil in twain,

By death I shall escape from death,

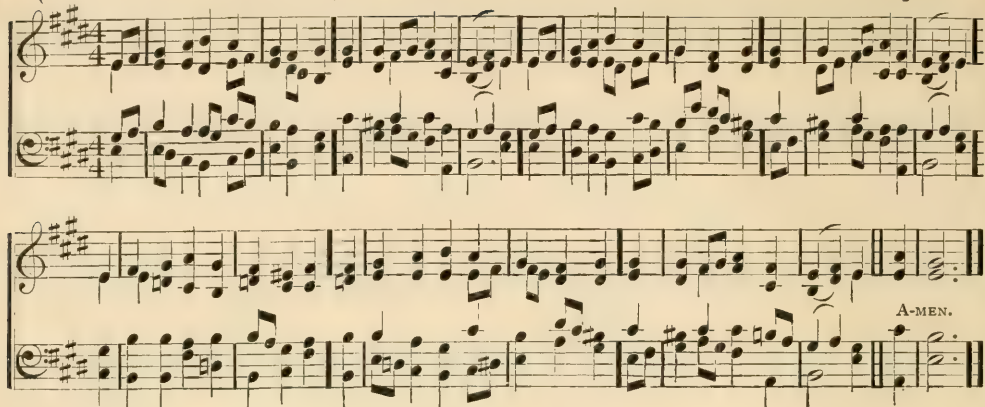
And life eternal gain.

James Montgomery.

DECIUS. 8.7.8.7:8.8.7.

(Allein Gott in der Höh sei Ehr.)

NICOLAUS DECIUS. 1526?



746.

"Thou crownest the year with thy goodness."

ACROSS the sky the shades of night
 This winter's eve are fleeting:
 We deck thine house, O Lord, with light,
 In solemn worship meeting:
 And as the year's last hours go by,
 We lift to thee our earnest cry,
 Once more thy love entreating.

And, while we kneel, we lift our eyes
 To dear ones gone before us,
 Safe housed with thee in Paradise,
 Whose peace descendeth o'er us;
 And beg of thee, when life is past,
 To re-unite us all, at last,
 And to our lost restore us.

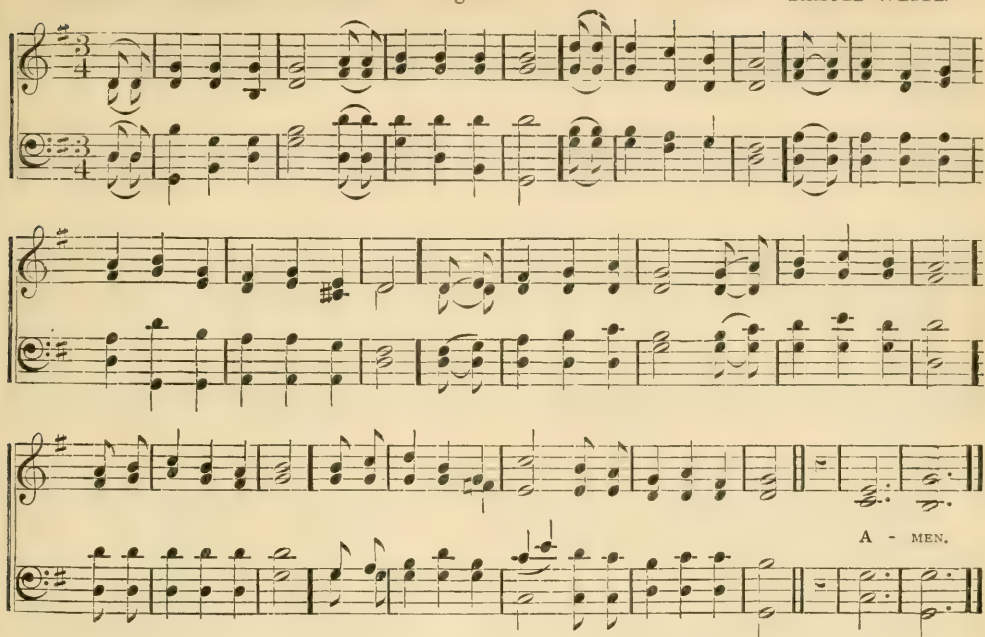
We gather up, in this brief hour,
 The memory of thy mercies;
 Thy wondrous goodness, love, and power,
 Our grateful song rehearses:
 For thou hast been our strength and stay,
 In many a dark and dreary day
 Of sorrow and reverses.

Then, O great God, in years to come,
 Whatever fate betide us,
 Right onward on our journey home
 Be thou at hand to guide us:
 Nor leave us till, at close of life,
 Safe from all perils, toil, and strife,
 Heaven shall unfold and hide us. AMEN.

James Hamilton.

NEW YEAR'S HYMN. Irregular.

SAMUEL WEBBE.



747.

For a New Year.

COME, let us anew our journey pursue,
 Roll round with the year,
 And never stand still till the Master appear.

His adorable will let us gladly fulfil,
 And our talents improve,
 By the patience of hope, and the labor of love.

Our life is a dream ; our time, as a stream,
 Glides swiftly away,
 And the fugitive moment refuses to stay.

The arrow is flown ; the moment is gone ;
 The millennial year
 Rushes on to our view, and eternity's here.

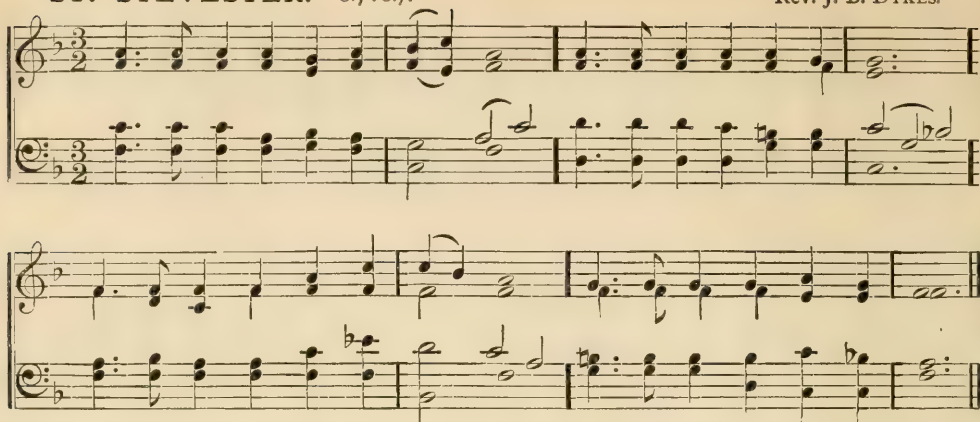
Oh that each, in the day of his coming, may say, —
 " I have fought my way through ;
 I have finished the work thou didst give me to do."

Oh that each from his Lord may receive the glad word, —
 " Well and faithfully done !
 Enter into my joy, and sit down on my throne."

Charles Wesley.

ST. SYLVESTER. 8.7:8.7.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



748.

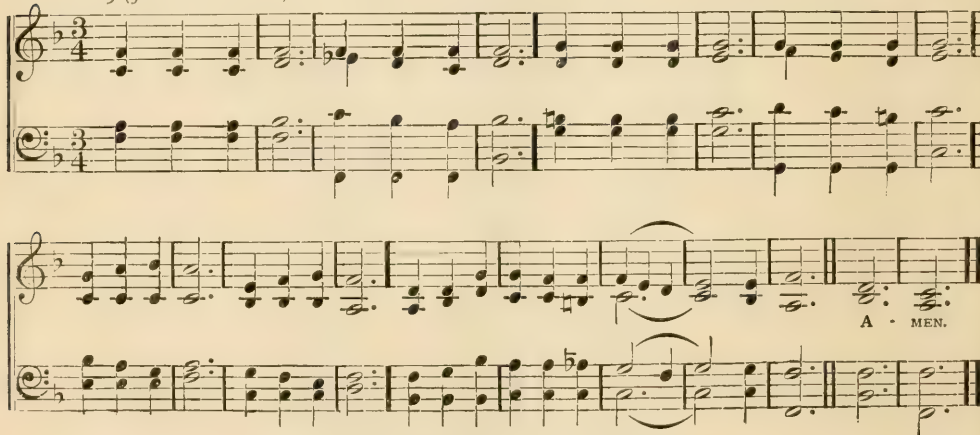
"So teach us to number our days that we may apply our hearts unto wisdom,"

As a shadow life is fleeting ;
 As a vapor so it flies ;
 For the by-gone years retreating,
 Pardon grant, and make us wise —
 Wise that we our days may number,
 Strive and wrestle with our sin,

Stay not in our work, nor slumber,
 Till thy holy rest we win.

Grant us grace, that whatsoever
 May befall us, we may be
 Ready for thy solemn summons,
 And in joy to answer thee.

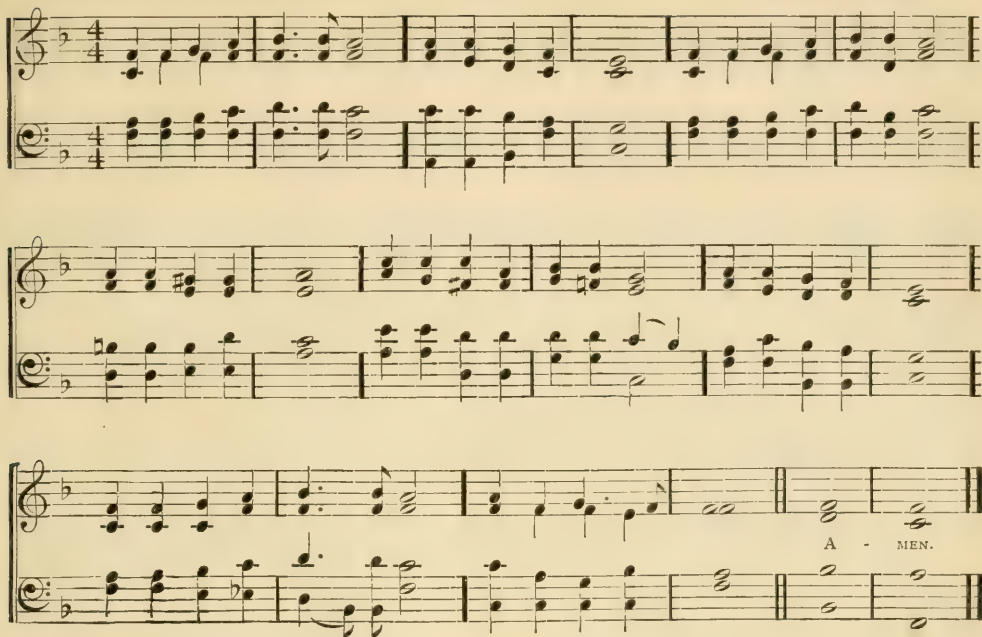
8.8:8.9 (for the last verse).



Oh, by thy power grant, Lord, that we
 In our last hour still trust in thee ;
 Blessed with thy love, thine may we be
 All through the days of eternity.

MARY MAGDALENE. 7.5. Double.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



749.

New Year's Hymn.

FATHER, let me dedicate
 All this year to thee,
 In whatever worldly state
 Thou wilt have me be :
 Not from sorrow, pain, or care,
 Freedom dare I claim ;
 This alone shall be my prayer,
 "Glorify thy name."

Can a child presume to choose
 Where or how to live ?
 Can a Father's love refuse
 All the best to give ?
 More thou givest every day
 Than the best can claim,
 Nor withholdest aught that may
 Glorify thy name.

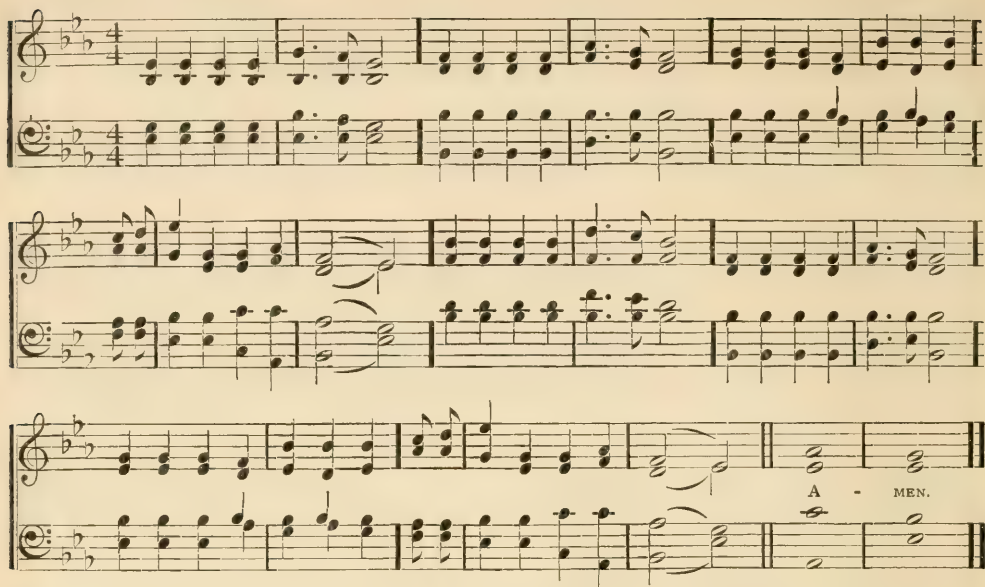
If in mercy thou wilt spare
 Joys that yet are mine ;
 If on life, serene and fair,
 Brighter rays may shine ;
 Let my glad heart, while it sings,
 Thee in all proclaim,
 And, whate'er the future brings,
 Glorify thy name.

If thou callest to the cross,
 And its shadow come,
 Turning all my gain to loss,
 Shrouding heart and home,
 Let me think how thy dear Son
 To his glory came,
 And in deepest woe pray on,
 "Glorify thy name." AMEN.

Laurence Tuttiert.

BENEVENTO. 7. Double.

S. WEBBE



750.

The New Year.

WHILE, with ceaseless course, the sun
 Hasted through the former year,
 Many souls their race have run,
 Never more to meet us here.
 Raised to an eternal state,
 They have done with all below :
 We a little longer wait ;
 But how little, none can know.

As the wingèd arrow flies
 Speedily the mark to find ;
 As the lightning from the skies
 Darts, and leaves no trace behind, —
 Swiftly thus our fleeting days
 Bear us down life's rapid stream :
 Upward, Lord, our spirits raise ;
 All below is but a dream.

Thanks for mercies past receive,
 Pardon of our sins renew ;
 Teach us henceforth how to live
 With eternity in view.

Bless thy word to young and old ;
 Fill us with a Saviour's love ;
 And, when life's short tale is told,
 May we dwell with thee above ! AMEN.

John Newton. 1779.

751.

"We will walk in his paths."

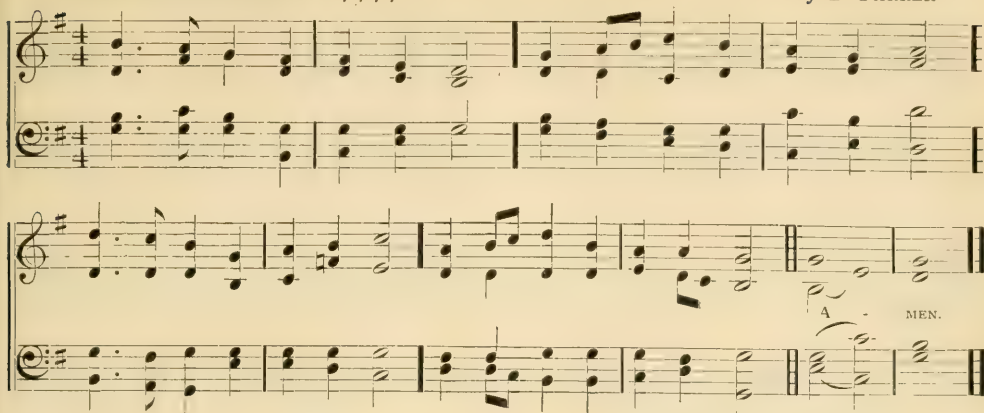
SUNLIGHT of the heavenly day,
 Mighty to revive and cheer !
 Bless our yet untrodden way ;
 Lead us through the entered year.
 Where the shades of death we see,
 Let thy living brightness be :
 Let it speed our lingering feet ;
 Let it shine on all we meet.

Open thou beneath our tread
 Springs the distance could not show ;
 From the holy fountain-head
 Let them rise where'er we go :
 Rather, give us eyes to see, —
 Love, awake to love in thee, —
 Hearts that, trusting in thy care,
 Find its traces everywhere.

Anna L. Waring.

NEW CALABAR. 7-7-7-7.

J. D. FARRER.



752. "I am come to send fire upon the earth."

SEE how great a flame aspires,
Kindled by a spark of grace !
Jesus' love the nations fires,
Sets the kingdoms on a blaze.

To bring fire on earth he came ;
Kindled in some hearts it is :
Oh, that all might catch the flame,
All partake the glorious bliss !

When he first the work begun,
Small and feeble was his day :
Now the word doth swiftly run,
Now it wins its widening way.

More and more it spreads and grows,
Ever mighty to prevail ;
Sin's strongholds it now o'erthrows,
Shakes the trembling gates of hell.

Saw ye not the cloud arise,
Little as a human hand ?
Now it spreads along the skies,
Hangs o'er all the thirsty land.

Lo ! the promise of a shower
Drops already from above ;
But the Lord will shortly pour
All the spirit of his love.

Charles Wesley

753. *Alliance and Other Meetings*
"I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from
whence cometh my help."

WHAT has drawn us thus apart,
From the common daily round,
Bringing here a lowly heart,
Standing as on holy ground ?

Not the scorn of humble things, —
Simplest tasks that love can find, —
Not the pride of thought that brings
Laggard will and restless mind.

Nay, but here upon the height,
Rapt from idle cares away,
Fain our souls would see a light,
Herald of the coming day ;

Morning visions high and pure,
Glorious things that are to be,
Faith and hope that shall endure,
Love's abiding unity ;

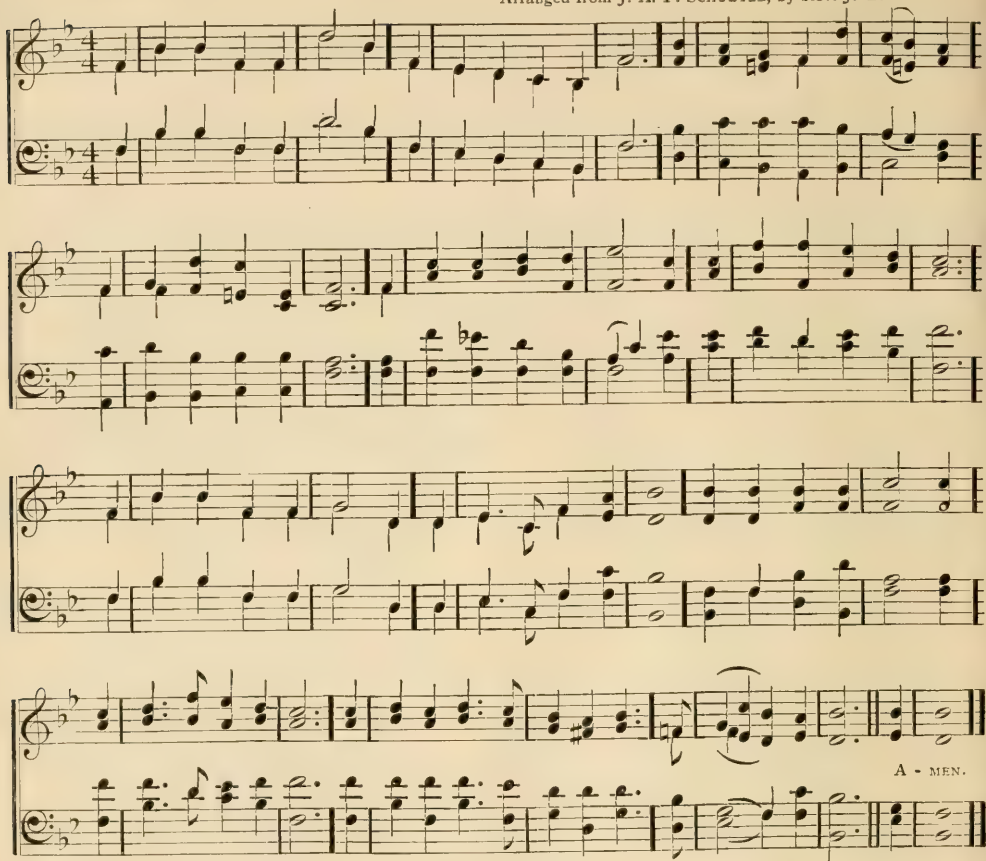
All the things that make for peace
In the daily toil and strife ;
All that can our part increase
In the world's diviner life.

Short the time we linger here ;
Then, with earnest heart and hand,
Back to work with holy fear ;
Every vision God's command.

John W. Chadwick.

HARVEST HYMN. (WIR PFLÜGEN.) 7.6.7.6: 7.6.7.6: 6.6.8.4.

Arranged from J. A. P. SCHULTZE, by Rev. J. B. DYKES.



A - MEN.

754.

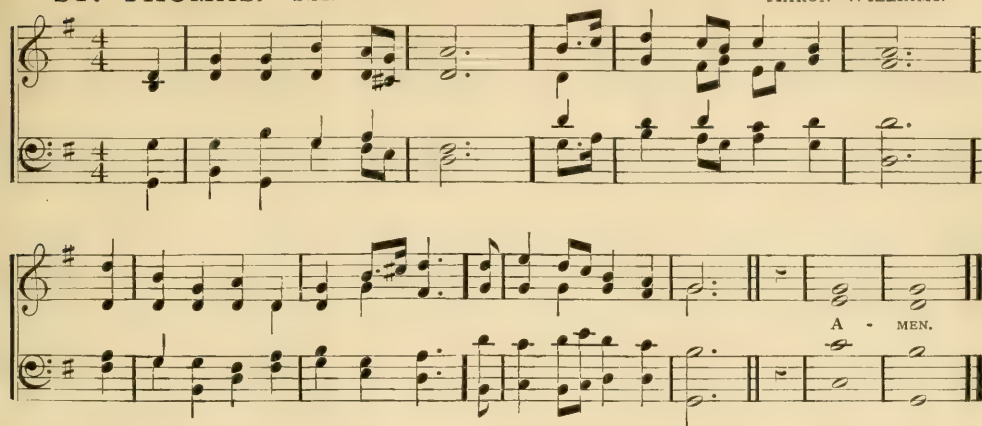
Harvest Hymn.

WE plough the fields, and scatter
 The good seed on the land,
 But it is fed and watered
 By God's almighty hand ;
 He sends the snow in winter,
 The warmth to swell the grain,
 The breezes and the sunshine,
 And soft, refreshing rain.
 All good gifts around us
 Are sent from heaven above ;
 Then thank the Lord, oh, thank the Lord
 For all his love.

He only is the Maker
 Of all things near and far ;
 He paints the wayside flower,
 He lights the evening star ;
 The winds and waves obey him,
 By him the birds are fed ;
 Much more to us, his children,
 He gives our daily bread.
 All good gifts around us
 Are sent from heaven above ;
 Then thank the Lord, oh, thank the Lord
 For all his love.

ST. THOMAS. S.M.

AARON WILLIAMS.



We thank thee, then, O Father,
 For all things bright and good,
 The seed-time and the harvest,
 Our life, our health, our food ;
 Accept the gifts we offer,
 For all thy love imparts,
 And what thou most desirest, —
 Our humble, thankful hearts.
 All good gifts around us
 Are sent from heaven above,
 Then thank the Lord, oh, thank the Lord
 For all his love.

Matthias Claudius. 1782.
 Tr. by Jane M. Campbell. 1861.

755.

The Church's Work.

THOU, whose glad summer yields
 Fit increase of the spring,
 In faith we sow these living fields,
 Bless thou the harvesting !

Thy Church must lead aright
 Life's work, left all undone,
 Till, founded fast in love and light,
 Earth home to heaven be won.

Grant, then, thy servants, Lord,
 Fresh strength from hour to hour ;
 Through speech and deed the living word
 Find utterance with power,

To keep the child's faith bright,
 To strengthen manhood's truth,
 And set the age-dimmed eye alight
 With heaven's eternal youth !

That, in the time's stern strife,
 With saints we speed reform,
 Unresting in the calm of life,
 Unshrinking in its storm. AMEN.

Samuel Johnson.

756. *"How beautiful are the feet of him that bringeth good tidings !"*

How beauteous are their feet
 Who stand on Zion's hill !
 Who bring salvation on their tongues,
 And words of peace reveal.

How happy are our ears
 That hear this joyful sound !
 Which kings and prophets waited for,
 And sought, but never found.

How blessed are our eyes
 That see this heavenly light !
 Prophets and kings desired it long,
 But died without the sight.

The watchmen join their voice,
 And tuneful notes employ ;
 Jerusalem breaks forth in songs,
 And deserts learn the joy.

Isaac Watts.

COMMONWEALTH. 7.6.7.6:8.8.8.5.

JOSIAH BOOTH.

A - MEN.

757.

"O God, save thy people."

WHEN wilt thou save the people?
 O God of mercy, when?
 Not kings and lords, but nations!
 Not crowns and thrones, but men!
 Flowers of thy heart, O God, are they;
 Let them not pass like weeds away,
 Their heritage a sunless day!
 God! save the people!

Shall crime bring crime for ever,
 Strength aiding still the strong?
 Is it thy will, O Father,
 That man should toil for wrong?

"No!" say thy mountains; "No!" thy skies;
 "Man's clouded sun shall brightly rise,
 And songs be heard instead of sighs."

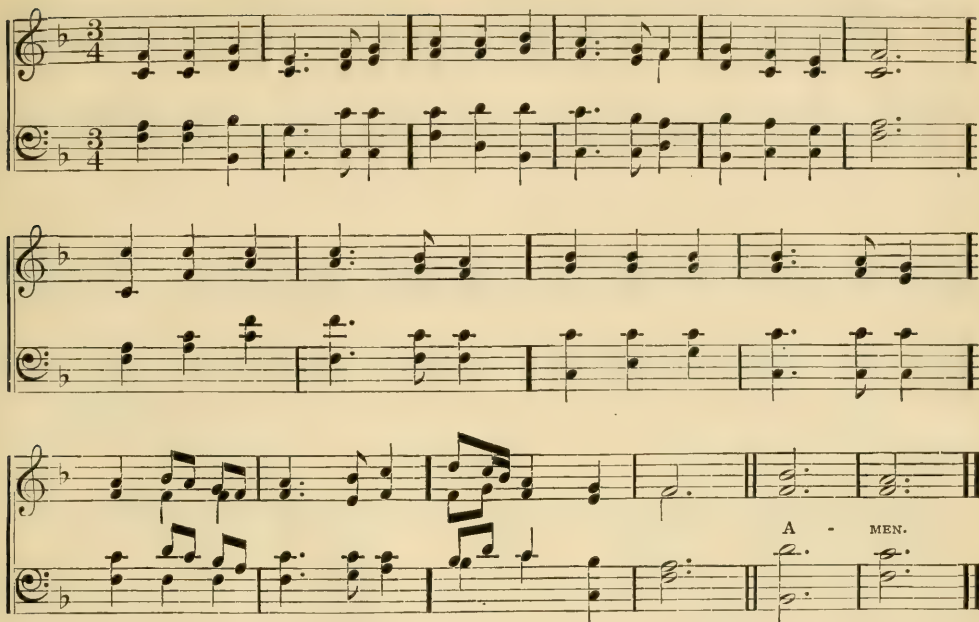
God! save the people!

When wilt thou save the people?
 O God of mercy, when?
 The people, Lord, the people!
 Not crowns and thrones, but men!
 God! save the people! thine they are,
 Thy children, as the angels fair;
 Save them from bondage and despair!
 God! save the people! AMEN.

Ebenezer Elliott.

AMERICA. 6.6.4. 6.6.6.4.

Adapted by HENRY CAREY.



758.

National Hymn.

My country, 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty, —

Of thee I sing :
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrim's pride,
From every mountain side
Let freedom ring !

My native country, thee, —
Land of the noble free, —
Thy name I love :
I love thy rocks and rills,
Thy woods and templed hills ;
My heart with rapture thrills
Like that above.

Our fathers' God, to thee,
Author of liberty, —
To thee we sing :
Long may our land be bright

With freedom's holy light ;
Protect us by thy might,
Great God, our King. AMEN.
Samuel F. Smith.

759.

Our Country.

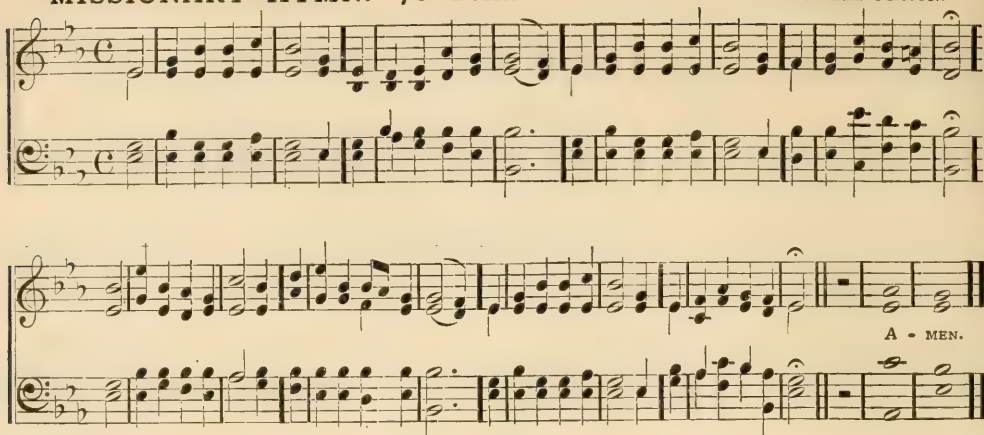
God bless our native land !
Firm may she ever stand
Through storm and night !
When the wild tempests rave,
Ruler of wind and wave,
Do thou our country save,
By thy great might !

For her our prayer shall rise
To God, above the skies ;
On him we wait :
Thou who art ever nigh,
Guarding with watchful eye,
To thee aloud we cry,
God save the State ! AMEN.

C. T. Brooks and J. S. Dwight.

MISSIONARY HYMN. 7.6. Double.

LOWELL MASON.



760.

Missionary Hymn.

FROM Greenland's icy mountains,
 From India's coral strand,
 Where Afric's sunny fountains
 Roll down their golden sand,
 From many an ancient river,
 From many a palmy plain,
 They call us to deliver
 Their land from error's chain.

What though the spicy breezes
 Blow soft o'er Ceylon's isle,
 Though every prospect pleases,
 And only man is vile?
 In vain with lavish kindness
 The gifts of God are strown:
 The heathen in his blindness
 Bows down to wood and stone.

Shall we, whose souls are lighted
 By wisdom from on high,
 Shall we to men benighted
 The lamp of life deny?
 Salvation! O salvation!
 The joyful sound proclaim,
 Till earth's remotest nation
 Has learned Messiah's name.

Reginald Heber.

761.

New Year's Hymn.

ANOTHER year is dawning!
 Dear Father, let it be
 In working or in waiting
 Another year with thee!
 Another year of leaning
 Upon thy loving breast,
 Of ever-deepening trustfulness,
 Of quiet, happy rest.

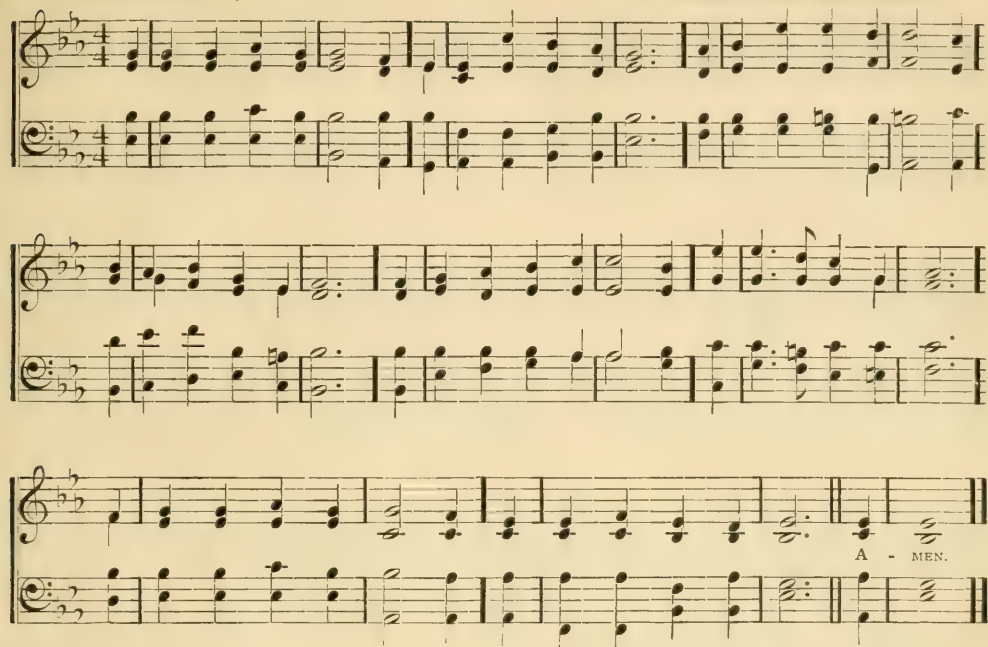
Another year of mercies,
 Of faithfulness and grace;
 Another year of gladness
 In the shining of thy face.
 Another year of progress,
 Another year of praise,
 Another year of proving
 Thy presence "all the days."

Another year of service,
 Of witness for thy love;
 Another year of training
 For holier work above.
 Another year is dawning!
 Dear Father, let it be
 On earth, or else in heaven,
 Another year for thee. AMEN.

Frances Ridley Havergal

AURELIA. 7.6. Double.

SAMUEL SEBASTIAN WESLEY.



762.

"Blessed be the Lord God of our fathers."

"O BEAUTIFUL, my Country !"

Be thine a nobler care
Than all thy wealth of commerce,
Thy harvests waving fair :
Be it thy pride to lift up
The manhood of the poor ;
Be thou to the oppressèd
Fair Freedom's open door !

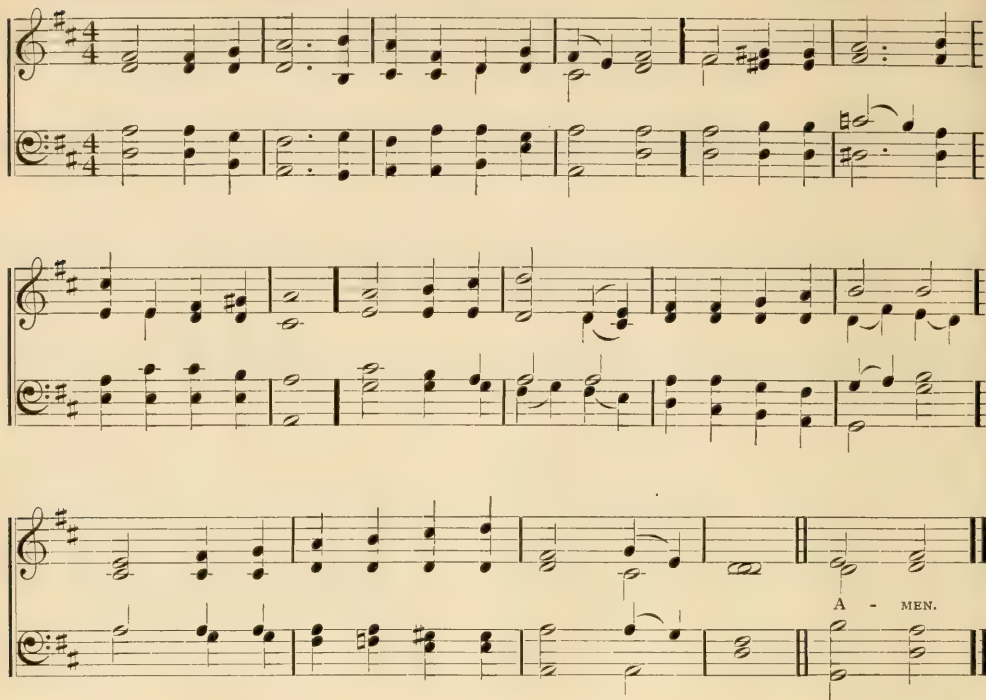
For thee our fathers suffered ;
For thee they toiled and prayed ;
Upon thy holy altar
Their willing lives they laid.
Thou hast no common birthright,
Grand memories on thee shine ;
The blood of pilgrim nations
Commingle flows in thine.

O Beautiful, our Country !
Round thee in love we draw ;
Thine is the grace of Freedom,
The majesty of Law.
Be Righteousness thy sceptre,
Justice thy diadem ;
And on thy shining forehead
Be Peace the crowning gem !

Frederick L. Hosmer.

STRENGTH AND STAY. II. 10: 11. 10.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



763.

"Let us not love in word, neither in tongue, but in deed and in truth."

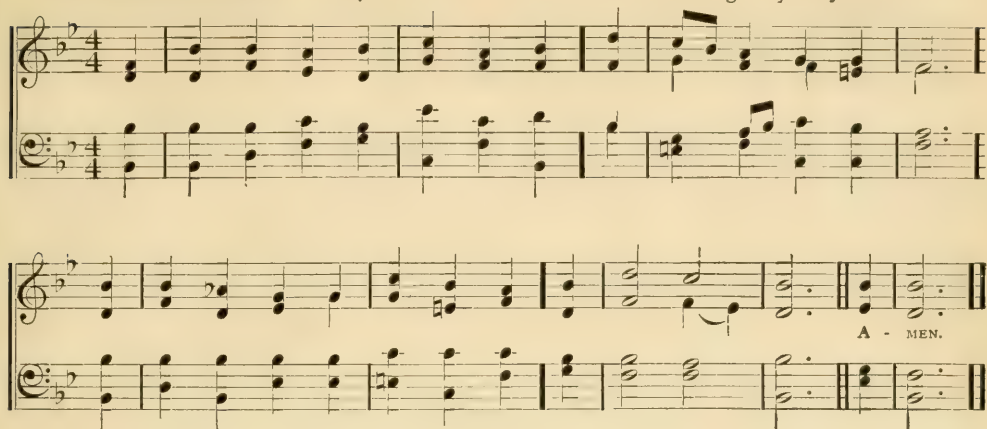
O PERFECT Love, all human thought transcending,
 Lowly we kneel in prayer before thy throne,
 That theirs may be the love which knows no ending,
 Whom thou for evermore dost join in one.

O perfect Life, be thou their full assurance
 Of tender charity and steadfast faith,
 Of patient hope, and quiet, brave endurance,
 With childlike trust that fears nor pain nor death.

Grant them the joy which brightens earthly sorrow;
 Grant them the peace which calms all earthly strife;
 And to life's day the glorious unknown morrow
 That dawns upon eternal love and life. AMEN.

ILFRACOMBE. 8.6.8.4.

Arranged by Sir JOHN GOSS.



764.

"Love is of God."

ETERNAL LOVE, whose law doth sway
 The worlds in ordered course,
 And works in human hearts its way
 With sacred force ;

To thee our waiting hearts we lift,
 This solemn, joyful hour,
 And ask thy Spirit's perfect gift,
 For marriage dower.

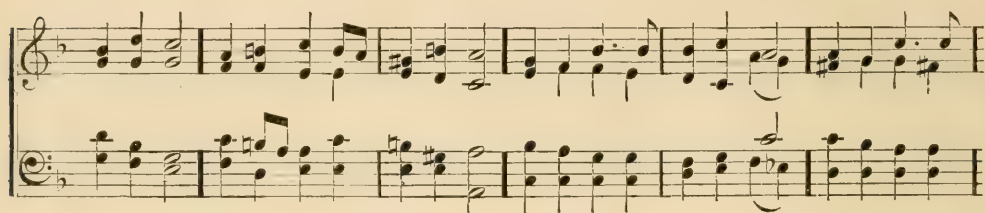
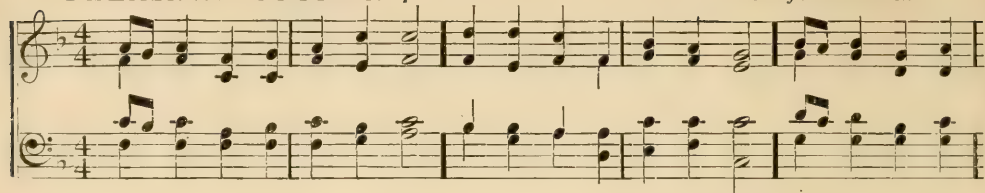
Thy hand the sacred links hath wrought
 That bind two souls in one ;
 Thy highest mysteries thus are taught,
 Thy heaven begun.

Oh, hallow with thy presence now
 This sacrament of love ;
 Breathe in the trembling human vow
 Strength from above.

Then, wheresoe'er the unknown path
 Of outward life may roam,
 A flame that on thine altar glowed
 Shall light the home.

PLEASANT COURTS. 7. Double.

Sir JOSEPH BARNBY.



765.

Worship Above and Below.

PLEASANT are thy courts above,
 In the land of light and love ;
 Pleasant are thy courts below,
 In this land of sin and woe.
 Oh, my spirit longs and faints
 For the converse of thy saints,
 For the brightness of thy face,
 King of glory, God of grace !

Happy birds that sing and fly
 Round thy altars, O Most High !
 Happier souls that find a rest
 In a heavenly Father's breast !
 Like the wandering dove that found
 No repose on earth around,
 They can to their ark repair,
 And enjoy it ever there.

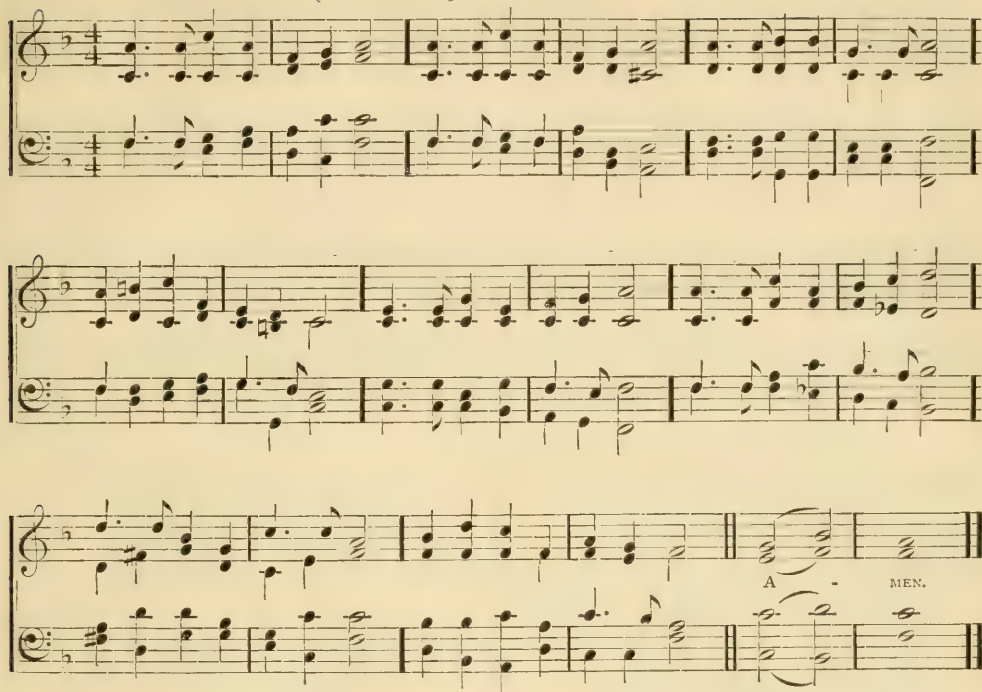
Happy souls ! their praises flow
 Even in this vale of woe :
 Waters in the desert rise ;
 Manna feeds them from the skies :
 On they go from strength to strength
 Till they reach thy throne at length,
 At thy feet adoring fall,
 Who hast led them safe through all.

Lord, be mine this prize to win,
 Guide me through a world of sin ;
 Keep me by thy saving grace,
 Give me at thy side a place ;
 Sun and shield alike thou art ;
 Guide and guard my erring heart ;
 Grace and glory flow from thee,
 Shower, oh, shower them, Lord, on me ! AMEN.

Henry Francis Lyte. 1834.

ST. GEORGE'S. (WINDSOR.) 7. Double.

Sir G. J. ELVEY.



766.

"They joy before thee, according to the joy of harvest."

COME, ye thankful people, come,
 Raise the song of Harvest-home :
 All is safely gathered in
 Ere the winter storms begin :
 God, our Maker, doth provide
 For our wants to be supplied ;
 Come to God's own temple, come,
 Raise the song of Harvest-home.

We ourselves are God's own field,
 Fruit unto his praise to yield ;
 Wheat and tares together sown,
 Unto joy or sorrow grown :

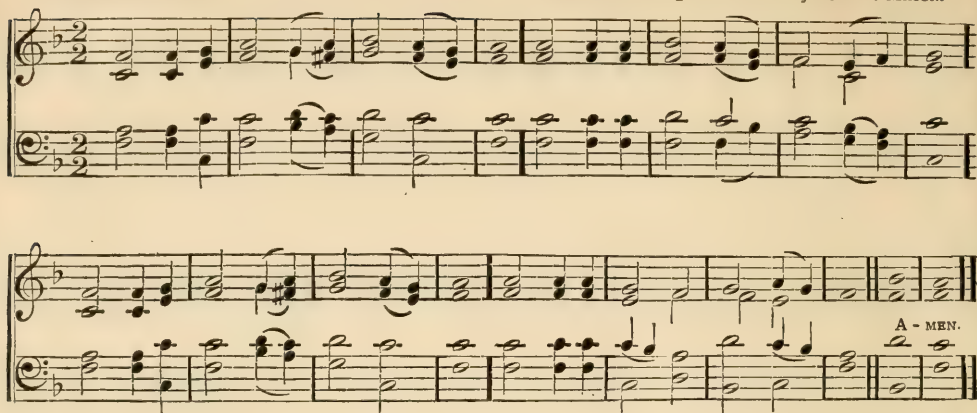
First the blade, and then the ear,
 Then the full corn shall appear :
 Lord of harvest, grant that we
 Wholesome grain and pure may be.

Even so, Lord, quickly come
 To thy final Harvest-home :
 Gather thou thy people in,
 Free from sorrow, free from sin ;
 There forever purified,
 In thy presence to abide :
 Come with all thine angels, come,
 Raise the glorious Harvest-home. AMEN.

Henry Alford.

HAMBURG. L. M.

Arranged from Gregorian Tone I. by LOWELL MASON.



767. "God also hath highly exalted him, and given him a name which is above every name."

Jesus shall reign where'er the sun
Does his successive journeys run ;
His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

Blessings abound where'er he reigns ;
The prisoner leaps to lose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are blest.

Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honors to our King ;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the long Amen.

Isaac Watts. 1719.

768. "What is your life ? It is even as a shadow,
that vanisheth away"

LIKE shadows gliding o'er the plain,
Or clouds that roll successive on,
Man's busy generations pass,
And while we gaze their forms are gone.

O Father, in whose mighty hand
The boundless years and ages lie !
Teach us thy boon of life to prize,
And use the moments as they fly ;

To crowd the narrow span of life
With wise designs and virtuous deeds :
So shall we wake from death's dark night,
To share the glory that succeeds.

John Taylor.

769. *For the Opening or Closing Year.*

GREAT God, we sing that mighty hand
By which, supported, still we stand :
The opening year thy mercy shows ;
That mercy crowns it till it close.

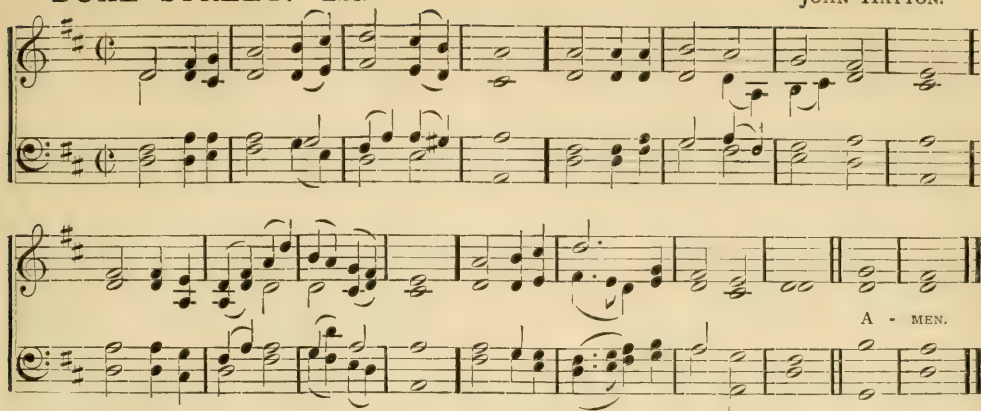
By day, by night, at home, abroad,
Still are we guarded by our God ;
By his incessant bounty fed,
By his unerring counsel led.

With grateful hearts the past we own :
The future, all to us unknown,
We to thy guardian care commit,
And, peaceful, leave before thy feet.

Philip Doddridge.

DUKE STREET. L.M.

JOHN HATTON.



770.

Thanksgiving.

In pleasant lands have fallen the lines
That bound our goodly heritage ;
And safe beneath our sheltering vines
Our youth is blest, and soothed our age.

What thanks, O God, to thee are due,
That thou didst plant our fathers here ;
And watch and guard them as they grew,
A vineyard, to the planter dear.

The toils they bore our ease have wrought ;
They sowed in tears, — in joy we reap ;
The birthright they so dearly bought
We'll guard till we with them shall sleep.

Thy kindness to our fathers, shown
In weal and woe through all the past,
Their grateful sons, O God, shall own,
While here their name and race shall last.

James Flint.

771.

For the Beginning or the End of the Year.

My helper, God ! I bless his name ;
The same his power, his grace the same :
The tokens of his friendly care
Open, and crown, and close the year.

I 'midst ten thousand dangers stand,
Supported by his guardian hand ;
And see, when I survey my ways,
Ten thousand monuments of praise.

Thus far his arm hath led me on ;
Thus far I make his mercy known ;
And, while I tread this desert land,
New mercies shall new songs demand.

Philip Doddridge.

772.

A Thanksgiving Remembrance.

In counting all the precious boons
For which the grateful feast is spread,
Oh, let us not forget that chief
Among our treasures are our dead.

Let us give thanks that they have lived,
And on our lives such radiance poured,
That with the sunshine of the past
Our later, lonelier years are stored.

And that, removed from longer share
In these brief festivals of earth,
We feel their living presence still,
The angels of our home and hearth.

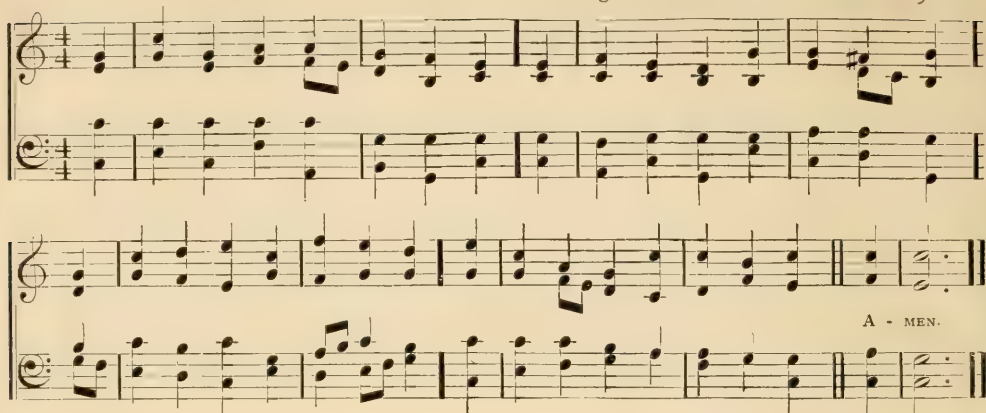
A light surpassing sun or star,
A breath more sweet than bursting flowers,
The ministry of souls beloved,
Gone hence, and yet forever ours.

O Father ! let our dearest thanks
Be for the feast immortal said ;
That death has set heaven's lamps aflame,
And thou art nearer through our dead. AMEN.

Frances L. Mace.

WINCHESTER, NEW. (CRASSELLIUS.) L.M.

Hamburger Musikalisches Handbuch. 1690.



773.

"As he spake to our fathers."

ETERNAL ONE, thou living God,
Whom changing years unchanged reveal,
With thee their way our fathers trod ;
The hand they held, in ours we feel !

The same our trust, the same our need,
In sorrow's stress, in duty's hour ;
We keep their faith, if not their creed,
That faith the fount of all our power !

We bless thee for the growing light,
The advancing thought, the widening view,
The larger freedom, clearer sight,
Which from the old unfolds the new

With wider view, come loftier goal !
With fuller light, more good to see !
With freedom, truer self-control,
With knowledge, deeper reverence be !

Anew we pledge ourselves to thee,
To follow where thy truth shall lead.
That truth alone can make us free ;
Who goes with God is safe indeed !

Samuel Longfellow.

774.

"As dying, and behold we live."

O GOD ! in thine autumnal skies
The dying woodlands glow and flame ;
And wheresoe'er we turn our eyes,
All-conquering Life ! we trace thy name.

Bright emblem of that tranquil faith
Whose evening beams "Good Morrow" give,
Each leaf, transfigured, mutely saith,
"As dying, and, behold, we live."

God of the living, — not the dead !
Like autumn leaves we fade and flee ;
Yet reigns eternal spring o'erhead,
Where souls for ever live to thee.

Oh, help us meekly, bravely tread
The path of righteousness and love,
Till, joined to all the immortal dead,
We walk in cloudless light above. AMEN.

Charles T. Brooks.

775.

Church Anniversary.

O THOU, whose liberal sun and rain
Come not upon the earth in vain,
Now let thy quickening word come down
The worship of this hour to crown.

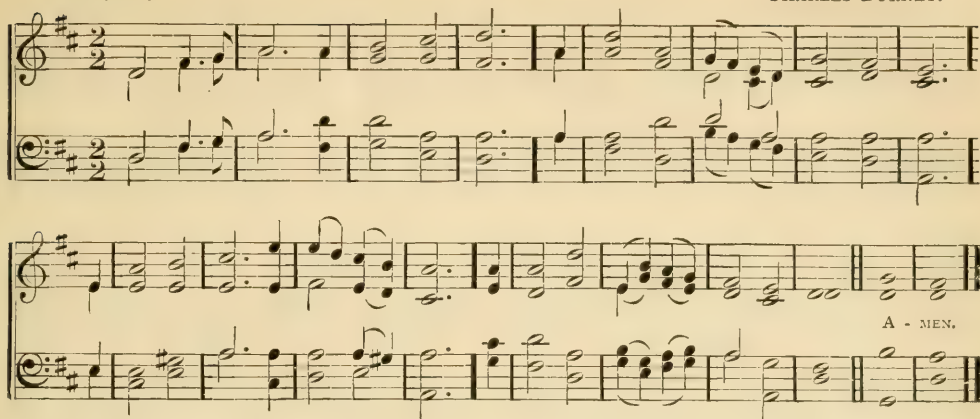
Oh, hear this church renew its vow,
Its solemn consecration now,
To work with heart, and soul, and might,
For Truth and Freedom, Love and Right ;

To listen with a willing faith
To whatsoe'er the Spirit saith,
And year by year to be more true
To him who maketh all things new.

Samuel Longfellow.

TRURO. L.M.

CHARLES BURNEY.

**776.** "Blessed be the Lord God of our fathers."

O God, beneath thy guiding hand
Our exiled fathers crossed the sea ;
And when they trod the wintry strand,
With prayer and psalm they worshipped thee.
Thou heard'st, well pleased, the song, the
prayer ;

Thy blessing came, and still its power
Shall onward through all ages bear
The memory of that holy hour.

Laws, freedom, truth, and faith in God
Came with those exiles o'er the waves ;
And where their pilgrim feet have trod,
The God they trusted guards their graves.

And here thy name, O God of love,
Their children's children shall adore,
Till these eternal hills remove,
And spring adorns the earth no more.

Leonard Bacon.

777. "Thou crownest the year with thy goodness."

O THOU, whose perfect goodness crowns
With peace and joy this sacred day,
Our hearts are glad for all the years
Thy love has kept us in thy way.

For common tasks of help and cheer,
For quiet hours of thought and prayer,
For moments when we seemed to feel
The breath of a diviner air ;

For mutual love and trust that keep
Unchanged through all the changing time ;
For friends within the veil who thrill
Our spirits with a hope sublime : —

For this, and more than words can say,
We praise and bless thy holy name.
Come life or death, enough to know
That thou art evermore the same !

John White Chadwick.

778. "Praise the Lord, fire and hail ; snow and vapors ; stormy wind fulfilling his word."

'Tis winter now : the fallen snow
Has left the heavens all coldly clear ;
Through leafless boughs the sharp winds blow,
And all the earth lies dead and drear.

And yet God's love is not withdrawn :
His life within the keen air breathes,
His beauty paints the crimson dawn,
And clothes the boughs with glittering wreaths.

And though abroad the sharp winds blow,
And skies are chill, and frosts are keen,
Home closer draws her circle now,
And warmer glows her light within.

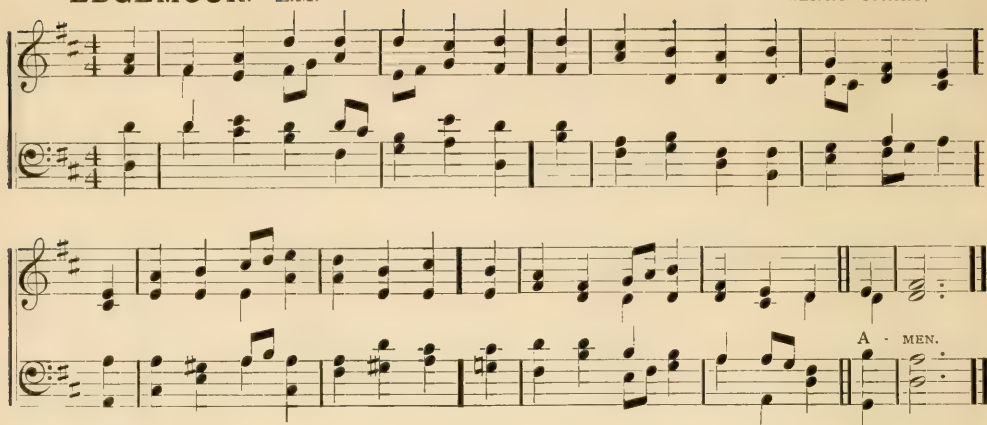
O God, who giv'st the winter's cold,
As well as summer's joyous rays,
Us warmly in thy love enfold,
And keep us through life's wintry days.

AMEN.

Samuel Longfellow.

EDGEMOOR. L.M.

HENRY SMART,

779. *The Books of Nature and Scripture compared.*
Ps. xix.

THE heavens declare thy glory, Lord ;
In every star thy wisdom shines ;
But when our eyes behold thy word,
We read thy name in fairer lines.

Sun, moon, and stars convey thy praise
Round the whole earth, and never stand ;
So, when thy truth began its race,
It touched and glanced on every land.

Nor shall thy spreading gospel rest,
Till through the world thy truth has run,
Till Christ has all the nations blest,
That see the light, or feel the sun.

Great Sun of Righteousness, arise ;
Bless the dark world with heavenly light ;
Thy gospel makes the simple wise ;
Thy laws are pure, thy judgments right.

Thy noblest wonders here we view,
In souls renewed, and sins forgiven ;
Lord, cleanse my sins, my soul renew,
And make thy word my guide to heaven.

Isaac Watts.

780. *Ordination of a Minister.*

O God, whose presence glows in all
Within, around us, and above !
Thy word we bless, thy name we call,
Whose word is Truth, whose name is Love.

That truth be with the heart believed
Of all who seek this sacred place ;
With power proclaimed, in peace received, —
Our spirits' light, thy Spirit's grace.

That love its holy influence pour,
To keep us meek, and make us free.
And throw its binding blessing more
Round each with all, and all with thee.

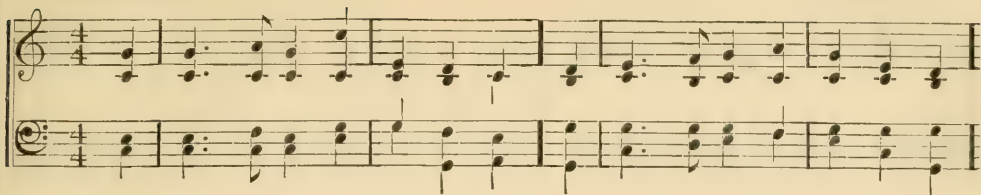
Direct and guard the youthful strength
Devoted to thy Son this day ;
And give thy word full course at length
O'er man's defects and time's decay.

Send down its angel to our side —
Send in its calm upon the breast ;
For we would know no other guide,
And we can need no other rest. AMEN.

Nathaniel L. Frothingham.

ALSTONE. L.M.

C. E. WILLING.



781.

Dedication of a Church.

ALL gifts are thine ; no gift have we,
 Lord of all gifts ! to offer thee ;
 And hence, with grateful hearts to-day,
 Thy own before thy feet we lay.

Thy will was in the builders' thought ;
 Thy hand unseen amidst us wrought ;
 Through mortal motive, scheme, and plan,
 Thy wise, eternal purpose ran.

In weakness and in want we call
 On thee for whom the heavens are small ;
 Thy glory is thy children's good,
 Thy joy thy tender Fatherhood.

O Father ! deign these walls to bless,
 Fill with thy love their emptiness ;
 And let their door a gateway be
 To lead us from ourselves to thee ! AMEN.

John G. Whittier.

782.

Dedication of a Church.

WITH thankful hearts, O God, we come
 To a new temple built for thee ;
 And pray that this may be our home
 Until we touch eternity : —

The common home of rich and poor,
 Of bond and free, and great and small ;
 Large as thy love for evermore,
 And warm and bright and good to all.

And dwell thou with us in this place,
 Thou and thy Christ, to guide and bless !
 Here make the wellsprings of thy grace
 Like fountains in the wilderness.

May thy whole truth be spoken here ;
 Thy gospel light for ever shine ;
 Thy perfect love cast out all fear,
 And human life become divine. AMEN.

Robert Collyer.

783.

Dedication of a Church.

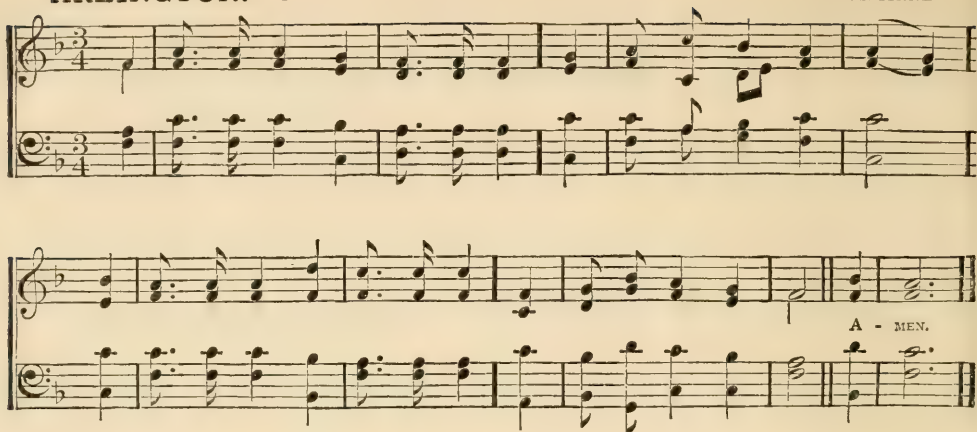
O FATHER ! take the new-built shrine ;
 The house our hands have reared is thine.
 Greet us with welcome when we come,
 And make our Father's house our home.

Blest with thy spirit while we stay,
 May we thy spirit bear away,
 That every heart a shrine may be,
 And every home a home for thee.

Edward Everett Hale

ARLINGTON. C.M.

T. A. ARNE.



784.

Ordination.

O GOD, thy children gathered here,
 Thy blessing now we wait :
 Thy servant, girded for his work,
 Stands at the temple's gate.

A holy purpose in his heart
 Has deepened calm and still ;
 Now from his childhood's Nazareth
 He comes, to do thy will.

O Father, keep his soul alive
 To every hope of good ;
 And may his life of love proclaim
 Man's truest brotherhood !

O Father, keep his spirit quick
 To every form of wrong ;
 And, in the ear of sin and self,
 May his rebuke be strong !

And as he doth Christ's footsteps press,
 If e'er his faith grow dim,
 Then, in the dreary wilderness,
 Thine angels strengthen him !

And grant him many hearts to lead
 Into thy perfect rest :
 Bless thou him, Father, and his flock ;
 Bless, and they shall be blest. AMEN.
 Samuel Longfellow.

785.

The Excellency of Scripture. Ps. cxix.

LORD, I have made thy word my choice,
 My lasting heritage ;
 There shall my noblest powers rejoice,
 My warmest thoughts engage.

I'll read the histories of thy love,
 And keep thy laws in sight,
 While through the promises I rove
 With ever fresh delight.

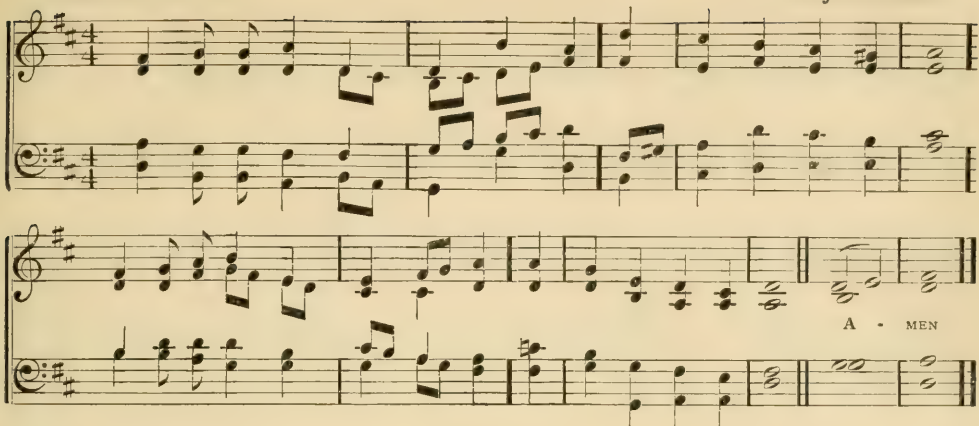
'T is a broad land of wealth unknown,
 Where springs of life arise,
 Seeds of immortal bliss are sown,
 And hidden glory lies.

The best relief that mourners have,
 It makes our sorrows blest,
 Our fairest hope beyond the grave,
 And our eternal rest.

Isaac Watts.

ELVET. C.M.

Rev. J. B. DYKES.



786. "Behold, the fields are white."

OH, still in accents sweet and strong
 Sounds forth the ancient word, —
 "More reapers for white harvest fields,
 More laborers for the Lord."

We hear the call ; in dreams no more
 In selfish ease we lie,
 But girded for our Father's work,
 Go forth beneath his sky.

Where prophets' word, and martyrs' blood,
 And prayers of saints were sown,
 We, to their labors entering in,
 Would reap where they have strown.

O thou whose call our hearts has stirred !
 To do thy will we come ;
 Thrust in our sickles at thy word,
 And bear our harvest home.

Samuel Longfellow.

787.

The Gospel.

THY goodness, Lord, our souls confess ;
 Thy goodness we adore ;
 A spring whose blessings never fail,
 A sea without a shore.

Sun, moon, and stars thy love attest
 In every cheerful ray :
 Love draws the curtains of the night,
 And love restores the day.

Thy bounty every season crowns
 With all the bliss it yields ;
 With joyful clusters bend the vines,
 With harvests wave the fields.

But chiefly thy compassions, Lord,
 Are in the gospel seen :
 There, like the sun, thy mercy shines,
 Without a cloud between.

Thomas Gibbons. 1784.

788.

New Year Hymn.

BREAK, new-born Year, on glad eyes break !
 Melodious voices move !
 On, rolling Time ! thou canst not make
 The Father cease to love.

Lord ! from this year more service win,
 More glory, more delight !
 Oh, make its hours less sad with sin,
 Its days with thee more bright !

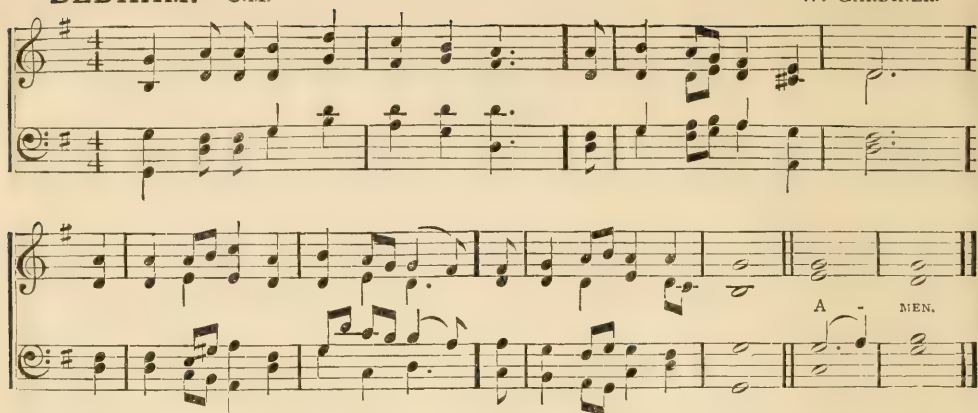
Then we may bless its precious things,
 If earthly cheer should come ;
 Or glad some mount on angel wings,
 If thou shouldst take us home.

Oh, golden then the hours must be ;
 The year must needs be sweet :
 Yes, Lord ! with happy melody
 Thine opening grace we greet.

Thomas H. Gill.

DEDHAM. C.M.

W. GARDINER.

789. *"The House our Fathers built to God."*

WE love the venerable house
 Our fathers built to God ;
 In heaven are kept their grateful vows,
 Their dust endears the sod.

Here holy thoughts a light have shed
 From many a radiant face,
 And prayers of tender hope have spread
 A perfume through the place.

And anxious hearts have pondered here
 The mystery of life,
 And prayed the Eternal Spirit clear
 Their doubts and aid their strife.

From humble tenements around
 Came up the pensive train,
 And in the church a blessing found,
 Which filled their homes again.

For faith, and peace, and mighty love,
 That from the Godhead flow,
 Showed them the life of heaven above
 Springs from the life below.

They live with God, their homes are dust ;
 But here their children pray,
 And, in this fleeting lifetime, trust
 To find the narrow way.

Ralph Waldo Emerson.

790. *For the Spirit of Truth.*

THOU long disowned, reviled, oppressed,
 Strange friend of human kind,
 Seeking through weary years a rest
 Within our hearts to find, —

How late thy bright and awful brow
 Breaks through these clouds of sin !
 Hail, Truth Divine ! we know thee now ;
 Angel of God, come in.

Come, though with purifying fire
 And desolating sword :
 Thou of all nations the desire,
 Earth waits thy cleansing word.

Struck by the lightning of thy glance,
 Let old oppressions die !
 Before thy cloudless countenance
 Let fear and falsehood fly !

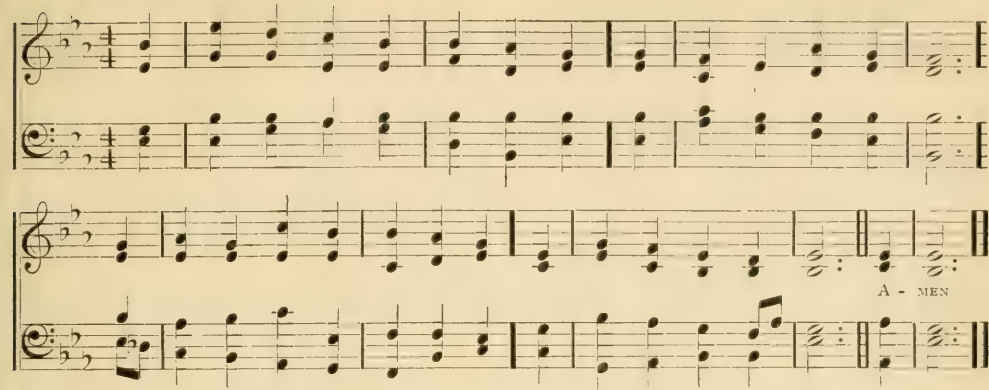
Anoint our eyes with healing grace,
 To see, as ne'er before,
 Our Father, in our brother's face,
 Our Master, in his poor.

Flood our dark life with golden day ;
 Convince, subdue, enthrall :
 Then to a mightier yield thy sway,
 And Love be all in all !

Eliza Scudder. 1860.

ST. PETER. C.M.

A. R. REINAGLE.

791. *"The shining light, that shineth more and more unto the perfect day."*

SPIRIT of Truth ! our fathers reared
Thy temple, stone by stone,
Till o'er its holiest shrine appeared, —
"Glory to God alone."

And, through each lingering age, while death
Dispersed the faithful band,
They nobly passed, with parting breath,
Thy torch from hand to hand.

But now, around the temple walls,
Thy girded servants throng ;
On watching eyes the daybreak falls,
No plaint is heard, "How long?"

For see, the broadening light fulfils
Our waiting hearts' desire,
It pales our watch-fires on the hills, —
We tune the silent lyre.

Spirit divine, the slumbrous world
With heavy eyes unsealed,
Will wake to find thy flag unfurled,
Thy host command the field.

Thy watchwords pass from soul to soul,
Thy conquests none can stay ;
Earth's noblest seek the shining goal
Of thy triumphant sway. AMEN.

Andrew Chalmers.

792. *"From generation to generation."*

O LIGHT, from age to age the same,
Forever living Word, —
Here have we felt thy kindling flame,
Thy voice within have heard.

Here holy thought and hymn and prayer
Have winged the spirit's powers,
And made these walls divinely fair, —
Thy temple, Lord, and ours.

What visions rise above the years,
What tender memories throng,
Till the eye fills with happy tears,
The heart with grateful song !

Vanish the mists of time and sense ;
They come, the loved of yore,
And one encircling Providence
Holds all for evermore.

Oh, not in vain their toil who wrought
To build faith's freer shrine, —
Nor theirs whose steadfast love and thought
Have watched the fire divine.

Burn, holy fire, and shine more wide !
While systems rise and fall,
Faith, hope, and charity abide,
The heart and soul of all.

Frederick L. Hosmer.

ST. MARTIN'S. C.M.

W. TANSUR.

793. *"Blessed is the man whose strength is in thee."*

BLEST are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound ;
Peace shall attend the paths they go,
And light their steps surround.

Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name ;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor dares the world condemn.

The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives :
Israel, thy King forever reigns,
Thy God forever lives.

Isaac Watts.

794. *"Ye shall teach them your children."*

LET children hear the mighty deeds
Which God performed of old,
Which in our younger years we saw,
And which our fathers told.

He bids us make his glories known,
His works of power and grace ;
And we'll convey his wonders down
Through every rising race.

Our lips shall tell them to our sons,
And they again to theirs,
That generations yet unborn
May teach them to their heirs.

Thus shall they learn, in God alone
Their hope securely stands,
That they may ne'er forget his works,
But practise his commands.

Isaac Watts.

795. *"The holy Scriptures, which are able to make thee wise unto salvation."*

THE Spirit breathes upon the word,
And brings the truth to sight ;
Precepts and promises afford
A sanctifying light.

A glory gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun ;
It gives a light to every age, —
It gives, but borrows none.

The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat ;
His truths upon the nations rise, —
They rise, but never set.

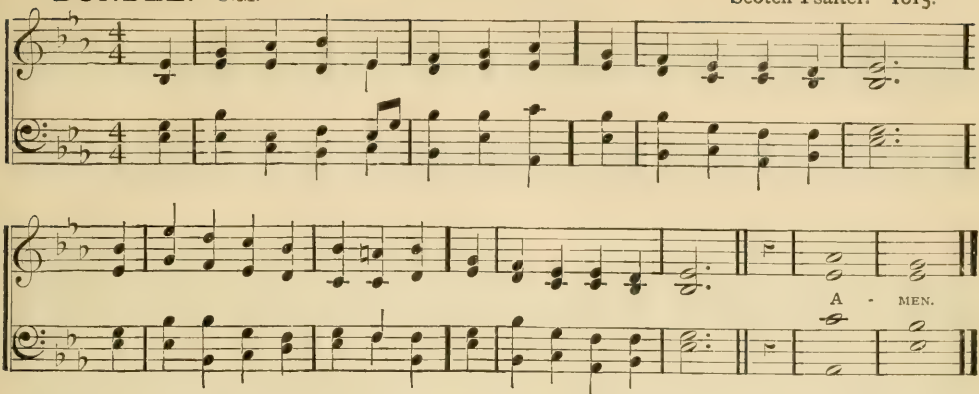
Let everlasting thanks be thine
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory break upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

William Cowper.

DUNDEE. C.M.

Scotch Psalter. 1615.



796.

"A glorious Church."

OH, where are kings and empires now,
 Of old that went and came?
 But holy Church is praying yet,
 A thousand years the same!

Mark ye her holy battlements,
 And her foundations strong;
 And hear within her solemn voice,
 And her unending song!

For, not like kingdoms of the world
 The holy Church of God!
 Though earthquake-shocks are rocking her,
 And tempest is abroad;

Unshaken as eternal hills,
 Unmovable she stands, —
 A mountain that shall fill the earth,
 A fane not built by hands.

Arthur C. Cox.

797.

"The sacramental host of God's elect."

LIFT up your heads, ye gates of brass!
 Ye bars of iron, yield!
 And let the King of glory pass;
 The Cross is in the field.

Ye armies of the Living God,
 His sacramental host,
 Where hallowed footsteps never trod,
 Take your appointed post.

Follow the Cross; the ark of Peace
 Accompany your path;
 To souls imprisoned bring release
 From bondage and from wrath.

Uplifted are the gates of brass,
 The bars of iron yield;
 Behold the King of glory pass!
 The Cross has won the field.

James Montgomery. †

798. *"He bringeth the wind out of his treasures."*

GREAT RULER of all nature's frame,
 We own thy power divine;
 We hear thy breath in every storm,
 For all the winds are thine.

Wide as they sweep their sounding way,
 They work thy sovereign will;
 And, awed by thy majestic voice,
 Confusion shall be still.

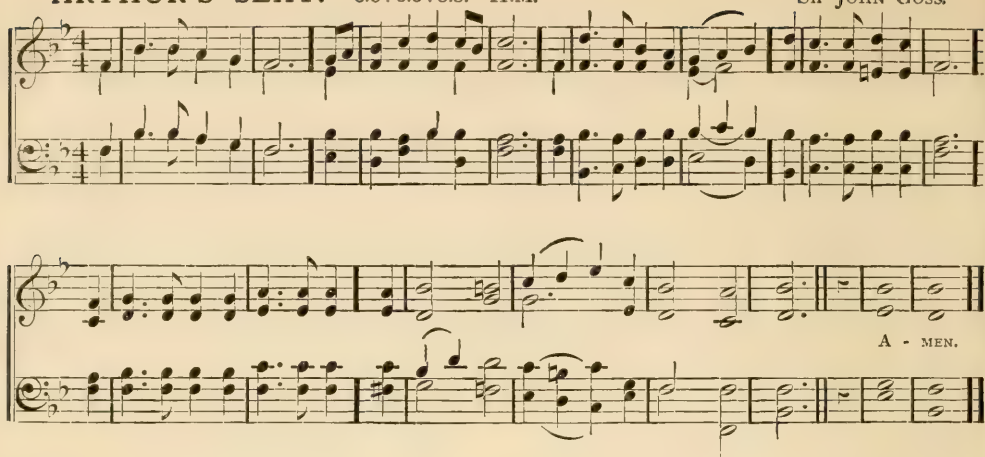
Thy mercy tempers every blast
 To them that seek thy face,
 And mingles with the tempest's roar
 The whispers of thy grace.

Those gentle whispers let me hear
 Till all the tumult cease;
 And gales of paradise shall lull
 My weary soul to peace.

Philip Doddridge.

ARTHUR'S SEAT. 6.6:6.6:8.8. H.M.

Sir JOHN GOSS.



A - MEN.

799.

Isaiah lv. 10, 11.

MARK the soft falling snow
 And the diffusive rain :
 To heaven, from whence it fell,
 It turns not back again,
 But waters earth through every pore,
 And calls forth all her secret store.

Arrayed in beauteous green,
 The hills and valleys shine,
 And man and beast are fed
 By Providence divine :
 The harvest bows its golden ears,
 The copious seed of future years.

"So," saith the God of grace,
 "My gospel shall descend,
 Almighty to effect
 The purpose I intend :
 Millions of souls shall feel its power,
 And bear it down to millions more."

Philip Doddridge.

800.

"Be of the same mind in the Lord."

Now, Lord, we part awhile,
 But still in spirit joined,
 Embrace the happy toil
 Thou hast to each assigned :
 And while we do thy blessed will,
 We bear our heaven about us still.

Oh, let us thus go on
 In all thy pleasant ways !
 And armed with patience run
 With joy the appointed race :
 Keep us, and every seeking soul,
 Till all attain the heavenly goal.

There we shall meet again,
 When all our toils are o'er,
 And death, and grief, and pain,
 And parting are no more,
 In the new earth and heaven above, —
 The world of righteousness and love.

Charles Wesley. †

COVENANT. 6.6.8.4. Double.

Sir JOHN STAINER.

A - MEN.

801.

"The Lord of peace give you peace always by all means."

With the sweet word of peace
 We bid our brethren go ;
 Peace, as a river to increase,
 And ceaseless flow.
 With the calm word of prayer
 We earnestly commend
 Our brethren to thy watchful care,
 Eternal Friend !

With the dear word of love
 We give our brief farewell :
 Our love below, and thine above,
 With them shall dwell.
 With the strong word of faith
 We stay ourselves on thee :
 That thou, O Lord, in life and death
 Their help shalt be.

Then the bright word of hope
 Shall on our parting gleam,
 And tell of joys beyond the scope
 Of earth-born dream.
 Farewell ! in hope, and love,
 In faith, and peace, and prayer ;
 Till he whose home is ours above
 Unite us there !

George Watson. †

JUBILATE DEO.

PSALM C.

YATES.

1. O be joyful in the *Lord*, all ye lands; { serve the Lord with gladness, and come before his pre-sence with a song.

3. O go your way into his gates with thanksgiving, and into his courts with praise; { be thankful unto him, and speak good of his name.

2. Be ye sure that the *Lord*, he is God; { it is he that hath made us, and not we ourselves; we are his *people*, and the sheep - - of his pasture.

4. For the Lord is gracious, his *mercy* is ev - er - lasting; { and his truth endureth from *gene - -* ration to gen - e - ration.

SINGLE CHANT.

WILLIAM RUSSELL.

I WILL BLESS THE LORD AT ALL TIMES.

PSALM XXXIV.

WILLIAM CROTCH.

1. I will bless the *Lord* } all times; { his praise shall *con-* } be . . . in my mouth.
 at } } *tinually* }

3. I sought the *Lord*, } heard . . . me, { and delivered *me* } all . . . my . . . fears.
 and he } } from }

5. O taste and *see* that } Lord is good; { blessed is the *man* } trust - - eth in him.
 the } } that }

7. Now unto the King } mortal, in - visible, *the* } on - ly wise . . God,
eternal, im - - }

2. O *magnify* the Lord with me, and let us ex - - - alt his name to gether.

4. The angel of the Lord } them that fear him, *and* de - - - - liv - er - eth . . . them.
 encampeth round } about }

6. The Lord *redeemeth* } soul of his servants; { and none of them } him . . shall be desolate.
 the } } that trust in }

8. *Be* honor and glory for ever and ev - er. A - - men.

SINGLE CHANT.

SIR JOSEPH BARNEY.

(For the ending.)

(For the ending.)

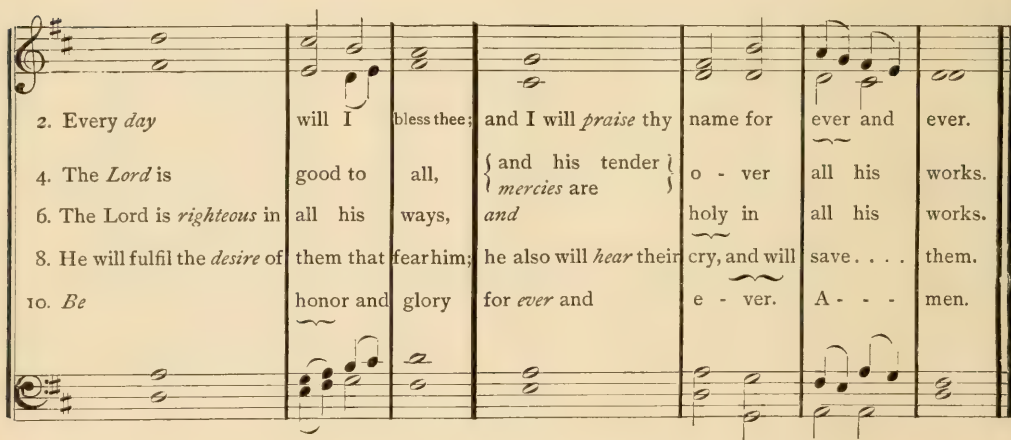
I WILL EXTOL THEE.

PSALM CXLV.

J. BATTISHILL.



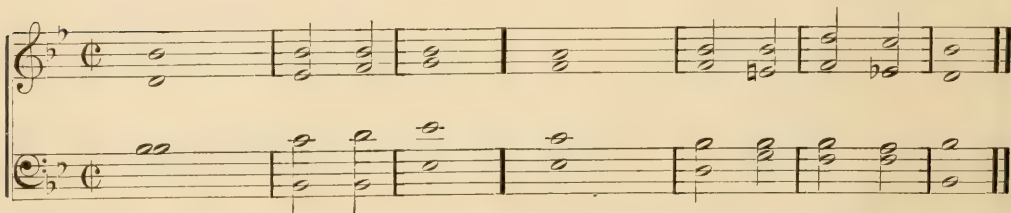
1. I will extol *thee*, my God, O King, and I will *bless* thy name for ever and ever;
 3. The Lord is *gracious*, and full of com-*passion*; *slow* to anger, and of great mercy;
 5. Thou o-pen - - - est thy hand, { and satisfiest the } ev - ery liv - ing thing;
 7. The Lord is nigh unto } call up-on him, to all that call up-on him in truth;
 all *them* that }
 9. Now unto the King } mortal, in- visible, *the* on - ly wise . . . God,
 eternal, im - - - }



2. Every day will I bless thee; and I will *praise* thy name for ever and ever.
 4. The Lord is good to all, { and his tender } o - ver all his works.
 6. The Lord is *righteous* in all his ways, and { mercies are } holy in all his works.
 8. He will fulfil the *desire* of them that fear him; he also will *hear* their cry, and will save . . . them.
 10. *Be* honor and glory for ever and e - ver. A - - men.

SINGLE CHANT.

JOHN DAWBER.



PRAISE YE THE LORD.

PSALM CXLVIII

T. H. FALL.

1. *Praise* ye the Lord. { Praise ye the Lord } praise him in the heights.
 3. Praise ye *him*, sun and moon: praise *him*, all ye stars of light.
 5. *Mountains*, and all . . . hills; fruit-ful trees, and all . . . cedars:
 7. Kings of the *earth*, and all . . . people; princes, and all jud-ges of the earth.
 9. Let them *praise* the name of the Lord: for his name a-lone is excellent;
 11. Now unto the King { eternal, im - - - } mortal, in - visible, the on - ly wise . . . God,

2. Praise ye *him*, all his angels: praise ye *him*, all . . . his . . . hosts.
 4. Fire, and *hail*; snow, and vapors; stormy *wind* full - fill - ing his word:
 6. *Beasts*, and all . . . cattle; creeping things, and fly - ing fowl:
 8. *Both* young men, and maidens; old men, . . . and . . . children:
 10. His glory is *above* the earth and heaven: praise ye . . . the . . . Lord.
 12. *Be* honor and glory, for ever and ev - er. A - - men.

SINGLE CHANT.

DR. WOODWARD.

TE DEUM LAUDAMUS.

THE EARL OF MORNINGTON.

1. We *praise* thee, O God; we acknowledge thee to be the Lord.
 3. To thee all Angels cry a - loud; the *Heavens*, and all the Pow'rs there in.
 5. *Holy*, Ho - ly, Holy Lord
 7. The glorious compa - ny of the *Apostles* } praise . . thee. { The goodly fel - } Proph - ets praise . . thee;
 9. *Day* by day we mag - ni - fy thee;
 11. *Vouch* - - - - safe, O Lord, to keep us this day with - out sin.
 13. O Lord, let thy mercy lighten up - on us, as our trust . . . is in thee.

2. All the *earth* doth wor - ship thee, the *Father* ev - er last - - ing.
 4. To thee *Cherubim* and Ser - a - phim con - - - - tin - ual - ly do cry:
 6. *Heaven* and earth are full of the Majest-y of thy glory.
 8. The noble army of } praise . . thee. { The holy Church } Father of an infin - ite Majesty.
Martyrs } throughout all the world doth acknowledge thee, }
 10. *And* we worship thy name *ever*, world with - out end.
 12. O *Lord*, have mercy up - on us, *have* mercy up - on us.
 14. O *Lord*, in thee have I trusted: *let* me nev - er be con - founded.

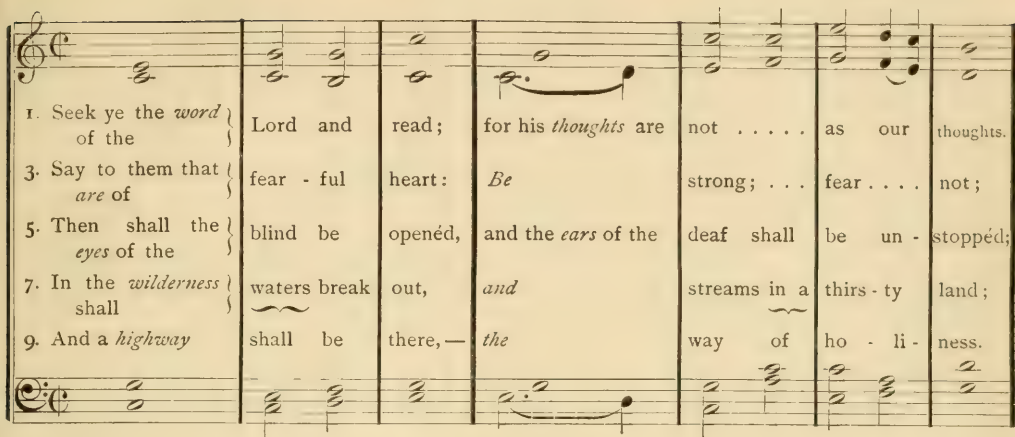
SINGLE CHANT.

LANGDON.

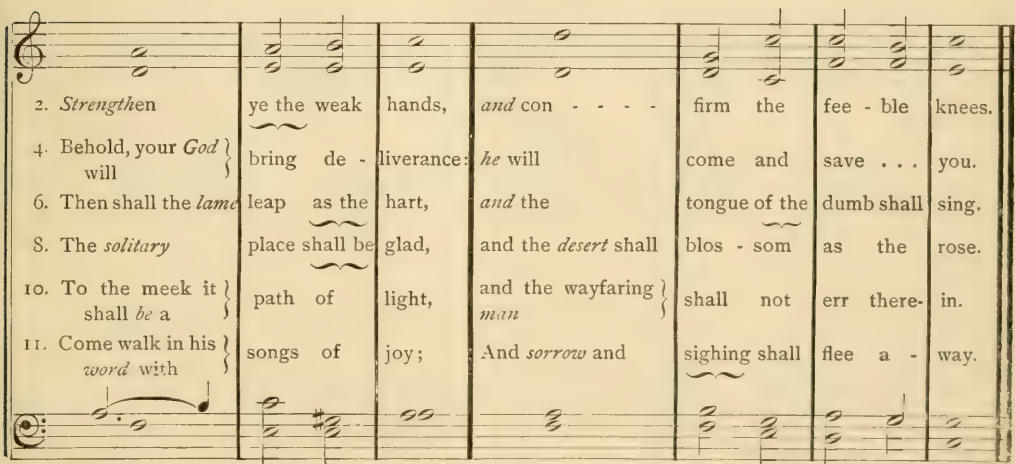
SEEK YE THE WORD OF THE LORD.

CANTICLE.

JAMES TURLE.

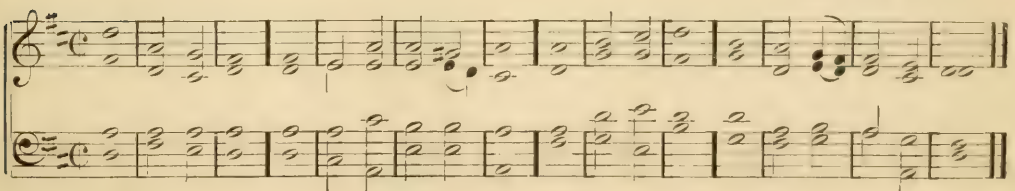


1. Seek ye the *word* } Lord and read; for his *thoughts* are not as our thoughts.
of the }
3. Say to them that } fear - ful heart: *Be* strong; . . . fear . . . not;
are of }
5. Then shall the } blind be openéd, and the *ears* of the deaf shall be un - stoppéd;
eyes of the }
7. In the *wilderness* } waters break out, and streams in a thirs - ty land;
shall }
9. And a *highway* } shall be there, — *the* way of ho - li - ness.



2. *Strengthen* ye the weak hands, and con - - - firm the fee - ble knees.
4. Behold, your *God* } bring de - liverance: *he* will come and save . . . you.
will }
6. Then shall the *lame* leap as the hart, and the tongue of the dumb shall sing.
8. The *solitary* place shall be glad, and the *desert* shall blos - som as the rose.
10. To the meek it } path of light, and the wayfaring } shall not err there - in.
shall be a } *man* }
11. Come walk in his } songs of joy; And *sorrow* and sighing shall flee a - way.
word with }

WILLIAM BOYCE.



I WILL LIFT UP MINE EYES.

PSALM CXXI.

T. A. WALMSLEY.

1. I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills, from <i>whence</i>	cometh my help.	{ My help cometh from the Lord, which	made . .	heaven and	earth.
3. The Lord is thy keeper: the Lord is thy shade <i>upon</i> thy	right . . . hand.	{ The sun shall not smite thee by day,	nor the	moon by	night.
5. Now unto the King <i>etern-</i> <i>al</i> , im	mortal, in- visible, <i>the</i>		on - ly	wise . . .	God,

2. He will not suffer thy foot to be moved: he that keepeth <i>thee</i>	will not	{ slum- ber. }	{ Behold, he that keepeth Israel shall <i>neither</i>	slum -	ber nor	sleep.
4. The Lord shall preserve thee from all evil: he <i>shall</i> pre	serve thy	soul.	{ The Lord shall pre- serve thy going out and thy coming in from this time <i>forth</i> , and	even for	ev - er -	more.
6. <i>Be</i>	honor and	glory	for ever and	ev - er.	A - -	men.

SINGLE CHANT.

LOWELL MASON.

SINGLE CHANT.

SIR JOSEPH BARNEY.

MAKE A JOYFUL NOISE UNTO GOD.

PSALM LXVI.

WILLIAM CHARD.

1. Make a joyful noise unto God, O all ye lands;
 3. All the earth shall wor-ship thee, and shall sing un- to thy name.
 5. Who holdeth our soul in life, and suffereth not our feet to be movéd.
 7. I cried unto him with my mouth; and he hath heard . . . me.
 9. Now unto the God of grace, { for the might of his spirit } and the love of Christ.

2. Sing forth the honor of his name; make his praise . . . glo - - rious.
 4. O bless our God, ye people; { and make the voice of his } praise . . . to be heard:
 6. Come and hear, all ye that } fear . . . God; { and I will declare what he hath } done for my soul.
 8. Bless - - - - ed be God, { who hath not turn- } prayer, nor his mer - cy { from } me.
 10. Be glory in the } out all ages, world with - - - out end. A - men.

GREATOREX.

2. Sing forth the honor of his name; make his praise . . . glo - - rious.
 4. O bless our God, ye people; { and make the voice of his } praise . . . to be heard:
 6. Come and hear, all ye that } fear . . . God; { and I will declare what he hath } done for my soul.
 8. Bless - - - - ed be God, { who hath not turn- } prayer, nor his mer - cy { from } me.
 10. Be glory in the } out all ages, world with - - - out end. A - men.

BENEDICTUS.

BEETHOVEN.

1. Blesséd be the *Lord* God of Israel; for he hath *visited* and re-deem - ed his people;

3. As he spake by the *mouth* of his ho - ly prophets, which have *been* since the world be-gan;

5. Through the tender *mercy* of our God, { whereby the day- } high hath visit-ed us; { spring from on }

2. And hath raised up { a mighty sal - - } va - tion for us, in the house of his ser-vant David.

4. That we should be { saved } from our enemies, and from the hand of all that hate us.

6. To give light to them { that sit in dark-ness, and in the } shadow of death, and to guide our feet into the way of peace.

SINGLE CHANT.

Eighth Gregorian Tone.

GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.

SINGLE CHANT.

DR. CROTCH.

1. Glory be to God on high, and on earth peace, good will toward men.

2. We praise thee, we bless thee, we worship thee, we glorify thee, we give thanks to thee for thy great . . . glory, { O Lord God, heavenly King, God the Father Al- . . . } migh - ty. A - - - men.

BENEDICTUS.

JONES.

Benedictus qui in nomine Domini Amen.

Benedictus qui in nomine Domini Amen.

Benedictus qui in nomine Domini Amen.

Benedictus qui in nomine Domini Amen.

SINGLE CHANT.

ANDERSON.

Gloria in excelsis Deo.

Gloria in excelsis Deo.

THE LORD IS MY SHEPHERD.

PSALM XXIII. (SINGLE CHANT.)

RUSSELL.

1. The Lord is my <i>shepherd</i> : I	shall not	want.	{ He maketh me to lie down in green pastures: he lead- eth <i>me</i> be - - - }	side the	still . .	waters.
2. He restoreth my soul: he leadeth me in the paths of <i>righteousness</i> for his	name's .	sake	{ Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of <i>death</i> ,	I	will	fear no evil.
3. For thou art with me; thy rod and thy <i>staff</i> they	com-fort	me.	{ Surely, goodness and mercy shall fol- low me all the days of my life; and I will <i>dwell</i> in the }	house of the	Lord for	ever.
4. Glory be to God most high, the <i>ever</i>	bles- ed	Father,	{ who is, and was, and <i>shall be</i> ,	world with-out	end. A -	men

SINGLE CHANT.

Author unknown.

<i>all but the last.</i>	<i>last ending.</i>
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THE HEAVENS AND THE EARTH MAY PERISH.

VOICES IN UNISON.

Fifth Gregorian Tone.

THE HEAVENS AND THE EARTH MAY PERISH.

CANTICLE.

WILLIAM RUSSELL.

WILLIAM RUSSELL.

1. The *heavens* and the earth may perish; but *thou*, O Lord, . . . shalt en - dure.

3. But *thou* art the same; and thy years shall have no end.

5. *We* shall not die, but *live*, and de - clare the works of the Lord.

7. The *stone* which the builders re - fused is *become* the head-stone of the corner.

9. Glory *be* to God most high, *the* ev - er bless - ed Father,

2. Yea, they shall wax <i>old</i>	like	a	garment :	{ as a vesture shalt thou <i>change</i> them, }	and they shall be	changed;
4. The <i>Lord</i> is our	strength and our	song,	and <i>is</i> be - -	come . . .	our sal -	vation.
6. <i>Blesséd</i> is	he	that	cometh	<i>in</i> the	name . . .	of the Lord.
8. <i>This</i> is the	Lord's	doing :	<i>it</i> is	marvel-ous	in our	eyes.
10. Who <i>is</i> , and	was,	and	shall be,	<i>world</i> with - -	out	end. A - men.

SINGLE CHANT.

MONK

A musical score for the song 'The Rose Tree'. It consists of two staves. The top staff is in treble clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The bottom staff is in bass clef with a key signature of one sharp (F#) and a common time signature (C). The melody is written on the top staff, and the accompaniment is written on the bottom staff. The music is in 4/4 time and ends with a double bar line.

THE TABERNACLE OF GOD IS WITH MEN.

CANTICLE.

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY.

1. The *tabernacle* of God is with men: he dwelleth *not* in temples made with hands.

3. Come to the *river* of God in the midst: { to him that is athirst } he *giveth* of its liv - ing wa - ters freely.

5. Blesséd be the *Lord* that draw - eth nigh; { and openeth deep } spirit to them that love him; { *things* of the }

7. Now *unto* the God of grace, for the might of his *spirit* and the love of Christ,

2. All day its gates are open; and no *night* shuts the way of mercy.

4. Come to the tree of life, whose leaves are *for* the heal-ing of the nations.

6. And calleth the *king-* } of this world to be the *kingdoms* of our God and of his Christ.
doms }

8. Be glory in the *Church* } out all ages, *world* with - - - out . . . end. A - men.
through - - - }

SINGLE CHANT.

COOKE.

BENEDICITE, OMNIA OPERA.

JOHN SOAPER.

1. O all ye Works of the *Lord*, bless ye the Lord, praise *him* and magni-fy him for ever.

3. O ye Sun and *Moon*, bless ye the Lord, praise *him* and magni-fy him for ever.

5. O ye Nights and *Days*, bless ye the Lord, praise *him* and magni-fy him for ever.

7. O ye Seas and *Floods*, bless ye the Lord, praise *him* and magni-fy him for ever.

9. O ye Spirits and Souls of } the *righteous*, bless ye the Lord, praise *him* and magni-fy him for ever.

2. O ye Angels of the *Lord*, bless ye the Lord, praise *him* and magni-fy him for ever.

4. O ye Stars of *heaven*, bless ye the Lord, praise *him* and magni-fy him for ever.

6. O ye Mountains and *Hills*, bless ye the Lord, praise *him* and magni-fy him for ever.

8. O ye Children of *Men*, bless ye the Lord, praise *him* and magni-fy him for ever.

10. O ye Holy and Humble } Men of *heart*, bless ye the Lord, praise *him* and magni-fy him for ever.

GIBBONS.

THE LORD IS MY LIGHT.

PSALM XXVII.

HENRY LAWES.



1. The Lord is my light } whom shall I fear? { The Lord is the } whom shall I be a - fraid?
and my *salvation*; }

3. One thing have I de- } seek - - after: { That I may dwell in } quire . . . in his temple.
sired of the Lord, } the house of the } Lord all the days of }
that *will* I }

5. Hear, O *Lord*, when I cry with my voice: have mercy *also* up - on me, and an - swer me.

7. I had fainted, unless I had be - lievéd { to see the goodness } land . . . of the living.
of the *Lord* in the }

9. Now unto the King { mortal, in - visible, *the* on - ly wise . . God,
Eternal, im - - }

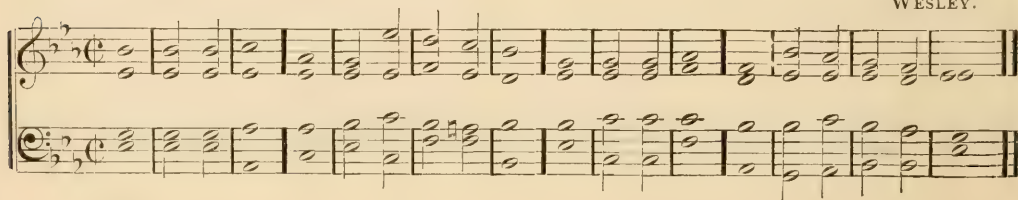


2. Though a host should } heart shall not fear: { though war should } this will I be { confi-
encamp *against* me, } rise *against* me, in } in the secret of his } up up - on a rock.
my }

4. For in the time of } his pa - vilion: { in the secret of his } up up - on a rock.
trouble he shall } tabernacle shall he } hide me; he shall }
hide me in }

6. When thou *saidst*, Seek ye my face; { my heart said unto } face, Lord, will I seek.
8. Wait on the Lord; be } strengthen thine heart; *wait*, I say, . . on the Lord.
of good courage, } and he shall } ev - er. A - - men.
10. *Be* - - - honor and glory for ever and

WESLEY.



RETURN UNTO THY REST.

PSALM CXVI.

THOMAS ATTWOOD

1. Return unto thy rest, O my soul; for the Lord hath dealt boun-ti-ful-ly with thee.

3. What shall I render unto the Lord for all his ben-e-fits to-ward me?

5. I will pay my vows unto the Lord now in the presence of all his people,

2. For thou hast delivered my soul from death, mine eyes from tears, and my feet from falling.

4. I will offer to thee the sacrifice of thanks-giving, and will call upon the name of the Lord.

6. In the courts of the Lord's house, in the midst of thee, O Je-rusalem. Praise ye . . . the . . . Lord.

SINGLE CHANT.

WILLIAM HAYES.

DEUS MISEREATUR.

PSALM LXVII.

JOHN BECKWITH.

1. God be *merciful* unto us and bless us, and *cause* his face to shine up - on us,

3. Let the *people* praise thee, O God: *let* all the peo - ple praise thee:

5. Let the *people* praise thee, O God: *let* all the peo - ple praise thee:

2. That thy *way* may be known up-on earth, thy *saving* health a - mong all nations.

4. O let the nations be } sing for joy; { for thou shalt }
glad and } { judge the people }
{ righteously, and }
{ govern the }

6. Then shall the *earth* yield her increase: { and God, even our } God, shall bless . . . us.
own }

7. *God* shall . . . bless us; and all the *ends* of the earth shall fear . . . him.

SINGLE CHANT: UNISON.

First Gregorian Tone.

The chant is written in a single staff with a treble clef and a common time signature (C). It consists of a series of eighth and sixteenth notes, with some rests, forming a simple melodic line.

O LORD, OUR LORD, HOW EXCELLENT IS THY NAME.

PSALM VIII.

RANDALL.

1. *O* Lord our Lord, how *excellent* is thy name in all the earth!

3. When I consider thy heavens, the *work* of thy fingers, the *moon* and the stars, which thou hast or- dained,

5. For thou hast made him a lit- tle *lower* than the angels; { and hast crowned } glo - - - ry and honor. *him* with

7. Thou hast put all { things } under his feet; { all sheep and ox- } beasts of the field: *en, yea, and the*

9. Glory be to *God*, the Father Al- mighty, *Maker* of hea - - ven and . . earth.

2. Who hast set thy glory a - - - - - bove the . . . heavens!

4. What is man that thou art mindful of him, and the son of man that thou visit-est him?

6. Thou madest him to have do- minion over the works of thy hands.

8. The fowl of the air and the fish of the sea, and whatsoever pas- seth through the paths of the seas. { O Lord our Lord, } name in all the earth! { how excellent is } thy

10. As it was in the be- ginning, is *now*, and ev - er shall be, world with - - - out end. A- men.

SINGLE CHANT.

SIR F. A. GORE OUSELEY.

O LORD, THOU HAST SEARCHED ME.

PSALM CXXXIX.

J. ROBINSON.

1. O Lord, thou hast } known . . me. { Thou knowest my } thought a - far . . . off.
searched me, and
 3. Such knowledge *is* } wonder-ful for me; it is high, I cannot at- tain. . . . un - to it.
too
 5. If I ascend up in- } thou art there: { if I make my bed in } hold, . . . thou art there.
to heaven,
 7. If I say, Surely the } cov - er me; even the *night* shall be light a - bout . . me
darkness shall
 9. If I should count } than the sand: when I *awake*, I am still with thee.
them, they are
more in number

2. Thou compassest } ly - ing down, and art ac - - - quainted with all my ways.
my path and my
 4. Whither shall I go } from thy spirit? or *whither* shall I flee from thy presence?
 6. If I take the wings } hand . . . lead me, and thy *right* hand shall hold . . me.
of the morning,
and dwell in the
utmost parts
of the sea; even
there shall thy
 8. How precious also } me, O God! how *great* is the sum of them!
are thy thoughts
unto
 10. Search me, O God, } know my heart: *try me*, and know . . . my . . . thoughts
and
 11. And see if there } way in me, and *lead me* in the way . . . ev - er lasting.
be any wicked

SINGLE CHANT.

REV. WILLIAM TUCKER.

VENITE, EXULTEMUS DOMINO.

DR. KEMP.

1. O come, let us *sing* unto the Lord; { let us heartily re- } strength of our sal - vation.
 3. For the *Lord* is a great . . . God, and a *great* King a - bove all gods.
 5. The sea is *his*, and he made . . . it; and his *hands* pre - paréd the dry . . . land.
 7. For he *is* the Lord our God, { and we are the } people of his *pas-
 ture*, and the } sheep . . . of his hand.

2. Let us come before } thanks - giving, and show ourselves glad in him with psalms.
 his *presence* with }
 4. In his hands are all } of the earth; and the *strength* of the hills is his . . . also.
 the *corners* }
 6. O come, let us *wor-
 ship* and } fall . . . down, and *kneel* be - - - fore the Lord our Maker.
 8. O worship the *Lord* } beauty of holiness; let the whole earth stand in awe of him.
 in the }
 9. For he cometh, for } judge the earth; { and with righteous- } peo - ple with his truth.
 he *cometh* to } ness to judge the } world, and the }

WILLIAM CHARD.

This block contains the musical notation for William Chard's version of the hymn, consisting of four staves of music in G major and 4/4 time.

CANTATE DOMINO.

PSALM XCVIII.

DR. WOODWARD.

1. O sing unto the *Lord* a new . . . song; for *he* hath done . . . mar-vel-lous things.

3. The *Lord* declaréd his sal - vation; { his righteousness }
 { hath he openly } sight . . . of the heathen.

5. Show yourselves joy- }
 ful unto the *Lord*, { all ye lands; sing, re - - - - }
 joyce, and give . . . thanks.

7. With *trumpets* also, and shawms, { O show yourselves }
 { joyful be - - - - } fore the *Lord* the King.

9. Let the floods clap }
 their hands, and } fore the *Lord*; for *he* cometh to judge the earth.
 let the hills be }
 joyful *together* be- }

2. With his own right }
 hand, and *with* his } ho - ly arm, *hath* he gotten him- self the victory.

4. He hath remem- }
 bered his mercy } house of Israel, { and all the ends of }
 and truth *toward* } { the world have } va - tion of our God.
 the } { seen the sal - - - }

6. Praise the *Lord* up - on the harp; sing to the *harp* with a psalm of thanks - giving.

8. Let the sea make a }
 noise, and *all* that } there - in is; { the round world, }
 { and } they that dwell there - in.

10. With righteousness }
shall he } judge the world, *and* the peo - - ple with equity.

THE EARL OF MORNINGTON.

BENEDIC, ANIMA MEA.

PSALM CIII.

JAMES TURLE.

1. Bless the *Lord*, O my soul: { and all that is } bless his ho - ly name.
 3. Who *forgiveth* all thine in-iquities, *who* { within me, } heal - eth all thy dis-eases;
 5. Bless the Lord, ye } cel in strength; { that do his } voice . . . of his word.
 his *angels*, that } { commandments, }
 ex - - - - { hearkening unto }
 the }

2. Bless the *Lord*, O my soul, and for - - - get not all his benefits:
 4. Who *redeemeth* thy life from de-struction; { who crowneth } kindness and ten - der mercies.
 6. Bless ye the *Lord*, all ye his hosts; { thee with loving - } his, that do his pleasure.
 7. Bless the Lord, all } his do - minion; { bless the } Lord, . . . O my soul.
 his works in all }
 places of }

DR. CROTCH.

2. Bless the *Lord*, O my soul, and for - - - get not all his benefits:
 4. Who *redeemeth* thy life from de-struction; { who crowneth } kindness and ten - der mercies.
 6. Bless ye the *Lord*, all ye his hosts; { thee with loving - } his, that do his pleasure.
 7. Bless the Lord, all } his do - minion; { bless the } Lord, . . . O my soul.
 his works in all }
 places of }

MAGNIFICAT.

WILLIAM CROTCH.

1. My soul doth } *magni -* fy the Lord, { and my spirit } joicé in God my Saviour.
 3. For *behold*, from } hence . . . forth all *gene* . . . rations shall call me blessed.
 5. And his *mercy* is on } them that fear him, } throughout all . . . gen . e . rations.
 7. He hath put down } from their seat, } and *hath* ex - - alted the humble and meek.

2. For he } hath re - garded the *lowly* . . . ness of his hand-maiden:
 4. For he that is } *magni -* fiéd me; *and* ho . ly is his Name.
 6. He hath *showéd* } strength with his arm; { he hath scat- } na - tion of their hearts.
 8. He hath filled the } good . . . things, { and the rich he } emp - - ty a - way.
 9. He remembering } his mercy hath ser - vant Israel, { as he promised } to our forefa-thers, *Abraham* and his seed, for ever.

DR. WOODWARD.

J. ROBINSON.

NUNC DIMITTIS.

SINGLE CHANT.

SIR JOSEPH BARNBY.

1. Lord, now lettest thou }
thy servant de . . . }

2. *For* mine . . . eyes *have*
3. *Which* thou hast pre- paréd *before* the
4. To be a *light* to lighten the Gentiles, and to be the *glory*

cording to thy word.
seen . . thy sal- vation,
face of all . . . people,
of thy peo- ple, Israel.

Arranged from FLINTOFT, by DR. CROTCH.

JAMES NARES.

BATTISHILL.

INDEX OF TUNES.

The asterisk (*) denotes that the tune has been named by the Editors of this Hymnal.

Name.	Metre.	Composer or Source.	Hymn
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Adoration	7.7:7.7	<i>J. W. Tufts</i>	45
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All Saints (Wareham)	L. M.	<i>W. Knapp</i>	62, 206
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"	7.6.7.6:7.8.7.6	"	492
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*Axminster	8.7. D.	<i>Sir Joseph Barnby</i>	20
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*Barthold	7.6.7.6:6.7.7.6	<i>Rev. J. Criiger, 1640</i>	577
Beatitudo	C. M.	<i>Rev. J. B. Dykes</i>	350, 603, 741
Beecher	8.7. D.	<i>John Zundel</i>	18
Belmont	C. M.	<i>S. Webbe(?)</i>	601
Bemerton	C. M.	<i>H. W. Greatorex</i>	400
Benevento	7. D.	<i>S. Webbe</i>	750
Ben Rhydding	S. M.	<i>A. R. Reinagle</i>	674
Bethany	6.4.6.4:6.6.6.4	<i>Dr. Lowell Mason</i>	365

Name.	Metre.	Composer or Source.	Hymn
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*Blackburn	7.6. D.	<i>Henry Smart</i>	196
*Blessed City	8.7. Six lines	<i>Charles Gounod</i>	693
Blumenthal	7. D.	<i>J. Blumenthal</i>	41
Boylston	S. M.	<i>Dr. Lowell Mason</i>	313, 677
*Brandenburg	7.8: 7.8: 7.7	<i>From the German</i>	278, 578
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Credo	L. M. Six lines	<i>Sir J. Stainer</i>	335, 718
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*Daylesford	7.6. D.	<i>Sir J. Barnby</i>	575
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Decius	8.7: 8.7: 8.8.7	<i>Nicolaus Decius</i>	37, 746
Dedham	C. M.	<i>W. Gardiner</i>	465, 789

Name.	Metre.	Composer or Source.	Hymn
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*Dessler	8.8.8.8: 9.8.8.9	<i>Geistreiches Gesangbuch, 1698</i>	373
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Evermore	7.7: 7.7	<i>Dr. H. J. Gauntlett</i>	288
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FABEN	8.7. D.	<i>Dr. J. H. Willcox</i>	12
*Fairfax	8.8.8.6	<i>Sir J. Barnby</i>	623
Faith	C. M.	<i>Rev. J. B. Dykes</i>	738
Falfield (Formosa)	8.7. D.	<i>Sir A. Sullivan</i>	488
*Fareham	10.10: 10.10	<i>Sir John Goss</i>	614
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Federal Street	L. M.	<i>Henry K. Oliver</i>	298, 638
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GEER	C. M.	<i>H. W. Greatorex</i>	251
Geneva	8.5: 8.3	<i>Rev. E. W. Bullinger</i>	503
Germany	L. M.	<i>Arr. from Beethoven</i>	126, 641
Gerontius	C. M.	<i>Rev. J. B. Dykes</i>	174
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Gethsemane	7. Six lines	<i>R. Redhead</i>	199, 273, 581

Name.	Metre.	Composer or Source.	Hymn
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*Grantham	C. M. D.	<i>Sir J. Barnby</i>	284
*Graumann	7.8.7.8: 7.6.7.6	<i>J. Kugelmann, 1540 (?)</i>	440
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*Huntingdon	C. M.	<i>Sir J. Barnby</i>	211
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*ILFRACOMBE	8.6.8.4	<i>Arr. by Sir John Goss</i>	764
*Ilkley	C. M.	<i>Sir J. Barnby</i>	304
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*JERSEY	10.10: 10.10	<i>Sir J. Barnby</i>	107
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Name.	Metre.	Composer or Source.	Hymn
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Lauds	L. M.	<i>R. Redhead</i>	647
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Leighton	S. M.	<i>H. W. Greatorex</i>	90
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*Lichfield	C. M.	<i>Sir J. Barnby</i>	347
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*Matlock	C. M.	<i>Sir J. Barnby</i>	405
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Melita	L. M. Six lines	<i>Rev. J. B. Dykes</i>	200, 391, 582
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Missionary Hymn	7.6. D.	<i>Dr. L. Mason</i>	760
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Name.	Metre.	Composer or Source.	Hymn
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Munus	7.7:7.7	<i>J. B. Calkin</i>	494
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*Newnham	11.10:11.10	<i>Sir J. Barnby</i>	356, 561
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Nox Precessit	C. M.	<i>J. B. Calkin</i>	528
Nun Danket	6.7.6.7:6.6.6.6	<i>Rev. J. Crüger</i>	102
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*Ottery	S. M.	<i>Sir J. Barnby</i>	608, 742
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*Penzance	11.10:11.10:10.10	<i>Sir J. Barnby</i>	612
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*Pleasant Courts	7. D.	<i>Sir J. Barnby</i>	765
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*QUANTOCK	7.7.7:5	<i>Sir J. Barnby</i>	682

Name.	Metre.	Composer or Source.	Hymn
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*Rathfarnham	S. M.	<i>J. B. Calkin</i>	93
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*Romney	L. M.	<i>Sir J. Barnby</i>	715
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St. Alphege	7.6:7.6	<i>Dr. H. J. Gauntlett</i>	705
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